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No. 26

## A GREETING.

BY S. W. P.

Merry Christmas! Happy children,  
Let your sweetest carols ring,  
While you tell again the story  
Of our infant Saviour King.  
Born and cradled in a manger,  
Yet from Judah's radiant sky  
Angels sang the midnight chorus,  
Glory be to God on high!

Merry Christmas! Youthful workers,  
For the blessings of the year,  
Pass a greeting smile to others  
And a loving word to cheer.  
While your hearts and homes are glowing  
In the sunshine of delight,  
Make the dwellings of the lowly,  
By your kindness warm and bright.

Merry Christmas! Aged pilgrims,  
Pause a moment on your way,  
Listen to the bells proclaiming  
Our Redeemer's natal day.  
Merry Christmas! Ye who labor,  
And are longing now for rest,  
Worship Him in whom 'tis promised  
Every nation shall be blest.

Merry Christmas! merry Christmas!  
Hear the mighty anthem roll,  
Like the voice of many waters,  
On and on, from pole to pole.  
Quiet vale and crowded city,  
Humble cot, and stately hall,  
Prince and peasant, sing together  
Merry Christmas, one and all!

## THE KING'S RUBIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PEN-  
ALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS  
FORRISTER'S LAND STEW-  
ARD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

ESDAILE told Varcoe clearly all the de-  
tails of Teresa's unaccountable dis-  
appearance, and the man listened in-  
tently.

He fervently desired to serve his bene-  
factor to the utmost of his power; a feeling  
of devotion had sprung up in his heart,  
and it extended to the unknown Teresa,  
because she belonged to Esdaille and was  
so dear to him.

The man saw that very plainly; for,  
although Derek confined himself to facts,  
his voice softened whenever he mentioned  
Teresa's name. The crime angered Var-  
coe; hardened as he was, he would not  
have done such a thing.

He soon saw what was wanted of him;  
but he never yet betrayed a comrade.  
Even when he was captured and tried, he  
had refused to implicate the men con-  
cerned with him—the "Invincibles"—he  
would not drag in others to share his pun-  
ishment; so now, when Esdaille had fin-  
ished, he said quickly—

"If it's my pain, sir, you wouldn't ask  
me to peach on them more than need be?  
You'll know what I mean, sir; I'm not  
siding with them in this kind of dirty  
work."

"I quite understand. No—I will not  
ask that of you. But at the same time if  
they are holding my wife a prisoner, they  
put themselves beyond the mercy of even  
their own associates."

"Yes, sir—that's so. But," added Var-  
coe hesitatingly, "I don't think they'd  
keep her like that. It'd be too risky. A  
young lady with friends to look after her  
—she'd be found in the end."

"You mustn't try to spare me, Varcoe,"  
said Esdaille, turning paler. "Stephen  
Hall, who has this business in hand, thinks  
my wife is an accomplice—that she mar-  
ried me for the jewels, or that she had a  
lover."

"Not your wife, sir. That's what I  
thought at first; but I didn't know," Var-  
coe said, with a shake of the head.

"You think she has been murdered?"  
"Yes, sir—either then or afterwards,"  
admitted Varcoe reluctantly.

"Well, it might be best," muttered Es-  
daille. "But that is what you must find  
out—I'll give you a photograph."

He opened a desk and took from it a  
cabinet photograph of Teresa taken in  
boating dress.

Varcoe rose too and stepped to the light,  
standing to look at the portrait as if the  
real Teresa was before him.

Her exquisite beauty awoke the chivalry  
now slumbering so deeply, and Teresa  
herself need not have shrunk from his ad-  
miration. He did not venture to express  
it to her husband, but laid down the photo-  
graph in silence.

"You had better keep it," said Esdaille.

"I shall remember the face, sir—'tisn't  
like any other I ever saw," replied Var-  
coe, with subdued enthusiasm; "but, if  
you think it better—No, sir—I might  
lose it; I shan't forget. I'd like to ask  
you some questions, sir, if I may."

His questions were all to the point—  
about the position of the house, the rooms;  
where the boat house was; what route the  
burglars could have taken—whether by  
land or river, how far Leigh's Hollow was  
from town; what sort of country—was it  
wooded so as to give shelter.

Esdaille answered these questions as  
clearly as they were asked; he had al-  
ready told Varcoe about the market cart  
having been bought in a town some dis-  
tance off—a clue which the police had for  
the present dropped. Varcoe shook his  
head at this, but made no comment.

"I think," said Esdaille, "you had better  
see the place. Nothing has been touched;  
those rooms are closed."

"Yes, sir—it would be best," Varcoe an-  
swered very quietly.

Esdaille understood. The man would  
not have gone of his own accord, Alice  
Winn being in the neighborhood, and he  
could not assume a willingness he did not  
feel.

"I mustn't be seen with you," Esdaille  
added.

"When shall I go, sir?"

"To-morrow; begin at once!" said Es-  
daille restlessly. "I'll go down early. You  
can follow, and come up straight to the  
house. I'll give you the money before we  
part to-night. And, Varcoe, you must  
keep me supplied with every item of  
news, whether it is good or bad, of failure  
or success. I am rarely out, and if I hap-  
pen to be, Harris always knows where to  
find me. Remember, too, that I trust him  
entirely."

"Will he trust me, sir?"

"Yes; I shall tell him you are acting for  
me. And another thing—hesitate at noth-  
ing for want of money. Now is there  
anything more you want to say? Because,  
if not, we'll settle money matters at  
once."

This was the part of the proceedings  
Varcoe did not like; but he submitted to  
the arrangement Esdaille proposed—a  
weekly wage which, to the man who had  
been penniless, seemed luxury.

To Esdaille it seemed insufficient, but he  
saw the necessity of curbing his own gen-  
erous impulses. All that Varcoe sug-  
gested was that he should not have the  
money all at once.

"You keep it, sir," he said, and give it  
to me as I want it; then you'll know what  
I do with it. I'd spend it in drink if I had  
it in a lump."

"Very well," agreed Esdaille, with a  
smile that rewarded poor Varcoe. "And  
now where are you living?"

"I'd a room near the 'Chequers,' sir—

lots of us there," said Varcoe, who had  
risen and taken up his hat, "I'll get a bet-  
ter place to-morrow."

"No—that won't do," said Esdaille. "You  
can't go back to a place like that—and it's  
very late. You must sleep here."

"No, sir, I couldn't stay here," Varcoe  
said.

"You must stay," declared Esdaille.  
"Don't you understand I hate to send you  
back? I can't do it. See—there's a sofa  
here, and I'll bring you a railway rug.  
Wait here!"

He had left the room before Varcoe could  
recover himself. The man looked round  
as if he were dazed, and was standing still  
in the same place when Esdaille returned,  
with a thick warm rug.

"These autumn nights are chilly," said  
Esdaille, throwing the rug upon the sofa.  
He turned to Varcoe, who seemed thunder-  
struck.

"You're going to leave me down here  
alone, sir?" he said uneasily. "Don't, sir,"  
he whispered; "I might do something I'd  
like to kill myself for."

"No," said Esdaille gently; "you'll lie  
down on that sofa and go to sleep, to be  
ready for my work in the morning. Now  
good night!"—holding out his hand. "You  
won't refuse this time?"

"No—I won't, sir," replied Varcoe, in a  
low tone. "I had to refuse then."

He put his hand into Esdaille's, who  
stood holding it closely, showing signs of  
deep emotion. He seemed afraid to trust  
himself to speak, and Varcoe dared not  
move or utter a word.

"Varcoe," said Esdaille at last faltering-  
ly, "you don't know what you have done  
for me. To-night it seemed blank, hope-  
less; now there is just a ray." He paused  
to steady his voice; but he could only  
whisper "Good night!" Then he wrung  
Varcoe's hand and left the room, closing  
the door behind him.

Varcoe stood speechless, immovable for  
some minutes; then, as if in a dream, he  
moved slowly to the sofa and sank down  
upon it, hiding his face in the cushion.

Up stairs Esdaille was kissing passion-  
ately the lovely face that to him, a thou-  
sand times more than to Varcoe, was like  
none other he had ever seen. The ray of  
hope had intoxicated him.

When Varcoe reached Leigh's Hollow  
the next day the autumn sun was shining  
bright and warm.

Esdaille had given him directions how to  
reach the boat house, where they were to  
meet; but Varcoe had not to wait, for Es-  
daille was there first.

Varcoe now looked a changed man; he  
was clean, decently dressed, and would  
have had almost a smart appearance but  
for his pallor.

He was quiet and more self-possessed  
than he had been on the preceding night,  
and went about his work in a business-like  
manner.

From an examination of the boat house  
they went on to the Manor, and through  
a side door up to the closed rooms. Es-  
daille went in first; Varcoe followed.

Nothing had been moved since the night  
of the robbery. Varcoe examined safe  
and door and window with the air of an  
expert.

He hesitated when Esdaille led the way  
to Teresa's own room, lingered on the  
threshold, and, when he entered, trod  
softly as if he were on sacred ground.

It was not until they returned to Es-  
daille's dressing room that he seemed to  
think he might speak. Then he asked to  
see the corridor window, but gave no  
opinion about it until the examination was  
over and he was having something to eat  
before returning to town.

"They came in, of course, by the gal-  
lery window," he said. "They most likely

got the ladder from the boat house—a rope  
ladder would be risky at that window.  
The dinghy, I expect, was a blind, and  
perhaps the brooch too. I noticed the  
country as I came along—it's first-rate for  
hiding."

"Hiding what?" asked Esdaille.

"A trap, sir. I can't help thinking  
there's something in that cart that was  
bought. You see, sir, if the men came  
from town, as most likely they did—the  
job's been done too well for country folk  
—they must have come in something, and  
it wouldn't be the train—too easily spot-  
ted. But who'd notice a market cart com-  
ing into town? The early morning's just  
the time for them."

"I thought that myself," observed Es-  
daille. "I meant that clue to be worked  
again."

"You let it alone a bit now, sir. What  
puzzles me is their taking off the young  
lady. I've a sort of feeling there's some-  
thing behind we haven't got at."

"What do you mean?" asked Esdaille,  
leaning forward. "You don't share Hall's  
view, I know."

"No, sir—not a bit—not the least bit. Of  
course they'd have stunned her or used  
chloroform—some of us carries it. Well,  
why not do one or the other at once, and  
take what they want and go? When  
burglars kill a man, 'tisn't so much be-  
cause he'll know them again as because  
he'll raise a hue and cry."

"But what could a girl do? By the time  
she came to they'd be off. But carry her  
with them, or—murder her—why, it  
stands to reason they'd be hunted down  
no end. It's such a stupid thing to do! A  
job to get her away, too. I can't make it  
out."

"What idea have you got, Varcoe?"

"I haven't one, sir—that's the mischief;  
I'm only fogged. Mrs. Esdaille hadn't any  
enemies, sir—had she?"

"None, to my knowledge. Her friends  
were among musical students, like her-  
self. I met her at the house of a lady I  
knew little of myself, and she afterwards  
lived with this lady, and went into society  
with her."

"This lady, sir—she wasn't jealous?"  
said Varcoe, hesitating.

"Oh, no; she helped me in every way,  
though for certain reasons of her own! But I think, in her way, she was fond of  
my wife."

"Is she a friend of yours now, sir?"

"No; I only made use of her—I didn't  
like her. But she isn't the sort of person  
to revenge herself—certainly not in this  
way—and she hasn't the means either. Be-  
sides, she would be found out, which  
would be ruinous."

"Well, sir, I can't make it out. I'll get  
back now, find a lodging where I can  
change about as I want, and set to work  
to-night."

"I shall be up by a later train," said Es-  
daille. "I'll look after one or two things  
while I'm here. You know the way to the  
station?"

"I think I missed the shortest, sir. I  
ought to have struck a plantation—  
oughtn't I?"

"Yes—it's some minutes shorter."

Esdaille directed him, and Varcoe left  
the house. He was glad to get away—to  
be out of the place. He walked fast, and  
got into the plantation with a sense of re-  
lief.

It was perfectly lonely; the only sign of  
life was the smoke curling up from a  
gamekeeper's cottage, and even that was  
some distance off. Varcoe walked on over  
the soft undergrowth, absorbed in thought,  
his head bent down.

Thus it happened that a woman who had  
come out of a side path was close to him  
before he saw her. The light color of her



dress attracted his attention, and he looked up.

Alice Winn was standing before him.

The man stood motionless, looking at her vacantly with hollow eyes.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, trembling.

Varcoe stepped back, with bent head; he could not speak.

"Frank," the girl said again entreatingly, "won't you speak to me? It's years since we met—"

He did not look at her, but he looked away into the plantation, as if he only longed for escape. Then he made a move ment as if to walk away.

"Stay one minute!" pleaded Alice, putting out her hands as if to stop him. "Tell me how you are—what are you doing? You have been silent all these years since we parted; but I haven't forgotten. We may never meet again—Heaven knows! Don't go as if we were strangers!"

"I have nothing to say," he muttered indistinctly.

"Yes, you have—to me. Do you think because I said we must part, that I could forget you, that I ever tried to? Didn't I tell you I never would, that there'd be always one creature in the world to think of you and pray for you, and believe one day you would come back to yourself?"

He raised his eyes stealthily to her face. It was even sweeter than of old, with trembling lips and sorrowful eyes. He saw no harshness there.

"Do you know I've been in prison?" he said in his rough way.

"Yes—I know. I knew when the time was up; I counted the weeks and months."

"You'd better have forgotten I ever existed."

"Frank, you break my heart!"

"I did that long ago, I'm thinking," said Varcoe bitterly. "Go home, and don't be seen talking to me. There's no saying who may know me."

"Frank," pleaded the girl reproachfully, "why do you try and brave it out?"

"It's only truth—can't it?" retorted Varcoe recklessly. "They don't give you drink in prison, you know—I got it when I came out; and I hadn't money to pay for food, so I made some one else pay for it. You put me out of your mind; I told you I'd nothing to say."

She stood looking at him, with her hands clasped together, feeling as if her heart would break; but long suffering in silence had taught her to bear sorrow without any outward display of feeling.

The man's appearance seemed to prove his words; she did not know that in his rude way he was something of a hero, bent on making her forget him, and holding back the words that would have made her love him more than ever; and he did not know that he was refusing her the one drop of comfort that he could have given.

"Well," she said steadily, "I've only to pray longer, and you'll come back to me one day. It may be only when you're dying, or I am—but you'll be mine and I yours. We can't alter that; we belonged to each other once, and it'll be the same always. I'll never give you up; and I'll never forget you; and you can't forget me. You think of that, Frank—that I'm always waiting; you've only to come."

Alice moved a step away, but Varcoe did not attempt to stop her.

The girl paused, came back, and held out her hands.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, in a low passionate tone; but he only turned silently away.

He heard her footsteps upon the dead leaves, and he waited until the sound died away; then he raised his head and looked after her with tear-dimmed eyes.

His head sank upon his breast. Oh, those years between then and now! If only his bitter tears could blot them out! She was waiting for him to come back. Well, he might go when he was dying—never till then! He saw his old home and the woods where he and she had wandered.

She was a girl then—almost a child; her hand was in his, he had taken the flower from her dress and kissed it, and she was looking up shyly; the sun was shining through the leaves on her brown hair.

Presently Varcoe raised his head and looked about him as if half-dazed. The autumn sun had paled, the lane looked dim; the leaves had faded—they were dropping mournfully in the chilly breeze. He must go. He had given his promise, and he would have to keep it; so, with one lingering glance in the direction in which Alice Winn had vanished, he walked slowly away.

## CHAPTER XX.

THERE was a light footstep on the garden path and a gentle raising of the latch; but Alice Winn did not hear the newcomer until she felt a hand on her shoulder; and a voice saying—

"What's the matter, Alice?"

She had evidently been crying bitterly; and Edalle looked anxiously at her tear-stained face. The girl was about to rise, but he checked her.

"Keep your seat," he said, "I can get a chair for myself. Can't I help you? Won't you let me try?"

The girl looked up at him gratefully.

"You're very kind, sir," she replied unsteadily. "I'm sorry to trouble you. Please let me get you a chair."

Edalle drew a chair to her side and sat down.

"The trouble is yours, my poor girl," he said gently, "and I'd let you alone, only I fancy it is half my fault."

"I don't see how that can be, sir," rejoined Alice. "This is an old trouble, and no one can help me. Besides, you've enough to bear of your own."

Tears again filled her eyes, and Edalle, touched by her answer, and feeling keenly his kinship with all grief, laid his hand upon hers.

"Forgive me," he said, with exquisite gentleness. "You haven't seen Frank Varcoe, have you?"

Alice looked at him in amazement, and Edalle added—

"I shall blame myself if you have, because he is here on my account."

"You don't know him, sir?" she exclaimed, bewildered. "I don't understand; I never told any one. Only father knows."

"Varcoe and I are great friends," said Edalle.

"You and Frank!" she gasped. Then very simply, with her clear eyes fixed upon his, she said, "He and I were to have been married, sir. We parted—"

"He told me the whole story," interposed Edalle.

"Don't blame him overmuch, sir; perhaps you know that there are some men no mortal hand can hold in. I've loved him; he's not wanted for love. It's the sort of spirit he has—and the drink. I saw him awhile ago—in the plantation—and he looked—I can't, sir; it breaks my heart! I'd rather see him dead—drinking and stealing."

Again Edalle laid his hand over the girl's in mute sympathy. Then he began—

"But didn't he tell you—"

"Tell me what, sir?"

"Alice, do you mind my talking to you about Varcoe?"

"No, indeed, sir; I never could talk to any one; but to-day I've no strength, and it eases my mind to talk to you; besides, you're different, sir."

"I think I can give you some relief," Edalle said. "Varcoe hasn't forgotten you."

"No more than I have him, sir; but I can't make him out at all."

"I'm not sure that I can," said Edalle.

"The poor fellow has been something of a hero. He told me once—the first time I came across him long ago—and I don't think I'm breaking confidence in telling you—that he wanted you to forget him, because it was best for you. I told him women never forget."

"Is that true, sir?"

"Something that passed between us on that occasion," Edalle went on, "made him grateful and devoted to me. I met him accidentally the other night. No—it wasn't by accident," he added in a lower tone. "That first night I saw him, Alice, I had a dream about him and—and 'ereat!'"

He paused; the mere mention of the loved name always tried him; but he conquered. "Somehow she had gone," he continued, in a still lower tone than before, "and Varcoe had come. And, when I saw him a few nights back, the dream flashed into my mind; it wasn't chance—you'll understand."

"Yes, sir," said Alice quietly.

"He's helping me to try to find her. The sort of life he has led makes him just the man I want. I told him he couldn't serve me unless he gave up drink; he has promised he will. He wouldn't touch a thing of mine, or of any one else's, when I bid him not."

"He wouldn't hear of taking the reward I offered; he scarcely likes taking the weekly wage I give him. He would serve me for nothing, only he must live. That last theft of his was only after he had struggled for work and at last was starving; then he took but little—enough for food and shelter."

The girl had turned aside, clasping her hands tightly over her knees, her head bent down. Edalle added, in a soft tone.

"I talk as if he did all this for me—but it's for you."

"Oh," said the girl in a choked voice, "I'm not hurt that some one else gets hold of him when I couldn't, least of all you, sir. It's often so. It don't matter, and you mustn't think I mind. I'd give him up to some other woman if she'd do more for him than I could."

"Alice, you are one in a thousand!" said Edalle.

"I, sir?" She turned towards him in surprise, and shook her head. "Any woman would feel so that loved a man truly. I don't say I wouldn't be sore-hearted, but if he were happier, and living as he ought—"

"Alice, you are swaying him now as you have all along," said Edalle earnestly; "the opportunity has been mine—that's all. There are depths he hasn't gone to—things he hasn't done, that the men he has lived with think nothing of. You've had your hand on him when he didn't know it. Love like yours can't be wasted—I'll never believe it. As for him—he thinks he's not fit to touch the hem of your dress. A man like that will come back in the end."

"I'm glad he didn't tell me," said Alice, her eyes bright and glistening; "and yet I'm sorry—he'll be breaking his heart over it. As if he could make me forget him! You see, sir—forgive me for talking so to you, but it's as if you knew all I feel—"

"Yes—I know," interposed Edalle, in a low tone. "It's as much for your sake as for his that I'm doing what I can."

"Heaven bless you, sir! I was going to say there's memories between a man and a woman who've loved each other that can't be put away; and, whichever does wrong, so that it's all over between them, there are the old times always keeping the love fresh."

"That's how it is with him and me. And then there's some people you can't help loving, do what they will. It isn't the good that's in them—not always."

"It's a thing you can't explain," said Edalle, "in many cases. But with Varcoe I think one can lay hold of it. I quite understand you. He too remembers those old times—only a man has never so much of the angel in him as a woman has."

"I don't think he will fall us. And I—it may be superstition, and yet I think not—but I can't help believing there is something in that dream, and something in the old tradition about those rubies."

Alice looked at him inquiringly, too respectful to ask a direct question on a subject that she knew Edalle could scarcely enter upon.

"It is said they overrule calamity," he went on, in reply to that inquiring glance, "and, so long as they are in my possession, I cling to that tradition. But my first real hope came when I saw Varcoe."

"Did it, sir?" she exclaimed, her soft eyes sparkling. "I'm sure I pray with all my heart the hope may come true! And perhaps, sir, when you're down here—"

She hesitated. "Though I oughtn't to ask it—you've enough to do."

"I'll let you know from time to time how Varcoe gets on," said Edalle gently. "I am glad you have asked me. I'll look after him for you, Alice."

"You deserve to be happy, sir," the girl replied, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, "and I believe you will be."

Edalle flushed as he rose, and half turned aside; but whatever emotion he had wanted to hide had passed when Alice again spoke.

"Are you going back to town at once, sir?"

"Yes. I looked in on my way to the station. I am afraid I must get on now. Good-bye, Alice! Thank you for your confidence in me!"

"It's I that owe thanks, sir," she said. "It's like you said of yourself just now—I've got a bit of hope. I hadn't seen him for years, sir; I only heard about his getting into prison. And then he comes back, and only tells me the bad of himself and never the good; so that he shows me the good all the more—Heaven bless him!"

Edalle wrung her hand silently and left the house.

As he did not see Varcoe for some days, he began to feel somewhat uneasy; the meeting with Alice might have driven the man back into the depths. Partly to give himself something to do while he was waiting, he went to call on the Wyndhams, who had returned to town.

Mabel made no remark about Edalle's changed looks, but the sight of him almost

overcame her. She knew from his letters that the search for Teresa was still unsuccessful, but he had said nothing of Varcoe or the fresh steps he had taken.

To Edalle the visit was full of acute pain; everything about the place served to remind him of the many occasions when he had come to this drawing-room with the lightest and happiest of hearts. The only difference was the significant "Not at home" order to the man who brought in the tea, and which Edalle had not been meant to hear.

He talked on in the endeavor to forget his pain; but the result was only a terrible collapse when he reached home—home, such as it was, without a welcome, empty with a ghastly emptiness. If Varcoe would only make some sign!

## CHAPTER XXI.

VARCOE went back to town more than ever determined to assist Derek Edalle. He soon found some of his old friends; but he made no discoveries. The "Invincibles," whom he persistently suspected, were not easy to catch. One of them, Mat, seemed to have dropped out of the band.

The ordinary thieves whom he had already come across he put aside—they were not the people he wanted; they were neither clever nor daring enough to have managed the Leigh's Hollow business. A serious difficulty arose from his promise to Edalle not to touch any drink. How was he to ingratiate himself with his old friends unless he drank with them? At the time the promise was made he had not thought of this contingency.

With the men he had already encountered he had managed to avoid drinking by assuming an air of semi-intoxication; but that sort of thing would not do when he wanted to lull suspicion. Just as he was at his wits end, he came across Jasper Linton.

"Forgotten me?" exclaimed Varcoe, with a laugh.

"Where have you been?" inquired Linton, looking wonderingly at Varcoe, who was a little less pallid and hollow-eyed than when he had last seen him.

Varcoe noticed the glance, and quickly took advantage of it.

"Come and have a drink, and I'll tell you," he said.

Linton could not resist the temptation, for he looked upon Varcoe as a valuable ally, whom it would be well to secure. He followed readily to the first public house, and, in response to Varcoe's invitation, said he would have some of his favorite spirit—gin.

"I'll have beer," said Frank, and sat as far as he could from his companion's tempting glass. "I haven't got your steady head, Jasper. As things are now, spirits are no go."

"What?" ejaculated Jasper.

Varcoe nodded and laughed.

"Hang the stone jug!" he exclaimed recklessly. "I'll risk it."

"Ah, I thought you couldn't stand to that fad!" said Linton, rubbing his hands. "You look all the better for it, Frank. Food and drink—that's the ticket! I was spotting you; I couldn't make out how you got any money at all."

"Easily got," replied Varcoe, with his hand on the glass of beer beside him.

"Ugh—this is beastly poor stuff!"

"Working alone?" inquired Linton. "Yes—at present." He raised the glass slowly. Suppose he failed? Suppose the taste of the drink made him long for something more fiery? A feeling of sickness came over him. If Edalle lost faith in him, and he went down—down once more!

Would Alice and Edalle forgive him if they knew? He longed for the drink and at the same time shudderingly recoiled from it, then suddenly emptied the glass of beer at a gulp.

"That sort of work don't pay," he continued, speaking rapidly to crush down his thoughts. "Hanging round for work nobody'll give you, and then a few pence maybe!"

"You're a man of spirit," said Linton admiringly; "but you can't stand gin. That's odd—you used to."

"When I wasn't on to work," explained Varcoe knowingly. He inquired about the other "Invincibles," especially Dick. He was not slow to see that Linton answered with a certain amount of reserve. Was he suspicious, or was Dick's old jealousy at work?

Varcoe had been very well aware of that feeling—he had been the leading spirit in the band, and Dick had disliked him.



He could get nothing of any real importance out of Linton—nothing of the "invincibles" movements, risks, successes, though he questioned skilfully.

"What the mischief is in it?" he thought, on his way to his lodging to make himself look respectable. As a matter of course he must tell Eddalie at once about the broken promise.

"I wish I hadn't come across Linton that time at the 'Chequers.' Or is there anything they don't want me to know? I believe they did that Dampier plate affair; yet if they did, they don't work as they used to when I was with them."

The days slipped by, and no success attended the seemingly hopeless search. He made little progress with the "Invincibles," and at last went down to the village where the cart had been brought. One or two apparently trifling facts that he unearthed there strengthened his suspicion that no ordinary respectable market gardener had made the purchase. He returned to London, and occupied himself in trying to discover his old comrades.

Dick, when he heard of Varcoe's reappearance in his original character, set his face against Frank rejoining the band.

"If he is working by himself, let him," he said. "Our methods and his won't go hand in hand. And you may say what you like—he has scruples."

"So have you," declared Linton, with a sneer. "Your memory is short. I expect you don't want Varcoe to know how that venture went. You boasted as if they were going to do miracles, and you've landed us in a bog."

"Wait a while," replied Dick; "we'll manage presently. They'll get tired of their work. Anyhow, if Varcoe is admitted, I cut the concern."

Dick was practically master; his ultimatum settled the matter, and Varcoe made no headway.

Stephen Hall began to think that the whole business was a forlorn hope. Mr. Eddalie persisted in believing in his wife's absolute faith and integrity, but certainly no one else did. Hall was not told of Varcoe's doings, and he never inquired—professional jealousy prevented him.

Town was again filling for the winter season, but at the small friendly dinners, musical evenings, and informal dances Derek Eddalie was never seen. Occasionally he went to the houses of intimate friends or near relatives when he was sure that no guests would be present.

Lady Wyndham declared that he was looking ill, and prophesied a breakdown. As to Varcoe, he divided his anxious thoughts between the problem which puzzled him and Eddalie. He sometimes ventured to make a remark on Derek's look.

"It's wearing work, of course," he said once.

"What does that mean?" inquired Eddalie, smiling. "Some old friends of mine tell me I'm not looking well. I'm perfectly well!"

"Are you, sir?"—doubtfully. "Seems to me as if you didn't get much sleep."

Varcoe looked at him affectionately, and Eddalie's eyes softened. It was strange that there should be such a strong feeling of sympathy between these two men, so dissimilar in character, so far apart in social position, training, and habits of life.

Yet there was no one of his own rank to whom Eddalie could talk as freely as to Varcoe; there was no one who could talk to him as Varcoe might without giving him pain. In Varcoe's presence he would utter Teresa's name—it never passed his lips before any one else.

Eddalie often thought of Alice's words—"There's some people you can't help loving."

So now he made an answer to Varcoe's remark that he would have made to no one else.

"No—I can't sleep—that's true. I shall get through somehow, Varcoe."

"You don't worry ever about me, sir—do you? I've never touched a drop I did not need to, sure as I stand here! I'd tell you if I had—I would!" Varcoe said in the eager way habitual to him when he was desperately earnest.

"Suppose I did worry about you," said Eddalie; "would you think I didn't trust you?"

"Well, you can't sir—can you, now?"

"I am afraid sometimes," said Eddalie, turning aside. "I don't think you'd ever give way; and yet I know the temptation."

"Suppose I did, sir—suppose I did give in—you wouldn't turn me off? Just for once, I mean?"

"For once—no. But I should be sorry."

"Yes—I know that," said Varcoe, in a

softer tone; "that's why I try, sir. But don't trust me yet; I'll have to get that—it's like something to look for. Sometimes it's hard—when the liquor is there; it's as if I'd go mad and not care what happened; then you come across me, and I think how you've got a deal already—"

He stopped, and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Besides, how should I answer to Alice?" said Eddalie very gently.

Varcoe was silent; his eyes were fixed upon the ground, his whole aspect downcast.

There was never the temptation to drink in this house; food and drink the man had whenever he needed them; but he never saw any wine. Eddalie himself took very little, and would not have it on the table when Varcoe was present.

He watched over the man more assiduously than ever, keeping him in hand with a mingling of tenderness and strength that swayed Varcoe irresistibly. The first faint hope of redeeming himself stole into the man's heart like the breath of spring over winter snows. But he never dreamed of Alice.

## CHAPTER XXII.

It was dusk in Mabel Wyndham's drawing room; she was chatting with Blanche Gifford, and had not thought of ringing for lights.

Of course they were talking of the subject which was constantly discussed in their circle, and indeed pretty frequently outside it—the unaccountable disappearance of Teresa Eddalie.

"I haven't seen him at all—not indeed since his marriage day," said Blanche, who was, as usual, handsomely dressed and looked very well. "I asked him to call, as you know, when he came to town after this terrible affair."

"Yes; but he sees no one," replied Mabel; "he is rarely even here."

"And how is he?" inquired Blanche sympathetically.

"Just in that state, though he will not have it, that certainly one way or the other will cause a collapse. He looks worn out. How he bears up at all I cannot make out! It's the most frightful thing I ever heard of! He was devoted to that child, and she has vanished as completely as if she had been one of the fairy brides of legend. People say all sorts of horrible things—call Eddalie a fool for refusing to see the truth."

"Yes—very shocking and cruel; but one can scarcely wonder. It was an unpopular marriage; and people who did not know Teresa would naturally attribute her disappearance to the worst cause. What is Eddalie doing?"

"Detectives," replied Lady Wyndham; "but they seem to have done no good. The poor child may be dead or breaking her heart. It won't bear thinking of!" She broke off shudderingly, then, after a pause, added, "She must be dead, and the murderers are afraid to claim the reward; that is the only possible solution."

"I should like to see Eddalie," said Mrs. Gifford. "I must confess his holding aloof has rather pained me."

"This looks a little like him," said Mabel, as the door opened and some one entered the room. "Derek, is that you? It's so dim away from the fire I can't see."

Eddalie's voice answered out of the darkness, and he stepped forward to where the two ladies sat. Lady Wyndham was nearest to him, and he did not notice the other lady, but bent down to Mabel to shake hands.

"Mrs. Gifford, Derek," said Lady Wyndham, looking up at him with a smile because she knew that Blanche's presence would cause him pain.

Eddalie crossed over at once to Mrs. Gifford.

"I'm afraid I didn't recognize you in the dark," he said, holding out his hand. "I think you have been out of town, haven't you?"

"Only for part of September. I'm so glad to see you again, Mr. Eddalie!" replied Blanche in her sweetest tones, although she was exceedingly angry at his easy conventional manner, which placed her at a distance as a mere acquaintance. "It seems years since we last met. But all this terrible affair—"

Eddalie winced; the merest touch on the open wound was agony.

"It is very good of you to take so much interest," he said quietly, then turned to Mabel, asking if she had any tea left.

Derek began to talk, to inquire where Blanche had been, carefully avoiding any reference to his own affairs. He was sitting by Mabel and facing the fire, which now blazed brightly.

Blanche could see plainly how changed he was, and she watched him as if she were fascinated, leaning back in her chair while she took her part in the conversation, so that her face was completely in the shade.

She tried to bring the conversation round to Teresa, but Eddalie completely baffled her. He rose to go soon; but she was determined to find out something, so, when he wished her "Good bye," she said:—

"Can't I do anything to help you? One can't say much, but indeed I feel it! I was so fond of Teresa—so grieved to lose her, even when it was only handing her over to you. Perhaps I can help you, if you would only let me."

She saw him grow paler; for to hear this woman, who had made use of Teresa, profess love for his darling, to feel that she was feigning grief for some inexplicable reason of her own—perhaps to regain her footing with him, to try to fool him to countenance her—was almost more than he could bear.

"Thank you very much," he said quietly. "I think there is nothing you could do for me."

"Are you sure? These detectives seem at a loss. They have found no traces."

"No," replied Eddalie, in the same constrained manner—"not as yet. I am deeply obliged to you, Mrs. Gifford; there is no way in which you can help me."

"Not if I ask you to come and see me sometimes, and relieve my anxiety as well as your own?" she said gently.

"When there is any success I will let you know," rejoined Eddalie; "you may be quite sure of that."

He gently loosed Blanche's hand, bade Mabel "Good bye," then left the room.

When he reached home he sank into an easy chair before the fire, and in spite of all his efforts gave way to a terrible paroxysm of grief.

He sat, covering his face with his hands, till a slight sound caused him to look up. The fire had almost gone out; but some one was kneeling before it, making it up as gently as a nurse in a sick-room. Half stupefied, Eddalie looked at the man, scarcely realising that it was Varcoe.

"It's cold, sir," said the man.

Eddalie made no answer, but apathetically watched the fire. He was glad it was Varcoe who had come in, instead of Harris.

"What's happened?" Varcoe wondered. "What has he heard? I never saw him beaten down like that."

When the fire was burning brightly, Varcoe went silently out of the room. Eddalie's exhaustion frightened him. He knew where to find things—there was wine in the dining room, and the cellar was unlocked. He was not afraid of himself; he would sooner have drunk poison than have touched a drop of wine just now.

"I've brought you some wine, sir," he said gently, a few minutes later, closing the study door and approaching Eddalie, who had moved his chair nearer to the fire, as if he appreciated the warmth. "You'll try and drink it?"—for Eddalie made no effort to take the glass. At the quiet words he looked up into the man's face and put out his hand for the wine, sipping it slowly, while Varcoe stood by.

"Don't wait—take that chair near the fire," said Eddalie gently.

The sense of being cared for—and cared for so tenderly—the warmth, the restorative—all helped Eddalie to rally.

"You're like a woman, Varcoe," he said, in his usual clear low tones.

"Am I, sir?"

Varcoe could not understand why; but he supposed it was right if Eddalie said so. He crossed the hearth and sat down, not venturing to ask any questions, and half afraid to say he had brought no good news.

"I'm very churlish not to thank you," said Derek, breaking the silence.

"I wouldn't have come in, sir, only the fire was nearly out, and it looked lonesome like."

"Oh, I don't mind you," said Eddalie—"I never should! I don't know why I was so stupid; but I'm better now, and you needn't look anxious."

"I wish I'd some very good news to bring you," faltered Varcoe; "but I haven't any—no news at all! I think my old companions are somehow afraid of me. I've odd thoughts about it, and yet I've none at all, if you take me, sir. You haven't heard anything—have you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No man can be truly known until he is seen through the eyes of love.

## Bric-a-Brac.

**HELMETS.**—The Roman helmet of the average size weighed about two pounds, and was thickly lined with felt, so that a severe blow could be borne without serious inconvenience. These helmets were intolerably hot, however, and were never worn during the march, or at any time save on parade, entry, or guard duty, or in the immediate presence of the enemy.

**FORESTS.**—Large tracts of dense forests in Australia are practically shadeless. Many kinds of tree in that strange country turn the edges instead of the flat surfaces of the leaves to the sun, and thus one may stand under a tree of enormous size, and sometimes be as fully exposed to the sun as though he were in the open plain. Travel through these forests is said to be exceedingly arduous work, as the trees, while they do not cut off the sun, prevent the breeze from reaching the ground, and thus the traveller experiences a stifling heat.

**THE TREE.**—The Christmas Tree was almost unknown in England until introduced by Prince Albert from its home, Germany. The vegetable creation has retained many features of loveliness apart from these decorations. The "naked majesty" of the oak, the gracefulness of "the cold-place loving birch," and willow, whose pendent branches "trembling touch the water's brink," elicit the admiration of the observer; while, with the exception of the larch, the numerous species of fir and pine retain their leaves, and variegate the disrobed grove with their unfading verdure.

**THE MOUNT OF FOOTPRINTS.**—In a recent letter an African missionary says he is presumably the first white man to see the Mount of Footprints, which he thus describes: "At last we came to one large mount of rocks on the top of the hills. Here are thousands of impressions on the granite rock. Hundreds of human footsteps, thousands of footprints of animals—lions, jackals, wolves, and antelopes. On the top of the mount the appearance is as if a crowd of animals and men had rushed together in fright. At whatever period these footprints were made, it must have been before the outer surface of the rock had hardened. The distance from where the footprints begin to where they culminate on the mount is 200 yards."

**TURKISH JUSTICE.**—A Turkish slater, being at work on the roof of a house, fell into the street upon a wealthy old man, whom he killed, without any serious injury to himself. The son of the deceased caused him to be arrested and carried before the cadi, with whom he used all his influence to have the poor man condemned; and though the innocence of the latter was clearly established, nothing would serve him but the law of retaliation. The cadi accordingly sentenced the slater to be placed exactly upon the spot where he was at the moment of the accident, and you, said he to the son, will go on the roof of the house, fall down upon the slater and kill him if you can.

**IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.**—An illustration of the rapidity with which certain kinds of trees grow is curiously connected with the story of the uprising of the Cubans against their Spanish masters twenty-five years ago. At that time, during a fight near Manzanillo, the insurrectionists destroyed the buildings belonging to a large sugar plantation. In one of the mills there were some gigantic wheels, which were left lying upon the ground. A young jagged tree sprouted up from the ground between two spokes of one of the wheels, and now, with its trunk enclosed between the spokes and the rim of the still existing wheel, has grown to such an extent that a score of men could sit comfortably together in its shadow.

**WAR DOGS.**—Some interesting experiments are to be made next month at Dresden with dogs, in order to ascertain to what extent they can be used for purposes of war. To show that they can be relied upon to carry despatches, they will have to accomplish a journey of upwards of three miles out and home again, while a number of barriers will be purposely placed in their way to be surmounted. The most trying circumstances of all to the competitors is the fact that they will be required not to loiter about, although other dogs will be posted, with detachments of men, along the line of route. The experiments are intended to bring out the qualities of the animals as regards their training and discipline, their capacity for carrying despatches, for guarding a camp, for seeking out the wounded, and for carrying munitions.



## BEST OF ALL.

BY M. M. S.

"Noel—Noel!" The Christmas bells chime forth  
Their old sweet tale across the gleaming snow,  
And bid us think upon the Child who lay  
Within a lowly manger years ago.  
The fair moon glides above the white-robed world  
And conquers darkness with her silvery light.  
I wonder if she cast a radiant gleam  
O'er Bethlehem on that first Christmas night!

Down in the moon-kissed garden all the trees  
Stand gaunt and leafless in the shadowy light;  
But powd'ry snowflakes on the dark boughs rest,  
The moonbeams glistening on their spotless white.

The Frost-King touches with his finger chill  
Each branch and twig, that glitt'ring jewels may  
Shine forth against the clear blue winter sky  
In the fair sunshine of the coming day.

He waits at many a window-pane to trace  
A fairy-scene, to charm the children's eyes  
When first they open, as the rosy dawn  
Steals slowly up the frosty eastern skies.  
The children sleep in palace, hall, and cot,  
And dream of all the Christmas joy to be,  
When Santa Claus creeps through the nursery door,  
And fills the shoes with presents fair to see.

But some wee ones are lone and sad to-night,  
Poor homeless wanderers in the bitter cold;  
Forget not, loved ones of a wealthy home,  
For them the plying Saviour came of old.  
He came not as a monarch proud and great—  
His royal cradle was a cattle stall,  
Enthroned now, 'mid Heaven's effulgent light,  
Methinks He loves the lowly best of all!

## MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS,"  
"AN ARCH-IMPATOR," "HUSHED  
UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER  
THE SEA," ETC."

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

GLAVE drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction. He had chosen market day for the trip, but he could scarcely have dared to hope that things would turn out for him so well as they had.

"We'll go down to-morrow," he said, "and have a more cheerful day than you had on Tuesday, I hope."

Bruce started.

"Tuesday," he said, "why, yes, of course! I was in Elford on Tuesday, and Oase couldn't have seen me in Chelsea in the afternoon."

Glave was reaching for his glass as Bruce uttered this exclamation, and he nearly let the glass fall.

Bruce laughed.

"You are good at spilling your liquor, Glave," he said. "Where did Desmond go? I want to speak to him. Of course, it was Tuesday!"

"What do you mean?" asked Glave, with a smile; but his face was pale and his lips twitched.

"Oh, nothing much; only that Desmond swears that he saw me in Cadogan Square last Tuesday; swears to my peculiar physiognomy and my very clothes, and I'm going to crow over him."

Glave laid his hand on Bruce's arm.

"I wouldn't do it, if I were you, Ravenhurst," he said. "When a man's made up his mind about anything, he gets annoyed if you contradict him. What does it matter whether Oase—Lord Desmond—thinks he saw you or not? You'll rile him if you crow over him. I noticed that he looked upset when I came in."

"Do you think so?" said Bruce hesitatingly, and full of consideration for his chum's feelings. "Well, perhaps you're right. I won't say anything about it. After all, as you say, it doesn't matter."

"Not a bit, I should think," said Glave, with secret relief. "Such mistakes are as common as flies in summer. Shall we go down to the Mohawks for an hour or two?"

Bruce shook his head, resolutely.

"No, thanks," he said, firmly, and with a slight flush. "I don't mean going to the Mohawks again. In fact"—he paused; then went on in a low voice—"Glave, I have been playing the common or garden ass, lately, but I've done with it!"

Glave looked at him curiously.

Bruce rang for his coat and hat.

"Yes; I've done with it."

"I see!" said Glave, with a nod. "Want take a clear head on board?"

"Yes," Bruce assented. "When does

the vessel sail? I am anxious to be off—that is, in a few days."

"On Thursday next," said Glave, watching him closely. "Sorry you can't go earlier, as you seem so keen on it."

"I couldn't go until then," said Bruce.

"No?" inquired Glave.

"No; I have something to do first, before I leave England." He spoke almost to himself, and seemed to forget Glave. "We go down then, by the twelve o'clock train, I suppose?"

Glave assented, and Bruce, with a nod which served as nowadays for "good night," left the club.

Glave drained his glass, and ordered it to be refilled; and, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, pondered—

"Confound that fellow, Desmond! And I've proved the day, too! If I hadn't mentioned Tuesday— But it will be hard if we can't confuse the two days, if there should be any need of it!"

They went down to Elford the next day; and, on the following, at the time appointed. Bruce was pacing up and down in front of the seat waiting for Jess.

The time that had elapsed since their meeting had still further improved his appearance, and it was the old Bruce—though pale and thinner—who went towards the slim figure which made its way under the trees to the meeting place.

He could not take her in his arms, but he gripped her hand tightly, and gazed at her with all his love in his eyes. She stood for a moment or two silent under his regard, and he noticed that she looked pale and anxious.

"Jess," he said, in a low voice, "you are not regretting? You don't want to draw back? I know you have every reason to—more reasons than you can guess!—but— Jess, what is it? I can see that there is something the matter; I can read that sweet face of yours like a book. You are not sorry for your promise? I'll—I'll give it you back, Jess, if you are; though it will break my heart in the giving."

"No, no!" she said, in a low, tremulous voice, and just returning the pressure of his strong hand. It—it is my father, Bruce!"

"Your father?" He was filled with apprehension. "You have not told him, Jess?"

"No," she said, simply. But—but there is bad news. When I got home, the other evening, I saw him troubled and anxious about some letters he had received from abroad, and—and—her voice faltered, and the tears came into her eyes—"he told me that he might have to go back to Africa, and—perhaps at once!"

Bruce drew her to the seat in silence for a moment.

"And you will be left behind, Jess? Oh! I cannot leave you!"

"Yes," she said, with the firmness of a gentle woman; "you must go, Bruce!"

"And leave you alone? And, Jess—all is arranged. I've found out how to manage the marriage. It is done with aliveness, and at a registrar's— Don't tremble, Jess!"

"It is not because I am afraid," she murmured.

"My darling! But, Jess, where will you go? You will not go with him?" he exclaimed.

She shook her head.

"No; he will be traveling—it would not be safe for me," she said.

He thought for a moment.

"Jess, go to my aunt! She will—great Heavens! how delighted she will be!"

She looked up at him.

"Are you sure, Bruce? I—I thought of her—"

In his relief and excitement he sprang up.

"The very thing! Go and propose it, and see how she'll jump at it! Dear old lady! Will you?"

"Yes," she said, simply.

"Then, that's settled! He drew a long breath. "I shall leave you in good hands now, Jess. And, now, listen. We must be married on Wednesday!"

She started, and the blood rushed to her face.

"On—Wednesday?" she breathed.

"Yes, dearest," he replied, and, in a low voice, he went on to explain his plans; but all the time he was speaking her heart was saying:

"On Wednesday."

## CHAPTER XXV.

JESS went home, after leaving Bruce, trembling, and scarcely knowing where she was walking.

She was to be married to him, to be Bruce's wife, on Wednesday!

Her father was out when she reached Portmore Gardens, but he came in soon afterwards, and went straight to her little boudoir.

If he had not been engrossed with business, he must have noticed her agitation; but he was wholly absorbed in his own affairs, and nothing else.

"Jess, I shall have to go to Africa!" he said, with a return of his old abruptness. "I have had a couple of cables to-day, and letters pointing out that my presence is absolutely necessary. There is a crisis over there, and I shall have a hard fight to save my property." He set his lips tight and knit his brows.

"If I go over at once, I may not only succeed in doing that, but—well, there may be more money to be made. It is from such opportunities as this that fortunes are made—and lost."

"Now, as I said, I can't take you. That, alas! is impossible. I may have to go into the interior; and, in any case, the country is no place just now for a young girl. Where will you go? Back to Ravenhurst with a companion—some elderly woman, who will take charge of you—or—would you like to go back to Miss Shaddock's?"

Jess suppressed a shudder.

"Couldn't I go and stay with Lady Marvelle, father?"

He started, and looked at her, and then at the ground.

"She would have you? Yes; I can well imagine that she would be glad to—but—there is Lord Ravenhurst, Jess. You would meet him there; and I should be away!" He paced up and down.

Jess hung her head. It was the first time she had deceived her father, and her heart ached guiltily.

"Lord Ravenhurst is going abroad, father!" she said.

"Are you sure?" he said.

"Yes, he sails on—on Thursday," she said.

He lifted his head.

"It is the best thing he could do! You heard it from Lady Marvelle, I suppose? Well, in that case, I should have no objection to your going to her. I should not be away long, and, if I should be detained there, you could come out when things are quieter."

"So Lord Ravenhurst is going abroad?" he added, almost to himself, and with an air of relief. "I hope he will remain there, at any rate, until—"

He did not say "until you have ceased to care for him," but Jess understood, and her face reddened guiltily.

"How soon will you have to go, father?" she asked in a low voice.

"As soon as possible. There is a vessel sails on Thursday,—Jess started—"but I'm afraid I cannot get off by that. Jess! my heart fails me at the thought of leaving you! God only knows how dear you are to me, my child!"

He left the room hastily, as if to hide his emotion from her, and Jess sank into a chair and had a good cry. She was losing both father and—husband!

The next day she went round to Manchester Square, and Lady Marvelle received her with open arms, so to speak.

"My dear, your father has just told me the good news! He has only just gone! I can't tell you how happy he has made me! You will really be like a daughter to me, and the thought of having you with me fills me with gladness."

"Jess—I must call you Jess now, must I not?—you will try and be happy with me, dear? I shall not be a very strict chaperon, and you shall do as you like; for I know that you are one of those girls an old woman can trust, as well as love."

Once more—and, ah! not for the last time—a pang of self-reproach smote Jess. What a monster of deceit she would some day be proved to those people who trusted, as well as loved her!

"And I have more good news," said the old lady, as she poured out the tea. "I saw Bruce last night."

Jess blushed and started.

"Yes; he came in after dinner—came striding in, and put his arm round me and kissed me, in the old way. And he was quite altered; I mean, that he was quite his old self—bright and cheerful, and in high spirits—though now and again he seemed grave and full of thought; but, no doubt, that was because he was going away so far. For you will be surprised to hear, dear, that he was going to Africa!"

"To Africa," murmured Jess.

Lady Marvelle nodded and looked at the downcast face sympathetically.

"Yes; I don't know whether you will be glad or sorry, Jess; but I think you ought to be glad. There is a chance of his—of

his keeping straight out there, in a new life, and with something to do. There would be none here."

"I—I am glad!" said Jess.

The old lady nodded at her lovingly.

"You are a good, unselfish girl, Jess!" she said approvingly. "Yes, he was quite changed. Of course, he looked rather pale and worn"—she sighed—"but the voyage will restore his strength and health. I did not say anything of having seen him the other night, and he said nothing to me—nothing whatever."

"It is best so," she added, with that knowledge of men, and their folly which women acquire long before they reach her age. "Silence is golden, Jess, on these occasions. No Clansman was ever the better for being preached at, especially by an old woman."

"And you are to come to me as soon as your father sails. I must try and help you to bear the loss of him, dear." Jess' eyes filled with tears. "And I must not let you mope or get bored. We will be quite gay, in a small way, shall we? You will have your horse, and I must get a small victoria."

And, with evident delight she continued to make plans for Jess' enjoyment and happiness, until Jess rose to go.

At the same time, Bruce was hard at work making preparations, and Mr. Glave was, with disinterested kindness, for which Bruce was duly grateful, assisting him.

It seemed as if there was no point or detail which Mr. Glave was unacquainted with. He knew all about the outfit that was necessary, and went with Bruce to purchase it.

He himself booked the passage, securing a good berth, and adding a few luxuries to those already existing.

He purchased Bruce's horses, and gave a good price for them, too; and even offered—in the most delicate way—to lend Bruce some money to pay off the most pressing debts, and start him on his new career.

But Bruce declined the loan.

"You are behaving like a brick and a brother, Glave," he said, as he stood in his shirt sleeves, in the middle of a pile of things he was packing—Gordon being similarly occupied in another room—"better than most brothers, by Jove! But I can manage the coin all right. My governor has arrived in London—came last night—and I can get what I want from him. I am going round to see him directly. I've jammed in this last lot."

"Yes; you have stood by me like a friend, Glave; and, though I haven't said much about it, I'm grateful, and I'll promise you I shan't forget it! Some day, if I come back from over there"—his voice grew grave as he spoke, for he thought of Jess—"I may be able to prove my gratitude."

"Meanwhile, I'll send you all the tips I can. If you don't hear pretty regularly from me—if the letters cease—you may conclude that I have gone to join the majority."

He fell a whistling a moment afterwards, and Glave eyed him curiously.

"You have picked up your spirits wonderfully these last few days, Ravenhurst!" he said thoughtfully. "Anyone would think you had come into a fortune, or had heard some particularly good news."

Bruce stopped whistling and humming, and looked before him thoughtfully. Should he tell this good and true friend the cause of his cheerfulness, and what he was going to do on Wednesday? No; better not, perhaps, he decided. And he fell to at his packing again, Glave assisting by pitching one thing and another across the room.

A little later on, he went off to the quiet hotel in Mayfair at which the earl always put up when he was making too short a stay in London for it to be worth while getting the big house ready, and was shown up to his father's room.

The earl shook hands, and looked at him with a half-veiled keenness which showed that he had heard of Bruce's latest ram-page.

"Yes; I got here last night," he said. "Most abominable passage, and I am trying to forget it! You are still in London, Bruce. Why not go down to Leicester and get some shooting—and there'll be the hunting directly? I'll wire and tell them to have the shooting box ready for you."

He made the suggestion in the most casual way, as if he knew of no other reason for recommending Bruce to quit the gay city than his own pleasure and enjoyment; Bruce understood, and grew tender-hearted with gratitude for the old man's forbearance and delicacy.



"I am going fur her than Leicestershire, father," he said very quietly. "I leave for Africa on Thursday."

The earl did not start, but he raised his brows and gazed at his son for an instant, then looked steadily out of the window.

"Africa! What on earth for? Excuse me, my dear Bruce—but, Africa!"

"I've got a commission in the Border force," said Bruce. "It's better that I should go," he went on in a low voice, and looking out of the window also.

He knew that his father was cut up, but that he would be still more cut up if he thought Bruce saw it.

"There is no good my hanging about London—or anywhere else here, for that matter—and there is a chance of fighting over there—"

"And getting wounded, or—" put in the earl, with a smile that was no smile.

"We take our chance of that, sir!" said Bruce; "but I'm not going to get hospitalised or knocked on the head, if I can help it."

"And—I don't want to appear unduly inquisitive, my dear Bruce—but is that your only reason for seeking a foreign and intensely savage shore?"

Bruce hesitated a moment. It was hard to deceive the old man, who was so fond of him.

"There is another reason, sir; but—"

"You are not at liberty to mention it?" put in the earl, quietly. "I understand. I don't want to force your confidence, Bruce. But may I say that I hope you are not going to get, or have not got, into some scrape worse and more desperate than usual?"

Bruce hesitated again, and the earl had caused to remember the hesitation.

"I'm afraid you would think it a scrape—you wouldn't approve, sir," he said, knowing full well how keenly his father would resent his son's making a clandestine marriage. Anything in the shape of a scandal was abhorrent to the earl, and a secret marriage, with all the clack of tongues which must result when it was made known, would wound him in his tenderest spot.

"But—well," he added, "it is too late now. I couldn't go back if I would. And I wouldn't; there are some things that must be done at any cost, and this is one of them. Don't think worse of me than you can help."

"I won't," said the earl, with his gently cynical smile. "I can promise that much. And, as we are on the subject—for I presume that this trouble has a woman at the bottom of it—may I, without being intrusive, venture to ask: What about that little girl, Miss Newton?" He sighed faintly.

"I will admit that I took a fancy to the child, and I should have been glad if time and patience—two extremely powerful factors in our affairs, my dear Bruce—could have brought you together. I know a little about women,"—he might, with much truth, have said that he knew a great deal—"and I have an idea that she would have made an excellent wife, and an admirable Countess of Clansmire."

Bruce stared at the carpet for nearly half a minute. It was hard not to be able to tell his father that his hope was going to be realized.

But Bruce knew that the earl would order his brougham and go straight to Mr. Newton with the intelligence. No clandestine marriage would receive the sanction or assistance of the Most Honorable the Earl of Clansmire.

"We won't talk about Je—Miss Newton, father," he said.

The earl nodded, almost bowed. It was Bruce's affair, and Bruce had a right to impose silence.

"And now you want more money, Bruce? Yes, of course. Fortunately, the Irish rents have come in. I reap the reward of being a good landlord, Bruce. Other men are still whistling for their rents, I am told; but our people have paid theirs, because, as they informed the agent, we have never asked for them, and you spent a couple of months killing foxes and drinking whiskey with them. I imagine the last performance won their hearts more than the first. May I trouble you for the check book from the dispatch box? Thanks."

There was a question as to the amount, which the earl settled by drawing a check for more than Bruce asked; for a sum, indeed, which would enable him to pay Glave the remainder of the debt owing to him, and some others into the bargain.

"You'll let me see as much of you as you can. Come round and spend Wednesday afternoon with me, Bruce."

Bruce turned his head away, and made something of a fuss in putting the check in his pocket book.

"Engaged on Wednesday afternoon, sir," he said. "I'll come after dinner, and stay the whole of the evening with you, if you are at home."

"Yes; do!" said the earl. "You won't mind my not going to Southampton, or wherever it is, to see you off, Bruce? I—well"—for the first time his voice shook, but he mastered it in a moment—"well—I don't think I could stand it. I mean"—quickly, as if ashamed of having expressed his emotion—"this goes still hangs about me, and—"

"Just so, sir," said Bruce, and his own voice quivered as he shook hands with the old man.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE English Marriage Law—like many others—wants overhauling and revising. It is full of inconsistencies, crudities, and even absurdities.

It is generally supposed that no one can now be married secretly, and that the novelist has to strain points, and ask his readers to swallow impossibilities, when he has to deal with a clandestine marriage.

This is a mistake. As a matter of fact, nothing is easier than for a couple to become man and wife without anyone, barring the registrar and a couple of witnesses, being any the wiser.

Bruce found this out very quickly. The royal road to secret marriage is the licence. He went to the office at which applications as to be made, saw an old and weary-looking clerk, made a declaration—gabbled over by the clerk at breakneck pace—and signed a paper, which he did not read.

It was all delightfully easy, and, apparently, simple, and he walked off with the all powerful licence in his breast pocket, like a talisman, or an "Open Sesame" to future happiness.

The Wednesday dawned brightly, and one might well have imagined the month July or August, instead of late September; and Bruce, as he dressed, looking out of the window upon the sun, shining upon the other side of the street, and thought of the old saying, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," and wondered whether Jess knew the proverb and remembered it.

All the morning he was in a state of subdued excitement, and at one o'clock, having vainly endeavored to eat some lunch, he went out, and made his way to the old meeting place.

Though he had bestowed more thought on his wedding than he had ever bestowed on anything else in his life, as he walked along, his heart beating tumultuously, he asked himself whether, after all, he had left anything undone, or done anything he should not have done?

He had to wait, and, during the few minutes he spent pacing up and down, he endured all the agonies of suspense, doubt, and dread which can be crowded into that space of time.

Had her father discovered her intention—or was she ill? or was she prevented by some other cause from coming? Good Heaven! if she should not come, and he have to leave England without seeing her again!

It was a warm morning and the perspiration began to come out on his forehead. But presently he saw her, and with a long breath of relief, went towards her.

"My darling!" he said, "I thought you weren't coming—that you had changed your mind, or—been prevented?"

"My father," said Jess, with a little catch in her voice, "my father—he wanted me to go out with him to-day—and—I could scarcely get away."

Bruce pressed her hand stealthily.

"Oh, Bruce! I am almost frightened. Where are we going?" she asked in a low voice, for they were walking rather quickly towards the other end of the park.

"To get a cab, dearest," he said. "I have found out a registrar's in a little, quiet place just outside of London. I want to him the other day. He is a nice, sleepy old man, who won't remember our names a couple of days after he has heard and written them. I have arranged everything. It is wonderfully easy to get married, Jess, providing you can get the lady's consent. You are not really frightened, dear?" For she was trembling a little.

"No," she said, simply. "Not frightened—but, Bruce, I seem to be walking in a dream, as if it were not I, but another girl, who happens to be called by my name, who is doing this?"

They got into the cab, and Bruce told the man to drive them within a couple of streets of the registrar's office.

It was just within the London radius, but so quiet and rural a place that one could easily have mistaken it for the country. Discharging the cab, they walked to the office, and Bruce paused a moment to encourage and hearten Jess.

"There is little or nothing to do, dearest," he said. "Just answer the questions, and—there you are! Are you ready? Give me your hand a moment. Why, it is still trembling!"

She looked up at him with a smile that came and went, flickering like sunlight, over her beautiful face.

"I am quite ready, Bruce," she said, almost solemnly.

They went in, and were received by the registrar. He was, as Bruce had said, old and sleepy, and he peered with a very faint curiosity at the young couple who had come to be made one.

To him they represented just so much in the shape of fees, and no more, and the sooner he could get through the work for which he would be paid, the better.

All sorts and conditions of couples had come to him for years past, and he had long since ceased to feel any curiosity concerning persons whom he should probably never see or hear of again.

A servant and a clerk, rather more torpid than the registrar, acted as witnesses, and the ceremony commenced. It was as brief as it was business like, and Jess, scarcely seeing or hearing what was going on—for the dream-like feeling had increased—was suddenly startled by the registrar saying—

"Now, Mrs. Ravenhurst, if you will kindly sign this book. Your maiden name, please. It's the last time you'll write it, so you must say good-bye to it nicely."

It was a joke he never failed to make, and he and the clerk chuckled over it as if it were a sample of the choicest wit.

Jess wrote her name; Bruce wrote his; the registrar slowly—oh! how slowly!—filled in the usual certificate and handed it to her.

"You keep this, madam," he said, in a business-like tone. "You can always get a copy by paying the fee; but most ladies like to keep the original," and he chuckled again. "I wish you both a long life and happiness! Thank you, sir!"

The clerk and the servant also thanked him—and with some surprise and warmth for the trip was a long one—and Jess and Bruce went outside, walked to the end of the street in silence, then stopped and looked at each other, as if they were both in dreamland.

"My wife!" he said slowly, his eyes shining, his whole air that of a man who has, all unobservedly, found himself inside Paradise.

The color flooded Jess' face, and she looked at him, and then away from him.

"My wife!" he repeated more softly. "Jess, I can scarcely believe—realize it—think of it! No one—no one—can separate us from this moment! We may be thousands of miles apart, but you will belong to me—I shall belong to you! It is that thought that will keep me up during all the weary months I shall be away from you."

"I shall say to myself, 'Jess—dear, beautiful, sweet-hearted Jess—is my wife. Mine! No man can come between us, and snatch her away from me, now.' I shall come home—to my wife! Oh, Jess! what can I say to you to show you my gratitude, my happiness? Hi, caddy!"

He hailed a hansom, and told the man to drive them out towards the country, and they sat, hand in hand, and silent, for some minutes. But presently Jess woke to the perils and risks of the situation.

"Bruce, I must go back!" she murmured.

He started.

"Yes; I had actually forgotten! I was thinking we were starting for our honeymoon!"

He grew grave, and a cloud fell over his face; but it passed. He would not sadden her by his own grief at parting. Besides, they had not parted yet.

"Yes; you must go back, worse luck! But we can snatch half-an-hour. It is early yet. Jess! there is an old-style inn on the road. We will get some tea; you must want something, dearest! We will get some tea, and try and persuade ourselves that we have not got to part—say, in half an hour."

Her hand closed over his with a convulsive little pressure. She had not forgotten the coming parting. But she smiled bravely, and drove back the threatening tears.

They came to the inn—one of those old-world hostleries whose prosperity had fled with the vanishing of the coaches which used to stop at its hospitable doors.

But, though its glory had departed with the "good old times," the landlord was still fat and comfortable, and the landlady a cheery old soul, who at once jumped to the conclusion that Bruce and Jess were a sweetheating couple, and made haste to spread a high tea. Bruce laughed as he gazed at the hot toast, the muffins, and strawberry jam, and the tin of sardines.

"It's almost as good as a regulation wedding breakfast, Jess!" he said lightly. Then he reflected that the loss of the nuptial splendor, which weighed so lightly upon him, might be felt more keenly by Jess, and he put his arm round her and drew her to him.

"Never mind, dearest! Wait till I come back, and you shall have the sweetest breakfast we can manage. Ah, Jess! do you think I don't know all you are giving up for me?"

She laid her head on his breast, and put one hand upon his lips.

"It is you who make the sacrifice, Bruce!" she whispered.

He kissed her into silence, and she had only time to slip from his arms as the landlady came in with the tea.

Gorgeous as was the fare, these two discovered that they were not hungry. Bruce made a fierce attack upon the loaf, with a great pretence of a ravenous appetite; but Jess did not attempt the impossible.

After awhile they sat by the open window, talking—there was so much to say, such fear that something all important would be forgotten.

And all the time the old fashioned grandfather's clock in the corner ticked on warningly. Jess knew that every moment was lessening this short, all too short reprieve, and gradually her voice grew slower and fainter, and then died away.

"We must go I suppose," he said, trying to speak lightly, carelessly. "We must say good-bye here, Jess."

She hid her face against his breast, and tried not to cry—indeed, he heard only one sob. There was a choking sensation in his own throat, and a suspicious moisture in his eyes; and he could only say, huskily—

"Good-bye, Jess, my darling, my wife! Remember, Jess! whatever happens, whether I succeed or fail, I shall come back to claim you—if I live!"

He was sorry that he had added this proviso, for he felt her shudder and cling to him, and a cry—the first she had uttered, a cry like a moan—escaped her lips.

"But I am not going to die, dearest!" he went on quickly. "I'm not of that sort—too tough, and 'warranted to wear.' Don't—don't cry, Jess, if—if you can help it! Look me in the eyes, and say good-bye, like a soldier's wife!"

She raised her head, and, with both her hands on his shoulders, looked at him with so sweet a solemnity that a great calm fell upon him. It was the saint in her eyes that saved this notorious sinner.

"Good-bye, Bruce—my husband!" she murmured.

They drove to the corner of the park, and walked for a few minutes together in silence. Then, with a hand clasp, and a farewell in their eyes, a "God bless you, my own!" huskily breathed by Bruce, they parted.

He stared after her long after she had disappeared from sight; then strode off, white to the lips, but with the lips set firmly. Yes; he would be more worthy of her, or die!

When Jess got home, she was going straight to her own room for a few minutes' breathing time—a few minutes in which to realize that she was Bruce's wife, Lady Ravenhurst—but the sturdy door opened, and her father called to her.

She went down the stairs again, her heart beating, her eyes feeling heavy with the guilty knowledge of what she had done; but Mr. Newton was too agitated to notice her manner.

"Jess, come in here!" he said. "Don't be frightened, dear!" For she had started at his tone and the anxiety and almost sternness of his face. "I must tell you at once. I have to start for Africa to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Jess. "Oh, father! Not—not to-morrow?"

"Yes," he said, taking her hand and drawing her towards him. "I have received an important wire while you were out, and I must go at once. Keep up your heart, my dear."

But this climax was too much for Jess, and she clung to him, sobbing painfully. Then, suddenly, she realized what she was making him suffer, and forced herself to be calm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## OF WONDROUS BIRTH.

BY W. W.

The natal day of king or queen  
May swiftly from our memory fly;  
The kindly rulers some have been,  
They pass from mind as years fit by.

But this day and its wondrous birth,  
Still brighter glows by flight of time;  
Most festive dawn of all on earth  
Is hailed with joy in every clime.

He never dies, holds endless sway,  
So aptly may this welcome ring:  
Long live the King that's born to-day,  
Let Heaven and earth His praises sing.

Love-born her mission to fulfill,  
To feed the hungry spirit bread,  
So if we grant King Love his will  
Both soul and body will be fed.

## A Kjelke Ride.

BY M. A. T.

IT was Christmas Eve, and a merry house party was assembled in a beautiful old Norwegian homestead on the Skougum mountain.

The married sons and their families always gathered at the ancestral home to enjoy the festivities of the day. Great excitement on this occasion, therefore, prevailed at the Hvalstad station, when the parents, children, and bundles descended from the train, which had been heralded by the little engine with its snow plough. The old station master shook hands with each in turn, and packed them, rolled up in bear skin rugs, into the sledges for the long and snowy drive which lay before them.

Standing at the door of the house itself to welcome the arrivals, was the old coachman, a Swede, as all good coachmen are in Norway, and the housekeeper.

She was a severe looking personage, spare and yellow, but with as soft a heart for the family in whose service she had been for twenty years, as she was austere in appearance.

She looked upon the two unmarried daughters as her own particular young ladies, and was much grieved that she had not been asked to prepare a wedding "remember" for them, such as she had given to each of the sons when they had taken unto them wives.

"Yes," she remarked to the coachman, "it is just dreadful. There are those two young ladies still unmarried!"

"Well," he replied, "I don't see why they should be married. They have got a nice home, kind parents and everything that girls can want."

"Aye," she replied, "but a man is a man, be he no bigger than a flea, and even the ugliest 'Frue' (married lady) comes before the most beautiful 'Froken' (Miss)."

"I know that," replied the man, "but I don't think that Froken Astrid will ever marry. You see, she is not so young as she was, and now she is quite satisfied with her success as a professional painter."

"She is dreadful with her art ideas," replied the housekeeper. "To-day she is dressed in a velvet skirt and bodice that simply refuse to keep together at the waist, in spite of pins and I do believe she has even tried to fasten them with a hair-pin! She makes me despair, and the only way to keep her tidy will be to get her married; but no one will marry her, I fear, although she is clever, for she not only paints but sings well."

"She has a beautiful voice, and sings our songs gloriously," replied the coachman.

"Yes, but that is another trouble. She won't sing—she scorns her mother's lullabies when she even ventures to ask her."

"Ah! there is Froken Gunhild," exclaimed the Swede. "She is a dear young lady. She has on her ski dress, so must have been out on snow-shoes, and, why—that is Olaf Kaibenstvedt walking beside her dragging his kjelke (Norwegian toboggan). Splendid young fellow that. What a handsome pair they make!"

"Will you come on my kjelke, then?" the young man was asking Gunhild as they neared the door.

"Yes; but you must promise not to upset me or I will never forgive you," answered the pretty girl, who was small, and neat, and bright complexioned.

"It is just the day for 'aking,'" he said. "I will take every care of you, if you will only trust me," and Olaf gazed down leavily at his companion.

Aking is one of the national sports of Norway. It is tobogganing, but, the toboggan being mounted on runners ten or

twelve inches high, it is a very dangerous amusement; so dangerous, in fact, that the Government has several times suggested prohibiting the pastime.

Olaf, who was devoted to the sport and an adept, was a fine young fellow, tall and well knit, with that fair hair so particularly Scandinavian, which he wore after the fashion of his country, brushed straight up on end, like an angry cat's fur; but somehow it suited the square forehead and massive jaw of his race.

A pair of merry blue eyes were eagerly watching his companion as he asked:

"Are you ready, Froken Brock?"

"Yes," she replied, as she returned from the house, where she had been to fetch her furs; for although the gray ski dress was sufficiently warm for the tremendous exercise, of skilobning, it was not warm enough for sitting still on a kjelke.

The little kjelke and Olaf were waiting at the door, and Gunhild immediately stepped forward, and taking a seat astride in the front part of the toboggan, and tucking her reindeer fur-booted feet on the runners, laughingly said:

"I am ready, Herr Olaf; but mind you are careful, I know how foolhardy you are, sir."

"Have no fear, my kjelke has never borne so precious a burden before, and I must show you how well it behaves," saying which he pushed the little toboggan over the snow to the slope of the hill, much in the same way as one pushes a boat off from the shore.

His steering pole, some eighteen feet long, was in his hand. As they reached the brow of the hill, Olaf bounded to his seat behind his pretty companion, and with a shriek of triumph most carefully steered the kjelke with his pole, which acted like a rudder behind.

"It is splendid," cried the girl, as the pace during their descent became quicker and quicker, and the crisp air fanned her cheeks.

Round the bends of the road they swerved, only to increase their pace at the next corner.

It was gloriously cold, just that sunny bright cold, without wind or damp that is worth a midwinter journey to Norway to enjoy.

Some three feet of snow carpeted the land, beautiful white snow, which had fallen in crisp feather-like flakes an inch long and more, a species of snow utterly incomprehensible in England, where a dozen drops of watery stuff descends from leaden clouds, and makes muddy puddles as soon as it reaches the earth.

The sun was shining brilliantly, making the land sparkle, and the snow clad pine glisten like myriads of diamonds as its beams flitted here and there over the landscape.

"No wonder you like 'aking,'" exclaimed Gunhild. "I love it—but you know I have never been with anyone on a kjelke before, except the brothers."

"Why not, Froken?"

"Because I have never trusted myself—you see I think so much of my precious neck!"

"Quite right too. The prettiest neck in Christiania, but you will come again with me; won't you?"

"Yes—perhaps—Oh" as they went over a hardly frozen bit of snow, "I love it!"

"Froken, will you come with me always—will you give me the right?" and the nervous tension of his face spoke more than his words.

He was in love—madly in love, and although he had not intended to speak just yet, something in the air of that Christmas-tide spurred him on.

She did not answer.

"Froken—Gunhild—may I call you Gunhild—will you—will you be my wife?" The handsome young fellow bent forward to catch her reply.

The blue veins throbbled in his temples, as he waited for her answer, which she had not time to give, before the steering pole, in his excitement, dropped from his hand, and the kjelke, like a mad thing, was flying down the road at a wildly quickening speed.

Over everything it flew in its wild career, tearing on furiously to the bottom of the mountain, on, on it rushed. Like a flash of lightning the kjelke jumped into a huge snow heap at the bend of the road.

Olaf realized the danger, but could not avert it, and both he and his passenger were precipitated on to the frozen mass.

Extricating himself with difficulty from the broken woodwork, Olaf saw the white form of Gunhild prostrate in the snow, a little stream of blood trickling from her mouth.

Good God! had he killed her, the one thing he cherished most on earth?

Tenderly he lifted the broken spars of the kjelke from where she lay, and raising her head against his manly breast, he listened awestruck for her breathing. He heard nothing—the white face lay silent against him.

He trembled from head to foot. Was she dead?

Fool, wicked fool that he was, as to have lost command of himself at such a time when his only thoughts should have been to steer his kjelke safely. He bent his face over hers—put his cheeks against her lips, and listened—no, she was not breathing. It was more than he could bear, and putting his face still closer, in an agony of reproach, he listened again.

Then he felt the warm breath of life.

His joy was too great, he drew her to him, he pressed passionate kisses on her face, he murmured words of love into her unheeding ears.

How long he stayed so, only the little yellowhammers on the frozen branches of the trees could say, but at last, she slowly opened her eyes, and looking up at him, smiled.

"Can you forgive me? Are you better?" he whispered.

"Olaf, is that you?" she gasped.

It was the first time she had called him Olaf, and the word seemed as balm to his disturbed soul.

"Yes, darling, it's Olaf," and he drew the shivering form a little closer. "Are you hurt, tell me, are you hurt?"

"Not much I think, only a little shaken. Perhaps I fainted. Thanks, Olaf," as he wiped the blood-stained cheek.

"Darling," he murmured, raising her gently, "you must not stay here, the cold is dangerous. Will you let me carry you to Peterson's cottage yonder?"

"I think I can walk," she said, "I feel so much better," and a little color mounted to her cheeks.

"Can you forgive me—forgive me everything?" he pleaded.

"Yes—everything."

"Will you—oh! my darling, will you be my wife?"

She lowered her little head and nestled up to him as she murmured, "Yes."

It was a moment of supreme happiness for both. Were they not in love; all the world to one another. Even the little yellowhammers felt their joy and burst forth into exultant song.

That Christmas Eve, the family party assembled for midday (dinner) at three o'clock. The host had welcomed them in the usual Norwegian custom "Velkommen til Bordet," to which all had bowed as they took their seats. They had enjoyed rice, porridge, fish pudding, pork, rye, and delicious home made cakes; and the sweet champagne had arrived.

Everyone was in the best of spirits, looking forward to the Christmas tree, and the distribution of presents to follow. The glasses were all filled by the daughters of the house to drink healths, the servants even partaking in this convivial ceremony.

"Wait a moment," said the host, "before you 'akaal' (drink the health) to absent friends, I want you to 'akaal' a young couple dining with us to-night."

Everyone looked surprised, and the old housekeeper nearly let her glass drop at the suggestion of an engagement.

"Yes," he continued, "I announce the betrothal of my daughter Gunhild and Olaf Kaibenstvedt."

"There," said the coachman to his housekeeper friend, "there, now what do you say—one of your young ladies is engaged and to a right good gentleman too."

"Well, well, I never!" and off she rushed to kiss her young lady, muttering to herself "Well I never. Who would have thought it!"

Intense was the excitement—the glasses clinked, and amid kisses, handshaking and laughter, the dinner ended that Christmas Eve, but not before the newly engaged folk were tremendously chaffed, and asked endless questions about their kjelke ride.

Every detail was dragged from them bit by bit while the elderly gentleman drank "toddy" in the drawing-room and the ladies enjoyed Swedish punch with their apples and nuts.

Suddenly someone noticed that the elder sister Astrid was absent, and everyone naturally wondered where she was.

Just as her father put his hand on the handle of the door to go and look for her in case she were ill, for otherwise surely she would not be absent while such an important story was in progress—the door opened.

In walked Astrid, all radiant with smiles, a little more untidy than ever, followed by Dr. Boe, the family medico and honored friend.

Engagements are infectious diseases, and they had followed suit!

How the unexpected always happens.

The old housekeeper prepared her "remember" in due course, and has never ceased to bless that Christmas Eve, neither is she tired of relating the stories of the engagements to the village gossip, who look upon her as a very great dame.

## Can You Account for It.

BY T. E.

I AM an old maid, and am not the least ashamed of the circumstances. Pray, why should women not be allowed the benefit of the doubt like men, and be supposed to remain single by choice?

I can assure you it is not from want of offers that I am Miss Janet MacTavish, spinster.

I could tell—but no matter. It is not to set down a list of proposals that I have taken pen in hand, but to relate a very mysterious occurrence that happened at our house last spring.

My sister Matilda and I are a well-to-do couple of maiden ladies, having no poor relatives, and a comfortable private fortune.

We keep our servants (all female), and occupy a large detached house in a fashionable part of Edinburgh, and the circle in which we move is most exclusive and genteel.

Matilda is a good deal older than I am (though we dress alike) and is somewhat of an invalid.

Our east winds are certainly trying, and last March she had a very sharp attack of bronchitis, brought on (between ourselves) by her own rash imprudence. Though I dared not say this to her face I may say it here.

She does not approve of fiction, though goodness knows what I am going to set down is not fiction, but fact; but any literary work in a gay paper cover (of course, I don't mean tracts), such as novels and magazines, is an abomination in her eyes, and "reading such like trash" she considers sinful waste of time.

So, even if this falls into her hands by an odd chance she will never read it, and I am quite safe in writing out everything that happened, as I dared not do if I thought that Matilda was coming after me, and picking holes in every sentence.

Matilda is terribly particular about grammar and orthography, and reads over all my letters before I venture to close them.

Dear me, how I have wandered away from my point! I'm sure no one will care to know that I am a little in awe of my elder—that she treats me sometimes as if I were still in my teens.

But people may like to hear of the queer thing that happened to me, and I am really and truly coming to it at last.

Matilda was ill with bronchitis—very ill. Bella (that's our sewing maid and general factotum, who has been with us twelve years this term) and I took it in turns to sit up with her at night.

It happened to be my night, and I was sitting over the fire in a half kind of dore, when Matilda woke up, and nothing would serve her but a cup of tea of all things, at two o'clock in the morning—the kitchen fire out, no hot water, and every one in the house in their beds except myself.

I had some nice beef tea in a little pan beside the hob, and I coaxed her hard to try some of that, but not a bit of it. Nothing would serve her but real tea, and I knew that once she had taken the notion in her head I might just as well do her bidding first as last.

So I opened the door and went out, thinking to take the small lamp (for, of course, all the gas was out, and turned off at the meter, as it ought to be in every decent house).

"You'll no do that!" she said, quite cross.

Matty speaks broad when she is vexed, and we had had a bit of argument about the tea.

"You'll no do that, and leave me here without the light. Just go down and make me a cup of tea as quickly as ever you can, for I know I'll be awfully the better of it."

So, there was just nothing else for it, and down I went in the pitch black darkness, not liking the job at all.

It was not that I was afraid. Not I



But the notion of having to rake-up and make the kitchen fire, and boil the kettle, was an errand that went rather against grain, especially as I'm an awful bad hand at lighting a fire.

I was thinking of this, and wondering where were the wood and matches to be found, when, just as I reached the head of the stairs, I was delighted to hear a great raking-out of cinders below in the kitchen.

Such a raking and poking, and banging of coals, and knocking about of the range I never did hear, and I said to myself—

"This is fine; it's washing morning" (we do our washing at home), "and later than I thought; and the servants are up, so it's all right," and I ran down the kitchen stairs, quite inspired-like by the idea.

As I passed the door of the servants' room (where cook and housemaid slept) Harris—that's the housemaid—called out—

"Who's that?"

I went to the door, and said,—

"It's I—Miss Janet. I want a cup of tea or Miss MacTavish."

In a moment Harris had thrown on some clothes, and was out in the passage. She was always a quick, willing girl, and very obliging. She said it was black dark, and I could not see her.

"Never you mind, Miss Janet; I'll light the fire, and boil up the kettle in no time."

"You need not do that," said I, "for there's someone at the fire already—cook, I suppose."

"Not me, mam!" said a sleepy voice from the interior of the bedroom. "I'm in my bed."

"Then who can it be?" I asked, for the poking and raking had become still more tremendous, and the thunders of the poker was just awful.

"It must be Bella," said Harris, feeling her way to the kitchen door, and pushing it open, followed by me.

We stood for full half a minute in the dark, whilst she felt about and groped for the matches, and still the noise continued.

"Bella," I said, crossly, "what on earth—"

But at this instant the match was struck, and dimly lit up the kitchen.

I strained my eyes into the darkness, whilst Harris composedly lit a candle. I looked and looked, and looked again; but there was no one in the kitchen but ourselves.

I was just petrified, I can tell you, and I staggered against the dresser, and gasped at the now silent fireplace. The coals, and cinders, and ashes were exactly as they had gone out, not a bit disturbed; any one could see that they had never been stirred.

"In the name of goodness, Harris," I said, in a whisper, "where is the person that was poking that fire? You heard them yourself!"

"I heard a noise, sure enough, Miss Janet," she said, not a bit daunted; "and if I was a body that believed in ghosts and such like leavers I'd say it was them," putting fire-wood in the grate as she spoke.

"It's queer, certainly! Miss MacTavish will be wearying for her tea," she added. "I know well what it is to have a kind of longing for a good cup. Save us! what a cold air there is in this kitchen? I wonder where cook put the bellows!"

Seeing that Harris was taking the matter so coolly, for very shame sake I was forced to do the like; so I did not say a word about my misgivings, nor the odd, queer thrill I had felt as we stood in the pitch darkness, and listened to the furious raking of the kitchen grate.

How icy cold the kitchen had been! Just like a vault, and with the same damp, earthy smell!

I was in a mighty hurry to get back up stairs, believe me, and did all in my power to speed the fire and the kettle, and in due time we wended our way upstairs, Harris bearing the tea in a tray, and walking last.

I left her to administer the refreshment whilst I went into Bella's room, which was close by, candle in hand.

"You are awake, I see, Bella," I remarked, putting it down as I spoke (I felt that I must unbosom myself to someone, or never close an eye that night). "Tell me, did you hear a great raking of the kitchen fire just now?"

"Yes, miss, of course! Why, it woke me! I suppose you had an occasion to go down for something, Miss Janet; but why did you not call me?"

"It was not I who woke you, Bella!" rejoined, quietly. "I was on my way downstairs when I heard of that noise be-

low, and I thought it was cook or Harris; but when I got down Harris came out of the bed-room. Cook was in bed. Maggie, you know, is up above you, and we went into the kitchen thinking it might be you or her and lit a candle; but I give you my word of honor that, although the noise was really terrible till we struck a light, when we looked about us not a soul was to be seen!"

At this Bella started up in bed, and became of a livid, chalky kind of color.

"No one, Miss Janet?" she gasped out.

"Not a soul!" I replied, solemnly.

"Then, oh!" she exclaimed, now jumping bodily out on the floor, and looking quite wild, and distracted. "Tell me, in Heaven's name, which of you—who went into the kitchen first, you or Harris?"

She was so agitated she seemed scarcely able to bring out the words, and her eyes rested upon mine with a strange, frightened look that made me fancy she had taken temporary leave of her wits.

"Harris went first!" I answered, shortly.

"Thank Heaven for that!" she returned, now collapsing on the edge of her bed.

"But poor Kate Harris is a dead woman."

I stared hard at Bella—as well I might. Was she talking in her sleep? or was I dreaming?

"What do you mean, Bella Cameron?" I cried, "are you going crazy?—are you gone clean daft?"

"It was a warning," she replied, in a low and awestruck voice. "We Highlanders understand the like well. It was a warning of death. Kate Harris' hour has come!"

"If you are going to talk such wicked nonsense, Bella," I said, "I'm not going to stop to listen. Whatever you do don't let Matilda hear you going on with such foolishness. The house would not hold her—and you know that well."

"All right, Miss Janet; you heard the fire yourself, you will allow that; and you will see that the kitchen grate is never raked out for nothing. I only wish, from the bottom of my heart, that what I've told you may not come true; but, bad as it was, I'm thankful that you were not first in the kitchen!"

A few more indignant expostulations on my part and lamentations on Bella's, and then I went back to Matilda; and it being now near three o'clock, and she inclined to be drowsy, I lay down on the sofa, and got a couple of hours' sleep.

A day or two afterwards I was suddenly struck with a strange thrill of apprehension by noticing how very, very ill Kate Harris looked. I taxed her with not feeling well, and she admitted that she had not been herself, and could not say what ailed her.

She had no actual pain, but she felt weak all over, and could scarcely drag herself about the house.

"It would go off. She would not see a doctor—no, no, no! It was only just a kind of cold feeling in her bones, and a sort of notion that a hand was gripping her throat. It was all fancy; and Dr. Henderson (our doctor) would make fine game of her if he saw her by way of being a patient. She would be all right in a day or two."

Vain hope! In a day or two she was much worse. She was obliged to give in to take her bed. I sent for Dr. Henderson indeed, he called daily to see Matilda—so I had only to pilot him down below to see Kate. He came out to me presently with a very grave face, and said—

"Has she any friends?" pointing towards Kate's door with his thumb.

"Friends! To be sure," I answered. "She has a sister married to a tram conductor in Wickham street."

"Send for her at once; and you had better have her removed. She can't last a week."

"Do you mean that she is going to die?" I gasped, clutching the banisters, for we were standing in the lower hall.

"I am sorry to say the case is hopeless. Nothing can save her, and the sooner she is with her own people the better."

I was, I need scarcely tell you, greatly shocked—terribly shocked—and presently, when I had recovered myself, I sent off, post haste, for Kate's sister.

I went in to see her. She, poor creature, was all curiosity to hear what the doctor had said.

"He would tell me nothing, miss," she observed, smilingly, "only felt my pulse and tried my heart with a stethoscope, and my temperature with that queer little tube. I only feel a bit tired and out of breath; but you'll find I'll be all right in a day or two. I'm only sorry I'm giving all this trouble, and Bella and Mary hav-

ing to do my work. However, I'll be fit to clean the plate on Saturday."

Poor soul, little did she dream that her work in this world was done!

And I, as I sat beside the bed, and looked at her always pale face, her now livid lips and hollow eyes, told myself that already I could see the hand of death on her countenance.

I was obliged to tell her sister what the doctor had said; and how she cried—and so did I—and who was to tell Kate?

We wished to keep her with us undisturbed—Matilda and I—but her people would not hear of it, and we had an ambulance from the hospital, and sent her home.

She just lived a week, and, strange to say, she had always the greatest craving for me to be with her, for me to sit beside her, read to her and hold her hand. She showed far more anxiety for my company than for that of any of her own people.

Bella alone, of all the household, expressed no astonishment when she heard the doctor's startling verdict, being in Matilda's room at the time. She merely looked over at me gravely, and significantly shook her head.

The night Kate and I were with her she had lain silent for a long time, and then she said to me quite suddenly.

"Miss Janet, you'll remember the morning you came downstairs looking for Miss MacTavish's tea?" (Did I not recollect it, only too well!) "Somehow, I got a queer kind of chill then; I felt it at the time, to the very marrow of my bones. I have never been warm since. It was just this day fortnight. I remember it well, because it was washing Monday."

That night Kate Harris died. She passed away, as it were, in her sleep, with her hand in mine. As she was with me on that mysterious night so I was now with her.

Call me a superstitious old imbecile, or what you like, but I firmly believe that, had I entered that room first, it would have been Janet MacTavish, and not Kate Harris, who was lying in her coffin!

Of course Matilda knows nothing of this, nor ever will, perhaps, for she is one of you strong-minded folk. She would scout at the idea, and at me, for a daft, silly body, and explain it all away quite reasonable like. I only wish she could!

**TREES FOR LUKE.**—A tourist just returned from Hungary was witness to the following curious scene at a village fair: A woman was kneeling on the ground near a stall, unclothed, with her hair falling down her back.

Then a man, with a great pair of scissors, took the waving tresses in his hand, and sheared them off close to the head, leaving only a lock at each temple.

The deed was done in a few seconds, and the effect was horrible. It seemed that an abominable assault had been committed; but this woman who had lost her hair was evidently not of the same mind, for she rose from the ground, gaily covered her bare scalp with her hat, and after a feigned struggle, received a kiss from the shearer, who declared, with an ugly grin, that the embrace was needed to make her hair grow again.

No money was paid, but the woman who was sheared was allowed to choose twelve yards of some cheap material from the stall.

Another young woman was only offered six yards for her hair, which she had carefully combed out before the bystanders, but she insisted on having seven yards. The dealer being obstinate, she put on her cap and walked away.

This practice of hair dealing in districts where life is too hard for the married woman to preserve an ornament which nature has given her when it can be exchanged for something useful, explains the ease with which the better-favored lady obtains her artificial tresses.

But what a difference between the price originally paid for them and that paid by the eventual wearer!

**OBLIGING HIS HOLINESS.**—A pleasant story illustrative of the Pope's kindness is told by a contemporary.

It seems that not long ago an English lady, a Protestant, with her little son, aged eleven, and her daughter, obtained an audience of the Pope, through the good offices of Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State.

The latter invited the boy to kiss the Pope's slipper.

"We don't kiss people's feet in England," said the little fellow; "but he's a nice old gentleman, and I'll kiss his hand, if he likes."

The Pope was delighted with the little fellow's answer, and paid him several compliments in Italian.

## Scientific and Useful.

**ASTRONOMY.**—An observatory has been successfully completed on the summit of Mont Blanc, at the height of 15,780 feet. Instead of being movable like an ordinary telescope, the telescope on Mont Blanc is fixed in the direction of the Polar Star. A movable mirror is made to reflect any object desired down the tube to the eye piece for the study of the observer.

**LIFE BUOY.**—An ingenious new life-buoy has been invented by a Swiss engineer, and tried recently at Geneva. The buoy contains an air-cell, which is automatically inflated by means of the vapor of chloride of methyl as soon as it enters the water. It is also supplied with a small light of the Holmes description—that is, a capsule containing phosphide of calcium, which, when wetted by the water, yields a bright, torch-like flame, lasting for three-quarters of an hour. The principle of the buoy is also applied to a life-saving dress. The buoy itself, however, has the appearance of an air pillow, and is simply bound across the chest.

**PNEUMATIC WATER SERVICE.**—The pneumatic water service system dispenses with elevated tanks, and utilizes compressed air in a closed tank as a means for keeping up the supply when the pump stops working. The tanks are of riveted steel, and are tested to 100 lbs. per square inch pressure. A partition separates the water compartment from the air compartments of the tank, and a check-valve, operated by a float, prevents the entrance of water to the air compartment. A special pump is used, which sucks a small amount of air at every stroke. It may be worked by hand or driven by any available power. The tank may be located at a distance from the pump if desired. An important advantage of the system is that the tank may be placed in a cellar or underground, and thus cool water may be drawn from the faucets in summer, which cannot be done where the ordinary elevated tank is used to store the supply. In winter also the tank is easily protected from freezing, whereas the elevated tank is a frequent source of trouble in this respect.

## Farm and Garden.

**SHEDS.**—If sheds are costly it should pay to use cornstalks for providing shelter or windbreaks by placing them against poles. Cornfodder is too valuable to use in this manner; but there are hundreds of farmers who allow fodder to be wasted when it might be used on the outside of the barnyard as windbreaks if it cannot be put to better use.

**VARIETY.**—It is difficult to secure trees that are true to the variety, and mistakes occur in the best nurseries. A reform should be made in this matter, as there is some cause not known, most probably due to nurserymen assisting one another, orders being sent to other nurseries when they cannot be filled by the one receiving the order. This difficulty is not confined to any one section, but seems to be general. There are some nurserymen who are very careful, but there are others who themselves have been deceived and unintentionally sent out trees that are not true to name of variety.

**FORESTS.**—Gercke, the great German forester, writes that the greatest ages to which trees in Germany are positively known to have lived are from 500 to 570 years. For instance, the pine in Bohemia and the pine in Norway and Sweden have lived to the latter age. Next comes the silver fir, which in the Bohemian forests has stood and thrived for upwards of 400 years. In Bavaria, the larch has reached the age of 275 years. Of foliage trees, the oak appears to have survived the longest. The best example is the evergreen oak at Aschoffenburg, which reached the age of 410 years. Other oaks in Germany have lived to be from 315 to 320 years old. At Aschoffenburg the red beech has lived to the age of 245 years, and at other points to the age of 225 years. Of other trees, the highest known are ash, 170 years; birch 150 to 200 years; aspen, 220 years; mountain maple, 225 years; elm, 130 years, and red alder, 145 years.

The discomforts of influenza, the danger from Grip, and kindred disorders, can be modified and cured—perhaps altogether prevented—by a prompt resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. For the Liver use Jayne's Painless Sensitive Pills.





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#### The Day of the Year.

It is the pleasantly-sad task of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to once more greet its subscribers, friends and readers with the compliments of the season. It is pleasant because it seems more than at other times to bring us face to face with them, and is in harmony with the whole tendency of nature at this glorious festival. On the other hand, it is sad for the reason that with each recurring anniversary we feel that all of us are nearer the great mystery, and that many who were with us a year ago are not here to respond at least in spirit to the salutation.

But while the wish that THE POST extends is a feeling of pleasure not altogether unalloyed with pain, it sees so much to be thankful for and rejoice in at this blessed time, that the shadow which comes of sombre thoughts is only like to that running over a field of wheat when a cloud obscures the sun. Let the most of us look back over the twelve-month behind us and while there may be dark spots in the vista, they are more than dimmed by the pervading light.

And it is the Christmas spirit which bids us to estimate these contrasts at their right value. It teaches us to make much of the bright and little of the gloom; to attune our souls to the fact that no matter how pain may seem to supervene in the affairs of life, there is a spirit of love over all that eventually adjusts everything for the best; that there is an ever-present angel of kindness, apparently sleeping perhaps, but really watchful and awaiting the proper time to come forth in all its effectiveness; that the forces of good and virtue in man are really stronger than the array of evil and that each of us is but an epitome of all. However our fellows may seem hardened and callous to gentle influences at other seasons, that this is only on the surface and does not reach the heart it is the great and glorious privilege of Christmas Day to prove.

What human creature is there in the whole Christian world to-day who does not feel the blessed influence of this festival? From the palace to the hovel, rich and poor, humble and ignorant, every class and condition are alike in the Christmas feeling. The consciousness of brotherhood is abroad, the sense of kinship, the memory that all are children of a common father and so brothers and sisters, bring us closer to each other. We feel that there is a general relationship, carrying with it obligations of kindness in thought, word and act, and we acknowledge the obligations by more or less yielding obedience to our nobler impulses.

Wrapped up in self-concern for the rest of the year we drop the cloak of conventionality, of business, of station and for the time being let our feelings, worked on by our better, but too often suppressed nature, have their way. It is now that the sun of eternal love

melts the ice of coldness and indifference from about our hearts, and though with the dying of the day we again relapse into many of our old faults, the visit of the angel cannot but be a blessing. It is another case of that troubling of the waters spoken of in the Scripture that brought comfort and healing in its train.

And so we are more than glad to say Merry Christmas. In so speaking we feel our hearts beating in touch with the great heart of humanity. There is hardly a home in all this broad and heaven-favored land to-day where the same will not be breathed as a message of love, peace and good will. Even if the day may occur but once a year, and we are apt to forget its lessons and teaching so much at other seasons, we are the better for this one visit and feel that it is a foretaste of a time when the Christmas spirit will surge through the cycles of eternity.

THOSE exercises which are not common are apt to be exposed to public view; for things private are practised more safely at home. Nevertheless, thou must beware thou neglect not those which are common, being more ready for what is private. But having fully and faithfully accomplished all which thou art bound and enjoined to do, if thou hast any spare time, betake thee to thyself, as thy devotion shall desire. All cannot use one kind of spiritual exercise, but one is more useful for this person, another for that. According to the seasonableness of times also, divers exercises are fitting; some suit better with us on working days, others on holy days. In the time of temptation, we have need of some, and of others in time of peace and quietness. Some we mind when we are pensive, and others when we rejoice in the Lord.

SOME persons who appreciate their fellow-men never by word or look allow them to find it out. Whether they do not wish to puff up their self-esteem, or whether they fear to be thought too easily pleased, or whatever be the reason, words of praise or encouragement rarely fall from their lips, though inwardly they may acknowledge and honor what is meritorious and noble. They make a fatal mistake. Where one person is made vain by honest praise, a hundred are stimulated to new and higher achievements. Where one is kept humble by never being commended, a hundred are made spiritless and dejected, and their efforts flag.

How lamentable that we should go through the world so misunderstanding one another; letting slip golden opportunities for glimpses into men's better nature, which might have knit our heart to theirs for ever in a brotherhood of love, and drawn the veil of charity over faults which, in our blindness, seemed to us without a virtue to balance them. Angels turn sorrowing away from this soul-blindness of ours, and flenda laugh over the final fall of despair which our helping hand might at such moments have averted. Well for us all it is that He who is Himself without sin, more merciful than man, sees gathering tears in eyes that we deem hard and dry.

No matter under what circumstances, every battle in life that is worth gaining is fought up-hill and against odds. Just before the battle of Ohod, a council was held by Mahomet. "Shall we retire to Medina, and let the women and children help us to fight? Our forces may be insufficient." "No," said the young men, "let us have a fair fight and an open field." On the sword of that remarkable Moslem was engraven: "Fear and want of conscience bring disgrace; forward lies honor; cowardice saves no man from his fate." A lasting impress has he left on the world's history, and yet he started out in life with a sack of barley, a hand-mill, and a pound of butter.

THE satisfactions of this life are many; but there will come a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast. I am far from regretting that this life was bestowed on me; and I have the satisfaction of thinking that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn.

A SNOB may be known by several characteristics. He is polite to his superiors; arrogant with those of lower station; fawns on the rich; snubs the poor, and pretends not to know his own mother, when he chances to meet the old lady in unfashionable clothes. He has plenty of brass and few brains; and is always uneasy from a suspicion that his intrinsic vulgarity may fail to be hidden by his outward gentility.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and warp us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and weeping orphan.

How beautifully is it ordered, that as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labor to make the whole! The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. Who will not work, neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other and bear each other's burdens.

WHEN Arab commentators wrote history they gave many opinions of those who had gone before them. You will find, then, some who write "there are those who say," and then again "there are others who say." The doubts of the commentator being acknowledged, this is generally the concluding formula: "Allah alam," or "God only knows."

If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth, and health, and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters! Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age, and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

LABOR conquers all things. Everything that we do must have a certain amount of labor expended on it, to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be, remember, if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your efforts will be crowned with success.

NARROW-MINDED men who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying, "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

If you are looking at a picture you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow creatures as you are to a picture.

EVERY period of life has its peculiar prejudices; who ever saw old age that did not applaud the past and condemn the present times?

HUMILITY is the lesson of science. It is by measuring ourselves against the unsolved mysteries of science that we learn our feebleness.

#### CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MARIE J.—The present style of silk hats for gentlemen came into vogue about 1822.

RITA.—It is better for the husband to be older than the wife, as a rule; but a year's difference in age is of no great consequence one way or the other.

C. P. G.—Muddy water containing albuminous matter can be cleared very effectually by adding a few drops of solution of alum, and letting it stand still for a few hours. The water so cleared is quite satisfactory for use in washing of all kinds.

ADA.—Never open your eyes in water unless to remove a substance in the eye, or to see your way when in danger of drowning. Why should you? If intended to do so, we should have been given suitable eyes, like those of fish or lobsters.

P. D. W.—You do wrong to indulge in melancholy musings. A girl of twenty should be bright and vivacious, and look hopefully to the future. Engage in some task that will occupy your leisure time, and the depression of spirits of which you complain will pass away, despite the words of the German poet whom you quote.

W. G. D.—The judge always passes sentences; but formerly, in Scotland, the public executioner repeated over the sentence of the condemned, in the judge's words and then added: "This I pronounce for doom." From this expression he acquired the name of the doomsman, and was so called both by the legal profession and the community in general.

R. R. T.—You were weak, silly, and foolish, and exhibited very poor judgment in saying that you declined to discuss such a matter with your lover, so long as you did not intend to break off the engagement. Had we been in your lover's place, you would never have had an opportunity to "discuss" any question with us until you made an ample apology.

M. G. L.—"Auld Lang Syne" is of uncertain origin, there being several versions of this deservedly popular song. One of the best is by Burns; but only the second and third stanzas are by this poet, the remainder being from the pen of Ramsay. The song is of uncertain antiquity; one version is dated 1716, another is said to date from the sixteenth century.

C. B. H.—Bertha M. Clay was the pen name of an English lady whose real name was Charlotte M. Braeme, the same initials reversed. She has now been dead about ten years. The number of her long stories amount to fifty or more while her short tales and poems are innumerable. She lived a very retired life, not entering society at all, and her biography furnishes little of general interest apart from that of any home-loving woman.

W. M.—Many people suppose that the X in Xmas represents the cross, and wonder that it is not written thus. The X, however, has nothing to do with the cross. It is the Greek letter Chi, corresponding to ch in our language, and is the initial letter in the Greek name (Christos, but we have no type in the Greek alphabet to produce it) of Christ. The two words Christ-mass were often written Xmas before Christmas became one word, and this use of the X is almost as old as Christianity itself.

VOLO.—Worry is the most mischievous mind fiend with which we have to deal. It is not possible to meet the evil by any simple remedy. The recourse to stimulants, sleeping-draughts, and what are commonly known as "nerve-tonics" and "pick-me-ups" is a perilous expedient which may result in dire injury. Better try to grapple with the difficulty by efforts of self-control and attention to the general health. Every endeavor to discipline the mind makes patience easier. The will strengthens wonderfully by use when honestly set to the task of restoring peace and order within.

CARRIE.—Nutmeg unites, with the medicinal properties of the ordinary aromatics, considerable narcotic power. In the quantity of two or three drachms, it has been known to produce stupor and delirium; and dangerous if not fatal consequences are said to have followed its free use in India. Mace possesses properties essentially the same with those of nutmeg, and, like that medicine, has been known, when taken in excess, to produce alarming sensations. It is, however, less used as a medicine. The dose of either is from five to twenty grains.

ELLEN T.—Stimnel cakes are made in Herefordshire and Shropshire during Lent, at Easter, and at Christmas. It is a custom of great antiquity, and doubtless had some religious signification from the fact that a figure of Christ or of the Virgin Mary was originally stamped upon them. Most persons know that our hot-cross buns are simply the cakes that were eaten by the Saxons in honor of the goddess Eastre, plus the mark of the cross made by the Christian clergy, who, if they could not check such Pagan practices, at least sought to render them innocuous by stamping them with a sacred symbol. The name "stimnel" is generally held to be derived from the Latin stimula, fine flour—possibly flour of the best quality was at first used for them. The large stimnels are rather expensive, owing to the richness of their ingredients, and may cost as much as two or four dollars. They are simply raised cakes of a rich yellow color, the interior being filled with much the same materials as are used for plum-cakes. We believe they are first boiled, then brushed over with egg and baked. When ready for use, they were terribly hard.



## TWO BLADES OF GRASS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Who grows two blades of grass, wherein  
Of old but one was grown—  
Has found a key of life, and made  
Its greatest joys his own.  
To that extent he builds the world,  
And adds unto its store  
Of good, until the total stands  
Thus better than before.

So be it that which brings more bliss  
Unto sad human hearts,  
Has learned the secret of the best  
And noblest of all arts.  
If then a gift—a worthy gift—  
So much true pleasure lends—  
Why may not you present THE POST  
This Christmas to your friends?

## The Schoolmaster's Bell

BY M. R.

IT was in the summer of 1875 that I entered on the duties of schoolmaster in the small secluded village of Barcester, ten miles from the nearest railway station.

I may say that I was an only child and an orphan. My father I had never seen, as my mother was left alone before I was born, and she had died while I was still a little boy at school.

Though brought up by some relatives of hers, my education was provided for by a little money left by my mother.

Having passed the necessary examinations, I proceeded to the Battersea Training College, whence—the funds at the disposal of my guardians having become exhausted—I was expected to make my own way in the world as a schoolmaster.

Thus, in time, I found myself, as I have said, set in charge of the little scholars at Barcester.

My sojourn there enabled me to realize, perhaps after an acute and exaggerated fashion, the solitariness which sometimes accompanies the position of a student fresh from one of our training colleges and set down alone to teach the children of an isolated community of agricultural peasants. There were no companions with whom I could converse freely.

I had not expected to mix in the society of a country parish which is formed or led by the parson and the squire, though I think that undue coldness is often shown by such gentry towards one who has educational influence over their poor neighbors, of whom they often really know but little; but even these were absent.

The small church was served on Sundays by a clergyman who rode over from a grammar school some miles distant; and an old rambling half decayed house which stood close by the church bore witness to the previous existence of a squire.

The old house had been shut up for some years, and its sole occupant was a withered little man, who had formerly been some sort of retainer in the family which had long lived there.

The property had passed into the hands of a person connected with the last resident, Mr. W. Montague, by marriage. Mr. Montague had emigrated to Australia; and this old man was left in charge of the dilapidated building, while the rent of the small estate was collected by the agent.

No tenant had been found for the house itself. Indeed it was not long before I discovered that it had the character of being haunted; and I confess that in my eyes this added to its charm.

From childhood I had had an irresistible appetite for the recondite and mysterious.

In fact it was this insatiable taste which had stood in the way of my getting such a post as—I may say it without undue conceit—a certain natural ability led me to hope for.

But, instead of applying myself to the proper work of a student at a training college, I so indulged my habit of reverie and my fondness for obscure reading that I found my place at the final examination deplorably low.

Thus, after leaving college, I found myself at Barcester, and left alone to find some hitherto undiscovered way into the brains of about three score shock-headed boys and girls, while a ditcher's wife, who had formerly been the mistress of a small village school, undertook the needlework of those who were destined to stitch as well as read, and gave her matronly presence to the establishment.

She was old enough to be my mother, and, for the satisfaction of the desire for intellectual conversation, hopelessly dull and uninformed.

She had once, during early childhood,

seen the sea, but had never visited London, nor traveled above a few miles on a railway.

The stock of words originally used by herself had been still further reduced to her husband's needs and must have included no more than two or three hundred nouns.

But she could sew after a fashion, and thus, as my coadjutor in the conduct of the school, fairly satisfactorily filled her post of instructress in needlework.

The peasants of the village used in their common intercourse the same words, and as few as sufficed for this matron and her mate.

The farmers, whose holdings were small added some terms of rustic command to the local vocabulary; while the keeper of the public house smoked his pipe, filled his pots, chalked his scores, mostly looked down upon his neighbors while otherwise engaged—for he was a thatcher—and kept his mouth shut.

Except beer, I could never get anything from him beyond grunts, which were accepted by his customers as oracular.

Consequently I was depressingly alone, and sank into a deeper habit of day dreaming and introspection.

As I have said, one charm of the old house which had belonged to the departed squire was the character which it had acquired of being haunted, and my chief companion came to be the old man who lived in it, like a harmless rat in the corner of a barn.

He was sincerely loyal in his respect for the Montague family, which he had served in his youth, though he had lost sight of its representative, and was an inflexible believer in the supernatural.

When winter came on, we used to sit together through long dark evenings, during which he would tell me of the sounds he had heard and the shadows he had seen about the place. They were manifold, and made importunate demands upon human credulity. And yet there was a sort of fascination in them.

It is said that, if a man believes in himself, others will believe in him. Now this old man implicitly fulfilled the first condition of the old saw. He believed in the truth of what he said, and his faith had a charm of its own.

To him the mystic shadows of the night were as real as those of the horses standing in the sunshine, and the sounds he heard as veritable as that of the scythe whetted in the hayfield.

To him the supernatural world was as real as the natural; and it was only when he found a sympathetic listener in myself that he got over the sense of contemptuous repudiation from which he occasionally suffered when he began to unfold his tales to other ears.

The clergyman who came to take the Sunday services was a disdained unbeliever in this respect; and, as the clerk looked upon the schoolmaster as indirectly akin to a parson, he was slow at first to lay his pearls before me.

But I listened, and not only smoked in silence, but sometimes paid him the genuine compliment of letting my pipe go out while he talked. Consequently he presently trusted me.

I should have said that, the salary attached to his office being small, he was parish clerk and sexton as well as caretaker in the old house. Since he could read with sufficient fluency and write a plain hand, he was selected to fill the clerk's post when it had become vacant.

He had learned much about the church. He knew where the various vaults lay, how their openings were closed by the green sod outside, and which slabs within the building had to be taken up when another member was added to the silent congregation beneath its stone floor.

He knew the history of those whose death was marked by the latest hatchments in the chancel, and he could readily turn to all the entries in the register concerning the births, deaths and marriages in the family he had served.

It had lately dwindled down to a brother and sister, the latter of whom had died, while the former—a reputable eccentric personage—had married an Australian, and, though occasionally heard of, had not been seen for many years.

Still there was evidence of his survival, or, at least, of those who represented him, since the rents of the land belonging to the Montague family were collected and disappeared.

The old clerk pointed out to me the vault in which its later members were laid. It was situated at the west end of the church—that in the chancel having been filled long before—and lay under the middle of the space bounded by the walls

of the tower, to the floor of which the ropes of the church bells descended.

One opening to the vault was in the centre of this space, while access to it might also be gained through a low iron door which was almost hidden by the grass in the churchyard outside.

There was a mystery about this vault which I could never get him to speak of freely.

He would drop hints about it, and then stop, going back to some suspended tale about the history and fortunes of the family, or a story concerning footstaps which he had heard at recurrent periods in the upper passages of the house.

It appeared, however, according to him, that some years previously, when the house held a number of happy children within its walls, its then head, before his death, had given strangely minute directions about the bell which should be tolled after his decease.

It was not to be a "passing bell," nor to be rung, as is usual, so many hours after dissolution, but at two o'clock the next morning, on the anniversary of his death, and every year after.

The survival of the family, so the old man asserted, depended upon a strict compliance with these injunctions.

It so happened that this eccentric old testator had died on December the 29th. Now two o'clock on a winter morning meant an hour of the most profoundly dead sleep to the people of a village the latest sons of which left the public house by ten, and who all rose before six o'clock.

Thus, time bringing indifference, the last sexton had several times neglected his duty.

For all that rumor asserted that the bell had been duly tolled. On one occasion, indeed, a villager who distinctly heard it, and even noticed a light in the tower on his way past the church, had knocked at the sexton's door to summon his wife to a sudden sick bed—she was a neighborly nurse—and had been startled at seeing her husband's head put out of window. Clearly he had not been in the belfry five minutes before.

Hence had arisen fresh whispers about the mystery of that December tolling. They came to my ears; but, when I questioned my old friend about them, he only asserted that, since he had been clerk, he, at any rate, had never failed in the discharge of this undesirable duty.

He hoped that no harm had been done by any neglect on the part of his predecessor; for, though the old house had long been empty, no one could tell how greatly the fortunes of the distant representative of the family might be affected by any failure on his part to comply with a custom on which its survival, and possibly return, depended.

"Anyhow," he added—it was on Christmas Eve, which that year fell on a Sunday, that we were talking about the matter—"next Friday morning at two o'clock you will hear the bell tolled eighty times."

This was the age of the dead Montague who had left instructions to have this office performed every year on the morning after the anniversary of his death, the 29th of December.

I was curious to know whether my sexton friend observed this ghastly custom, and, having kept myself awake, on the next Friday morning at two o'clock—it was a freezing, windy, moonless night—directly after the old hall clock had sounded the hour, I distinctly counted eighty strokes of the church-bell, and then fell asleep, thinking that there was at least one man in the world who was not easily kept from the scrupulous observance of a supposed repulsive obligation, though he might have no thanks from those in whose assumed interest it was discharged.

That was several years ago. Soon afterwards I left the place, and in time became the master of a large Board-school in London; and I am now writing this in the reading room of the British Museum at the end of a Christmas holiday.

I have been tempted to set down what I said on paper, because during my short vacation I have visited the old spot with a friend who is clerk in a solicitor's office, and to whom I had told the story of the old sexton.

"Let us run down," my friend had said, "and have a look at the place. We can put up at the 'Plough'; and, if the man is still alive, we shall find whether anything has resulted from his conscientiousness."

My friend was rather fond of long words, and prided himself on his ingenuity in unravelling mysteries, legal or other. So we went.

Generally the re-visiting of a quiet country nook after years in a thronging city full of change and progress suggests the

thought that there are some places in the world which are unaffected by time.

However, when we arrived at Barcester, we found some exceptions to the rule of permanence. The old clerk was still alive, and in office; but he had been shunted from his desk into an obscure corner, whence his irrepressible "Amen" occasionally mingled with the young voices of a rustic surpliced choir.

The Vicar—there was a resident clergyman now—lived in a newly-erected staring parsonage; and my old school had been replaced by another building, where a fresh-faced certificated couple taught the little peasant idea how to shoot.

The blacksmith's forge still held its ground, sending forth a cheery clinking and shafts of light as the bellows whitened the fire, and shoes were being hammered for another generation of horses' feet.

But the village shop displayed a glaring picture of an immense emigrant ship; and an advertisement of a well-known condiment promised an edge to the rustic appetite.

A railway station, moreover—without the recording of which in Bradshaw we might never have made our journey—proclaimed that Barcester had joined itself to the great world.

Porters in dark corduroy insisted upon calling out its name with a phonetic conscientiousness which obscured its long-known sound and offended old friends who had always known it as "Barcester."

A smart station master sat in a box ringing electric bells, or walked about superintending the shunting of goods trains that stopped to pick up the corn which depressed farmers still continued to sell. Barcester had become a local junction, and was conspicuously changed.

But the greatest change of all was to be seen in the old Hall. The largest ingenuity of the nineteenth century restorer was only too noticeable.

To be sure it was well that the paths should be freshly graveled and the lawn relaid with softer grass; but the offence, which appeared in the color of the paint around the windows and upon the door, was made more acute by the presence of a footman in powder and an over fed pug dog, which snarled when he paused at the gate in melancholy contemplation of the restoration which had been effected.

The tenant of the Hall was a representative of the latest newness. He had come in an electric lighted ocean going ship from one of the last built cities of Australia, had made himself a member of the newest London club, and brought down the last shiny and softly seated productions of Long Acre in the shape of barouches and dog carts, one of which he was then driving from the station, back to back with a smart arm crossed groom wearing a wholly unauthorized cockade on his hat.

He himself wore the latest overcoat from Conduit street, with a collar and prodigious cuffs of costly fur and was altogether an insistent example of the moneyed colonist.

But he claimed the inheritance of the old Hall, and the agent to the property was constrained to admit his demands.

The documents which he brought with him proved that he had succeeded to the possessions of the last representative of the Montague family, which had lived at Barcester for generations.

The surviving brother, who had married an Australian, had disappeared from sight, though he still continued to have the proceeds of the estate transmitted to him.

Then had come the news of his death, followed by that of his wife; and, as no children had been born to them, her brother had now made his appearance armed with testamentary evidence of his succession to the possessions of the family.

He had none of the Montague blood in his veins—that was an admitted fact. The old race was allowed by the legal agent to have died out, and the rights of this new claimant were not to be disputed.

His neighbors and the people of the village did not like him.

The old sexton especially, though he could adduce no reasons for his incredulity, persisted in resisting the claims of this gentleman, for, since he had come into possession, had not the eighty strokes of the bell been still sounded from the belfry, and was not this an irresistible indication that the old family had not really died out?

Why, this confident interloper himself had heard it shortly after his arrival the previous year. Had he not inquired what it meant?

And, now that the 29th of December was



immediately at hand, had he not, to the sexton's own knowledge, taken steps to ensure that the doors of the church should be locked that night so that the bell should at last be silent when the hour came for its voice to be heard?

It was now the twenty-eighth day of the month. How the old man had got the information did not appear, but he had ascertained that Mr. Shepherd—that was the Australian's name—had borrowed the church keys of the Vicar that afternoon for the purpose, he said, of showing the interior of the building to a friend who had arrived the day before, and had not returned them.

With these in his possession he felt secure about his ability to break the spell which, he was well aware, hindered that due recognition of his rights which the villagers secretly and obstinately refused to acknowledge.

Were the tower to be silent at two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-ninth, he would be able to feel comfortably certain that his position as the legitimate Squire would be allowed.

While however the bell continued to be rung, the stubborn local tradition would survive that the old stock was not extinct, whatever satisfactory proofs he might be able to lay—as he had done—before those who were best able to judge of his claims.

Nevertheless he was not easy in his mind about the matter, and had thus determined not merely to lock the doors of the church that night, but secretly to lock himself up within it and see for himself that there was no tampering with the bell-ropes.

He determined to slip out of the Hall when everything was still and the household had gone to rest, and, armed with a dark lantern, shut himself up securely inside the building.

Then he would keep watch—if necessary, with a bull's eye lantern—upon the floor below the tower, into which the ropes descended, and which covered the vault of the family whose possessions he had duly inherited. It was an undignified proceeding, to be sure, but no one would know.

In this he was wrong. We knew that some precautions were to be taken by him, and had ourselves determined to wait in the churchyard to see what would happen.

The old sexton, who was a ferret for secret investigations, told us that Mr. Shepherd had retained the keys thoughtlessly entrusted to him for a little while by the Vicar, and suspected that the new Squire would not be content with the locking of the doors.

He would be sure not to go to bed, but would await the result of his precautions, and possibly take measures to see with his own eyes that they were effective.

The night came on. No snow had fallen, but the sky was black with clouds and the ground still hard with frost.

Shortly after twelve, my friend and I, who had seen the old sexton in our room at the "Pough," and had been impressed by his evident anxiety about the situation, betook ourselves to the churchyard, and, after sheltering ourselves in a contiguous tool-house where he kept the implements of his gruesome business, waited to see what would come to pass.

The clock struck one, but no sound was to be heard; no one was to be seen. The half-hour sounded, and still there was no sign. Three quarters chimed. All was silent.

Then at last we heard the cautious click of the gate, and the half-grown moon, shining for a moment through a cleft in the black clouds above, showed us a figure stealthily moving towards the chancel door.

There it stopped, and we could distinctly—it was a still night—hear the sound which marks the insertion of a key. Then the man, whoever he was, disappeared within the church, shutting the door behind him. But he left the key in the lock.

At first we did not notice this, and tried to look through the windows into the interior of the church. They were mostly too high. My friend however, on passing the door as we groped our way round the walls, felt the key. We both stopped, and very cautiously let ourselves in.

We heard nothing, but we crept silently towards the west end, when a gleam of light from the partial opening of a lantern showed us a man consulting his watch, and, on looking at him, we recognised the face of the person whom we had seen driving up to the Hall in a dog cart.

It was the Squire himself, come to make sure that no one had entered the belfry under the tower.

The light was little more than a flash,

which, after a consultation of his watch, the Squire threw rapidly round the space in which the bell-ropes hung. Then he closed the lantern.

He was evidently satisfied no one was there, and there was no screen or projection behind which any one could be hidden.

He closed the lantern, and we could only just discern the outline of his figure as he stood in the empty church. The floor of the bell-rope recess we could not distinguish. Then all became dark and still again.

What was that? Only the gurgle of the old clock before striking the hour of two. But the hum of the last stroke had not died away before a strange brushing rustling sound was heard, as of cordage sharply drawn through a hole, and a creaking overhead as of a pulley. It was the sudden tightening of one of the ropes.

We held our breath. The bell began to toll.

I will not say that we were startled—that is not exactly the word. As for myself, I confess to a queer feeling which made me realize in a moment what people, who have never felt it, talk of as the "hair standing on end."

But that which followed was worse. I have said that the Squire had brought a dark lantern with him, and had used it for a moment to satisfy himself that no one was present. In his alarm at hearing the bell he dropped his hidden light, which opened by the jar of its fall and lit up the floor.

Yes—the rope was being held and pulled by a hand which rose up from below—i. e., from the vault beneath. The uncovered lamp shone brightly upon the floor, while those weird fingers gripped the rope and pulled it with ghostly strength.

I am not ashamed to confess that, though we stood "rooted to the spot"—another realization of the conventional—for a few moments, we soon made our way out of the church as fast as we could, and hastened back to our inn without stopping to count the strokes of the bell, which seemed to fill the night air as we hurried along without saying a word.

Arrived at the "Plough," and safe in our little room, where a light had been left burning, we looked at each other.

"Horrible!" said my friend—his face was perfectly white. "I wish we had never gone!"

"So do I," I returned. "What on earth can it be?"

Then we paused, and all the old clerk's stories about mysterious shadows which he said he had seen and footsteps he had heard filled my mind with a new feeling of unwelcome credulity. The Montague vault, securely flagged and tiled over, lay immediately beneath the floor of the tower. Who could have tolled the bell?

All was silent now. There was not even a rustling of the branches outside our window—for the night was now as still as it was black—when we both distinctly heard a step coming along the road which led from the churchyard.

It stopped outside the inner door; and then, as we listened, it sounded clearer and clearer as it drew near to our room, and was followed by a tap on the door.

We looked at each other in silence. Another tap, and then the handle turned—we had made no response to the summons—and the old sexton himself walked in.

"I thought you didn't hear me, gentlemen, or might have gone to bed; but, seeing a light under the door, I took the liberty of coming in to know if you had heard the bell."

Yes—we had. And then somehow we told him where we had been and what we had seen.

He did not seem to be the least disconcerted or surprised.

"Yes," he said—"the bell was tolled, as I knew it would be. Indeed," he coolly added, "I ought to know, for I tolled it myself."

"Nonsense!" I broke in somewhat sharply. "You were not there, but we were; and it was not you, but—a hand."

"Exactly, gentlemen," was the unexpected reply; "and it was my own."

Seeing our perturbed condition, he went on—

"I don't like to talk of it"—we agreed with him there—"but perhaps you may remember that there is an iron door into the vault outside in the churchyard. Well, I had kept the key of that since the last burial. No one knew. And so I went in to-night and loosened one of the floor tiles I had marked from below, and pushed my hand through and got a hold of the rope."

Gradually my heart seemed to resume

its regular functions as we listened to the material commonplace dissipation of the mystery which had bewildered us.

"You old ghoul!" I said. "Why could you not have told us?"

"No," he grinned. "I wasn't a going to tell nobody—not even you; but I thought I wouldn't mind coming to ask if you had heard the bell." Then he paused for a moment, and added, "I should dearly like to know what he made out of it. Perhaps, gentlemen, you wouldn't mind going back with me to see?"

There was no reason why we should not return with him, since the ghost of the tower had been laid: and reviving curiosity, assisted by a welcome glass of whisky and water, began to take the place of disquietude. So we set off, and soon reached the church.

The broken lantern was evidently still burning, for the west window of the tower was plainly traceable in the darkness as we approached it. We entered by the chancel door, and, groping our way to the dimly-lit tower floor, saw the squire lying flat and motionless.

What was to be done? Obviously the only course was to carry him to the Hall, arouse the household, and then send for the doctor.

I will not dwell on the sleepy consternation which followed, passing into alarm, with the subsequent ringing of bells, lighting of candles, saddling of a horse, and our ineffectual attempts to arouse the scared man out of the swoon into which he had fallen.

The doctor came, the day dawned, the rustic ears of the village began to open, and tongues were gradually loosed. The bar of the "Plough" was presently filled: the gig of the nearest "interviewer" with his note-book was to be seen in the yard while he made up his hurried—afterwards amplified—"copy" for the receptive "Press."

On Friday last the usually somnolent and unimpressible temperament of the long-secluded community of Barcester was subjected to a most remarkably exceptional disturbance, and agitation consequent on an unexpected incident, which agitated so profoundly—

But I will not copy the three columns which filled half a page of the nearest provincial newspapers on their next issue, and, more or less clipped, found their way to the eyes of curiosity-loving readers far beyond the county, and made the story of the midnight bell and the terrified squire widely known.

But, having been behind the scenes myself, I have here set down the circumstances while they are fresh in my mind as I sit in one of the comfortable chairs with which the reading-room of the British Museum is furnished. My Christmas holiday is nearly over. The board-school of which I am master will reassemble the day after to-morrow.

I have diverse preliminary matters to attend to; and thus I must somewhat abruptly end my narrative by saying that my friend and I returned to town, having left Barcester still in agitation, and the squire slowly recovering from the fit into which he was—naturally enough—thrown by what he saw and heard.

Postscript By My Friend.

My part in this narrative may be easily written; but, though it lacks the supernatural vein which has been conspicuous in what has already been set down, and is a dry statement of facts, it may not be counted as an uninteresting sequel to that which Mr. Newton—that is the schoolmaster's name—has written.

He has already said that I am a clerk in the office of a large firm of solicitors, and our business lies in the real, not ghostly region of life. Shortly after our return from Barcester he asked me to call for him at the reading-room of the British Museum, that we might take one of our Saturday afternoon walks together and spend the evening in my lodgings.

Arriving at the Museum, I found that he had drafted a full statement of what had occurred; and, on reading it through, it struck me that the editor of some magazine might be disposed to publish the record of our strange experiences at Barcester.

I was the more tempted to do so as the writer had given fulness to the story by introducing some reminiscences of his own life. After a little hesitation, he seemed disposed to adopt my suggestion, but said—

"At any rate, if it does appear in print, I do not wish to see my full name at the end of a tale which has so many local allusions."

Thus, one evening, I found my friend sitting in his room with a clean copy be-

fore him of a paper which he had called "The Schoolmaster's Bell, by J. E. N."

"By-the-way," I said, "talking of names, do you mind my asking you how it is that I find a name erased in one of the books which you have shown me as having belonged to your mother?"

I had seen this volume several times, for he set much store by it. Mine was a somewhat intrusive, if not an impertinent, question, but then I lived and worked in an atmosphere of investigation, and for the life of me could not help making the inquiry I did.

"Well," he replied, "I confess that I cannot tell you. I myself have been somewhat puzzled at what you have observed. The book was certainly my mother's. I can just remember her giving it to me."

"I had her Christian name on the fly-leaf, 'Mary,' and then some word was carefully crossed out and 'Newton' written after it. I must allow," my friend said, "that I have tried several times to decipher it, but the word is so blotched that I have failed in the attempt. I have imagined, though, that some strange wave of memory had unconsciously swept over her, and that she had written and then erased her maiden name."

"What was that, if I may ask?" was my reply.

He blushed, and said—

"Well, to speak the truth, I really cannot tell you. I recollect her once making the remark that my father's Christian name was 'William'—some mention of 'William and Mary' having probably suggested it—but I cannot say what her maiden name was."

I was sorry that I had put this painful question, but I asked:—

"Would you mind lending me the book for a few days? I shall be sure to take care of it."

"Not in the least," he replied. "There it is. You can carry it home to-night if you like."

I did so. And now comes my sequel to his tale which I would not allow him to alter or recast, preferring rather to add in the shape of a postscript what I had to say.

What I had to relate was this. On carefully examining the nearly erased word with a magnifying glass, I could see that it was unmistakably "Montague." There could be no doubt of it.

"This is a curious coincidence," I said to myself. "The name, however, is not a very uncommon one. Still here it is. She must have been a 'Miss Montague.'"

The next time I saw my friend, a few days later, he was in the midst of a school inspection.

"I must not talk to you now," he said; "but it is hard I can't get free, for this is my birthday."

"When was that first observed?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "seriously enough my mother used to tell me that I made my appearance exactly one year after her marriage! I am 32 years old to-day, having been born on October 17, 1851."

"Where?" I asked.

This he could not tell me. But anyhow the date of his mother's marriage was thus fixed for October 17, 1850, twelve months before his birth. But where? I examined the book again, and perceived that it had been published in Birmingham that same year, 1850.

It might have been newly bought there. It was worth trying to find out. So I advertised in a Birmingham newspaper for the register of the marriage of William Newton and Mary Montague on October 17, 1850.

About a week later I received the following reply from a clergyman in that town—

"Sir—I have referred to our register, and, on the day you mention, William Montague, not Newton, was married to Mary Newton, not Montague. Though the names are transferred, I write to tell you. And I do not think the transference is the result of carelessness, for the then vicar of my church, who was much interested in incidental parish details, has made a footnote to this effect. These parties were married by license. He is described as 'gentleman' and she as 'governess,' both being of full age. Would you like a copy of the entry?"

"Yours faithfully,

"G. BLANE, Vicar."

Of course I wrote for one instantly, and, thinking that my friend had possibly been baptised in the same city, I advertised there for the register of the baptism of "J. E., son of William and Mary Montague."

In answer I received that of "J. E. Newton Montague, son of William and Mary



Montague, born October 17, 1851." The baptism took place in the same church as the marriage, and the same vicar had made another note—

"The mother of this child has been deserted by her husband, who, she believes, has gone to some English colony. But she has taken no steps to find him, having some money and educational work in Birmingham. She is known however at the school where she teaches as 'Mrs. Newton.'"

Here, then, was an unravelling of the tangle. Having heard nothing of her husband, and being indignant at his treatment of her, she had resumed her maiden name, and caused her son to be known as "John Edward" only. For the like reason too, the erased word in her book being her married name, she had substituted "Newton" for it when she gave it to her little son.

Before long the unworthy husband was proved to be really the son and heir of the last Montague who had resided at Barcester Hall. The old sexton therefore had tolled the bell to some purpose.

The family had not become extinct. It was represented by my friend Newton, now proved to be a Montague. His father, a worthless scion of his race, had won the affections of a pretty schoolmistress, and had married her without disclosing his place of residence.

Shortly afterwards he had deserted her, not however without having left behind him a sum of money, which, as it turned out, had been expended in the education of her child.

But he himself had disappeared, having, in fact, gone to Australia, leaving no hint behind him at Barcester that he had ever been married. His wife, as I have said, being left alone, had resumed her maiden name, and died still retaining it.

I have only to add that, the right of my friend to enter on his inheritance having been made easier by the death of the interloping Australian—who was a brother of Mr. W. Montague's second wife, whom he married bigamously in New South Wales presently returning again to the home of his forefathers—and I am now going to pay him a visit, when we shall stay, not at the "Plough," but at Barcester Hall.

#### RUNNING A THEATRE.

To use the words of a well-known Philadelphia theatre manager, "I know the public thinks that theatre is simply another name for United States Mint. It counts or approximates the number of people in the house, multiplies it by dollars and cents, and credits the proprietor of the show with \$1,720—all profit, and every evening. What a bonanza this theatre business is, and yet we hear of \$50,000—yes, \$100,000—being lost on a certain play."

"Why is it? The public forgets that to stage and costume a show, for instance, like 'The Wizard of the Nile,' or 'El Capitan,' takes a small fortune; that many of its leading characters are high priced artists, and that a long list of incidentals comes in that managers alone have to take cognizance of."

The average cost of running a first-class theatre in Philadelphia and this applies to first-class theatres everywhere, amounts to nearly \$2,000 each week.

The following is taken from the books of one of the leading houses in the city: Rent, \$450; orchestra, \$250; newspaper advertising, \$200; light and heat, \$250; attaches, \$300; bill posting, \$100; printing, \$25; license, \$10; tickets, \$7; extra advertising, \$150. Total, \$1,742.

Against this the theatre receives about \$3,000 a year for programme privileges, which will reduce the expense \$60 a week. Rent is the largest item, and it is not so high here as in New York, Chicago, or Boston.

The Empire Theatre in New York commands a rental of \$41,000; Fifth Avenue, \$35,000; Casino, \$35,000. In Chicago the Opera House rents for \$38,000. In Boston Eugene Tompkins pays \$25,000 a year for the smallest first-class theatre in that city.

There is a scarcity of high-class attractions as compared with the number of theatres bidding for the best patronage and for financial success; the best must be secured at almost any price. The best pays every time.

Not long ago when a theatre manager made arrangements with a certain company to play in his house, part of the contract demanded was a guarantee that his minimum share of the receipts should be not less than \$2,000 per week. This protected him in case the company played to a poor house.

Nowadays any manager of established reputation or possessing a play that has demonstrated its worth in other cities can secure all the open time he wants in Philadelphia playhouses upon a basis of equal division of gross receipts.

The expense of carrying a large organization about the country is very heavy. The following table of items is copied from a regular weekly statement of the business of "In Gay New York" during its first week in Chicago:

Printing, \$250; extra advertising, \$355; railway fares, \$282.80; salaries, \$1,955.56; carpenter work, \$15.20; properties, \$11.30; supernumeraries, \$9; business manager's expenses, \$3.55; extra calcium man, \$1.2; electric supplies, \$13.50; costume account, \$9.63; express, etc., \$10.90; treasurer's expenses, \$8.02; royalties, \$793.48; Eaves Costume Company, \$8; telegrams, \$1.75; extra costume, \$35; music, \$24.42; transfer, scenery and baggage, \$75. Total, \$3,914.01.

The whole amount charged up to music on the week in question was repaid out of the sale of piano scores and songs. The gross receipts of the week were \$9,958.75, of which the company received 65 per cent.

An item of expenditure not charged in this statement is the insurance bill, which amounts to \$75 a month, and protects the management from loss of scenery, properties, etc., through railway accident or fire.

There is a considerable variety in the manner of drawing contracts between traveling managers and managers of theatres. In most instances a fixed percentage division of the gross receipts is decided upon.

For illustration, a big company like that playing "In Gay New York" will receive in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and similar cities 70 per cent.; in Detroit and Buffalo 75 per cent., and Philadelphia 65 per cent.

In Boston, if it plays in the Hollis Street Theatre, the division will be arranged upon a sliding scale. The company will receive 60 per cent. if the gross receipts do not reach \$8,000 on the week. If that sum is exceeded the company's share will be 65 per cent.

The minor people in traveling organizations do not have a particularly easy time of it in making both ends meet.

The average salary of a chorus girl on the road is \$18 a week. Her board will cost from \$12 to \$15, and her laundry bill, car fares, etc., will dispose of about \$2 more.

This, it will be seen, leaves a very narrow margin out of which to purchase clothing and other necessities.

Actors are not paid while they are rehearsing or when traveling upon long journeys. In some cases this arrangement is a distinct hardship.

Last season, for a production in New York, the company rehearsed for eleven weeks without pay. The play was a failure, and the company were paid two weeks' salary. Thus they were obliged to work for three months to receive a fortnight's pay.

There is yet another disadvantage about stage employment as compared with that in other fields. A shop girl will earn her wages, whatever they may be, week in and week out, the year around. An actress will consider herself fortunate if she is employed forty weeks in the year.

In that time she must save enough money out of her income to carry her over the remaining twelve weeks. So, all in all, life in the theatre is not quite as rosy as it has sometimes been painted.

**IN COLD WEATHER.**—In cold countries, upon the approach of winter, the fur of the animals begins to change in color. The black-coated creature begins to turn dust-color and gray, finally the color fades out, and the animal becomes pure white.

This is nature's provision for their protection, as, were they to retain their dark color, it would be extremely easy to see and capture them on the snow-covered surface.

The Arctic hare is an interesting example of this change. In summer, it is on the upper side black, with light brown mixed; when cold weather approaches, the fur fades out and becomes snowy white, except on the tips of the ears, which retain the dark color.

These little animals are wonderfully hardy and prolific, and expeditions have found them of great value as a food supply in time of necessity.

There is also a much larger hare, known as the polar hare. This animal has a somewhat fluffy coat, and it takes a

very sharp eye to detect it when running over a field of light snow.

There is also an Arctic fox that changes color in the same way. It is very small, and a most beautiful creature. In summer its fur is a delicate slate gray; when the snow comes the hair becomes wonderfully thick and long, especially on the tail and the feet. To bring the summer and winter coats of this animal together, it would seem impossible that they came from the same creature.

These foxes are very sly, and unusually intelligent. They are most accomplished thieves, appearing to steal for the fun of it, as they carry away articles that could by no possibility be of any use to them.

The ermine is another of the coat-changing creatures. In summer its fur is of a rich mahogany brown, but in winter it acquires that beautiful white with which we are so familiar.

**TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.**—Learn to govern yourself and be gentle and patient.

Guard your temper, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never retort with a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

Do not neglect little things if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

Avoid moods and petts and fits of sulking.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale bearers.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.

Do not furnish them with much spending money.

**CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.**—Christmas is very full of meaning to the little people. Of its deeper significance—the Divine love, the unutterable tenderness, the hope for the world—they think little enough at first.

But, from the moment they know one day from another, it has a blessed meaning for them; for it means human love and care and thoughtful recollection of little wishes.

And it is worth while to make children happy, because their happiness can be so complete. It is rare indeed, after our early childhood, that we drink any cup of unmingled joy.

In all our pleasures blend the memories of past pains, the sad foreshadowing of future griefs. But childhood is short of memory and long of hope. To-day's delight is unclouded by any cold breath from yesterday's remembered sadness, or to-morrow's anticipated pain.

Let us, then, make our small people thoroughly glad while we may; and let us make other small people, not our own, glad also. That Christmas is most worthily kept which confers most happiness on the greatest number.

It is a poor celebration of His birthday who came to bring hope and peace to all the world, if we confine our benefactions to the narrow limits of our own household.

Let some table where but for us no Christmas turkey would appear be plentifully set—let some children's hands that would otherwise be empty hold dolls and candles of our providing. If Christmas means peace on earth and good will towards men, let our peace be from the heart, and our good will active.

MANY ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in another, and a flower again dwindles to a mere weed by the same change.

#### At Home and Abroad.

A Kansas City firm that makes canned soups of various sorts was surprised to receive from Rhode Island the other day an inquiry as to the terms at which it would sell "wishbones" in thousand lots. This request has revealed to the company a new source of income, and one not wholly important. Hitherto the skeletons of the numerous fowls it uses have been ground into fertilizers, but now there promises to be a lucrative demand for "wishbones" to be used for various decorative and sentimental purposes.

The surviving intimates of Abraham Lincoln before he became President are now so few that the death of one attracts general attention. Henry Ashbury, of Chicago, who died last week at the age of 86, was a Quincy lawyer in the old ante-bellum days, and his special claim to fame consists in the fact that he framed the celebrated "four questions" which Lincoln shot at Douglas in the joint debate at Freeport, in 1858. Many political friends of Lincoln opposed the use of the questions, telling him that they would lose him the Senatorship. "Gentlemen," replied Lincoln, "I am killing larger game. If Douglas answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." And so it proved.

A few years ago two men were convicted of horse stealing in the District Court of Chouteau county, Mon. They deserved a sentence of ten years' imprisonment, but Judge Du Bose let them off with three years. The worst man of the two, supposing that the sentence once pronounced was past revision, addressed the Court; "I just want to say," he told Judge Du Bose, "that when I get out you will be the first man I'll come here to kill." "Oh, well," said the Judge, "in that case I'll make it ten years. Then you won't trouble me so soon." Having said this, he turned to the other man. "Is there anything you would like to say?" he asked. "Not a blessed word," answered the prisoner.

One of the most interesting buildings in a country full of interest is the great Buddhist Cathedral in Japan. It is built in a purely Oriental style, and has only been recently finished, the work having been commenced eighteen years ago. The wood-carving is supposed to be the finest in Japan, and as the cost of the structure from first to last has been considerably over three million pounds, its size and beauty can well be imagined, since labor is particularly cheap in the land of the chrysanthemum. In order to provide against fire, a number of powerful fountains have been constructed both inside and outside, which can be made to play on all parts of the building at the same time. As a rule, one huge ornamental fountain is playing every day in one of the many courts, sending a jet of water into the air one hundred and fifty-seven feet in height. This is said to be the largest artificial fountain in existence.

A very curious point has been submitted to the Derbyshire Football Association for decision. It is as to whether artificial limbs are to be permitted in the play. It seems that the Buxton Football Club had several members of its team severely injured in consequence of a member of the Matlock eleven having played with an artificial arm. It was reported that in Derbyshire alone there are a number of football players who, owing to the loss of an arm, use artificial limbs. They are described as "regular terrors" on the football field, since when once they get "on" to the ball they swing their dummy arms around with such force as to either fracture skulls or cause concussion of the brain. It has now been determined by the association that artificial limbs are henceforth to be barred in all football games.

#### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.



## Our Young Folks.

"OLD BOGEY"

BY G. L. R.

It was a story not told around the Christmas fire and was none the worse for being different from others. I think, said the narrator, I will begin my story by telling you that I am not so young as I used to be.

My feathers are beginning to fall out, and my eyes are dimmed with age. Indeed, I am afraid I shall not last out this winter.

When Jack Frost comes and makes the ground hard, and turns the water into ice, it will be very difficult to find enough to eat; and this year, too, I shall no longer have an Old Bogey to feed me with crumbs. I dare say you are wondering who Old Bogey is? Well, that is what I am going to tell you.

The first time I saw him was a very long time ago. I was a smart little robin then, with a beautiful red breast and two lovely black eyes, and my feathers were soft and downy.

It was a cold winter's day, and the city square, where my father and mother lived, looked dingier and dirtier than ever.

The leaves had fallen from the trees, and as I nestled against the branches, the wind came whistling through them, making me feel very cold and hungry.

All of a sudden, however, I heard a sound coming up from the street below me, which seemed to carry me away from the dingy square, and I seemed to be flying over golden cornfields, listening to the songs of the birds.

I peeped down beneath the branches to see where the sweet sound was coming from—and that was the first time I saw Old Bogey.

An old man was standing under the tree in which I perched, and the beautiful notes were coming from a little violin which he held in his hand.

He was a very ugly old man, and if he had not been playing so sweetly I should have been frightened of him. His face was very brown, as if it had been burnt by the sun, and he had a big hooked nose, and long bushy eyebrows.

Round his neck he wore a bright red scarf, and when he took off his broad-brimmed hat for a moment, a mass of black shaggy hair was blown across his face.

But I forgot that he was ugly when I listened to his playing, and when he stopped I felt so grateful for his music that I sang a little song of thanks. The old man looked up into the tree and smiled.

"Sweet! sweet!" he cried out. Then he raised his violin and played a little trill that sounded like one of my own songs.

"Tweet, tweet, twee-eet!" I answered him back, and we had a little conversation, and the passer-by stopped to listen to us.

After that the old man came every day and played under my tree. We soon became great friends, and while he was playing I used to fly down and rest upon his shoulder.

Then, when he had finished playing, he would feed me with crumbs, and talk to me in a language that sounded like music, but which the passer-by called "Italian."

One day while he was playing under my tree, a troop of noisy boys came by and laughed and jeered at him. The old man became very angry, and ran after them and shook his fist at them; but they ran away laughing, and shouted out, "Old Bogey! Old Bogey!"

That was how I knew his name. This often used to happen, and sometimes the boys threw stones at him. Then he would put his violin under his coat and walk away, turning now and again to shake his fist at them.

One day, while I was perched in a branch of my tree, waiting for Old Bogey to come, I heard a peculiar sound which I thought at first might be the tuning of his violin.

I flew down with a bright thrill to welcome him, but instead of Old Bogey, I saw a little child, sitting under my tree and sobbing so that it made me sad to hear her.

It was a summer's day, and the sun shone brightly down and played among the golden locks which clustered round her little face.

I hopped closer and asked her why she was crying, but she did not understand

me. Then I flew up into the tree and sang my brightest song, but I could not cheer her up.

Presently, Old Bogey came along tuning his violin and calling "Sweet! sweet!" as he approached my tree. But when he saw the little girl he stopped and uttered an exclamation of surprise. He knelt down on the ground beside her and stroked her golden hair.

"Vy do you cry, my child?" he said, in broken English.

The little girl hid her face in her hands and cried louder than before.

"Go away!" she screamed.

"Vere do you come from, my leetle dear?" said Old Bogey, trying to take her hands away from her face.

"Go away!" sobbed the little girl again, "I'm frightened!"

"Vy are you frightened, leetle girl?" said Old Bogey, smiling; "I no hurt you."

"You're ugly, very ugly—I'm frightened!" cried the child, sobbing more bitterly than before.

Old Bogey walked up and down in front of the little girl, shaking his head and muttering to himself. I flew upon his shoulder and kissed his face with my beak.

Then the old man took some crumbs from his pocket and fed me with them. Presently the little girl stopped crying, and took her hands away from her face and watched us.

When Old Bogey saw this, he scattered some crumbs beside her, and when I hopped close and picked them up, the little girl laughed and clapped her hands so that she frightened me away. But I quickly came back again, and we soon became fast friends, and Old Bogey was telling the little girl how he had made my acquaintance.

"And now, leetle girl," said Old Bogey, when I had finished my meal, "tell me vere you come from."

"I ran away from nurse," said the little girl. "I've lost myself."

Then she began to cry again, but Old Bogey took her in his arms, and this time she was no longer frightened of him, but kissed the old man's face; and presently she laid her little golden head upon his shoulder and fell asleep.

The next time I saw Old Bogey he was leading the little girl by the hand. He seemed very happy, and laughed gaily when the little girl fed me with crumbs; and then he began to play such merry tunes that I had to sing and keep him company.

Presently he sat down underneath my tree and began stroking the golden hair of the little girl. I flew upon his shoulder and listened to what he was saying.

"Do you love Old Bogey?" he said.

"Yes, I love him," said the little girl, laying her little face against his.

"How much?" said Old Bogey.

"As big—as big—as the whole world!" said the little girl, stretching out her arms and putting them round the old man's neck.

"Vy do you love an ugly old Bogey?" said the old man.

The little girl thought for a moment before she answered; then she said—

"I love him 'cos he find me when I've lost, and 'cos he plays me pretty tunes and teaches me to dance."

The old man laughed, and sang softly to himself a little Italian song.

The little girl looked at him for a moment with thoughtful eyes, then she said wonderingly—

"Why does Old Bogey love me?"

Old Bogey laid down his violin and pressed the little girl's head against his breast.

"I love her because I like to feel her kisses on my cheek—because I like to stroke her golden hair. Do you know what would happen to Old Bogey if his little fairy left him?"

The little girl shook her head.

"His heart would break in two!"

"Me will never leave Old Bogey," said the little girl.

They often used to come and sit beneath my tree, and I loved to listen to Old Bogey's merry tunes and to watch the little girl dancing to them.

One day a little crowd gathered in the square and stood watching the old man and his child.

Her little feet kept time to the music, and as she danced, the sun sparkled in her golden locks and the summer breeze blew her dress into pretty folds, so that she looked like a little fairy.

A carriage which was driving through the square stopped, so that the lady who was in it might watch the performance; but suddenly she started up with a cry of joy,

and jumping out of the carriage, ran quickly towards the little girl.

Old Bogey stopped playing, and the little girl stopped dancing—then, with a loud cry of "Mother!" she jumped into the lady's arms.

"My precious darling!" cried the lady, clasping the little girl in her arms. "I have found you at last!"

Then she carried the little girl towards the carriage and put her in it.

"Where are we going, mother?" asked the little girl, looking rather frightened.

"Home, darling," said the lady.

"But I must stay with Old Bogey, mother."

"No dear, we must go home now," said the lady.

"My home is with Old Bogey now, mother," said the little girl, beginning to cry. "He loves me, and if I leave him his heart will break into."

But the coachman whipped up the horses, and the carriage rolled out of the square, and drove far away from Old Bogey, far away from the old tree, and far away from me in its branches.

And Old Bogey stood on the curb looking after them until they were long out of sight, and until the crowd had cleared away and darkness had descended upon the earth.

Then he crept slowly away with his head upon his breast and a deep moan which sounded like the sighing of the wind.

Early next morning he came again. I flew upon his shoulder and asked him to play to me, but he shook his head sadly.

"I cannot play no more," he said, "until my leetle girl comes back."

Then he sat down under the old tree and watched and waited.

The church clock chimed the quarters, and the hours crept on, and Old Bogey sat there still.

But the little girl did not come, and the old man sighed, and sighed again, so that I knew his heart would break in two.

But at last, as the sun was sinking in the west, a carriage drove rapidly into the square and stopped before the old tree. A gentleman and a little girl jumped out, and I heard a cry of "Old Bogey! Old Bogey!"

Then the little girl sprang into the old man's arms, and as he kissed her and stroked her golden hair, he said softly—

"I knew my leetle girl would come."

Then the gentleman came up and clasped Old Bogey's hand.

"How can I thank you," he said, "for taking care of my little runaway? Money cannot repay so great a service, but if you will come and live with us, my little daughter and I will try and pay you back with love."

"Yes," cried the little girl, pulling the old man towards the carriage. "Come and live with us, and teach me to play and dance."

Old Bogey got into the carriage, and tears of joy filled his eyes. As they drove away, I flew up to the highest branch of my tree and watched them till they were out of sight, and I tried to sing "Good-bye" softly to them, but my heart was very sad, for Old Bogey had gone, and I should never see him again.

ALMS-GIVING.—It is now the time when the season is so cold that hearts ought to be warm to make up for it. It is only the indolent, however, who cannot content themselves but with indiscriminate giving.

Indeed there seems to be only three classes of human creatures to whom we really have a right to give anything but work—the very young, helpless through the feebleness of youth; the very old, helpless through the feebleness of age; and the really sick, helpless through the feebleness of disease.

To all persons outside these three classes it seems both an injury and an impertinence to give alms. We should do that much more difficult thing—interest our selves to find them employment.

To put one person in the way of helping himself does more real good than temporarily helping a dozen.

But, if we are too indolent or too hurried to do the best thing, we can hardly excuse ourselves from doing the second best.

We can scarcely answer it to our consciences to live easy and prosperous lives, careless of the needs of the great multitude of the really poor.

Let us all do what we can; first and best, let us put as many as possible in the way of helping themselves; and then, if suffering faces us, let us remember the words, "Thou shalt not turn thy face away from any poor man."

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 5338 libraries in the United States.

Don't go with the crowd simply because it is a crowd.

There are at least 10,000,000 nerve fibres in the human body.

There are said to be 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

Colored physicians of South Carolina have formed a State organization.

Switzerland is the only civilized country in the world which grants no patents for inventions.

A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature making it a misdemeanor to play football.

Monkeys frequently get horribly seasick just like "other people," when taken on a sea voyage.

The ear of the bird is a small orifice, which is generally covered very closely with a little tuft of feathers.

Physiologists say that of all people in middle life at least one third have one ear in some degree affected by deafness.

It has been estimated that on an average, four persons are killed and forty injured every week in the streets of London.

Seven miles an hour is the camel's limit, nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour.

By a new law in Paris, each owner of a bicycle is required to have a plate containing his name and address soldered on his wheel.

On the death of a person in Madrid it is the general custom to close for nine days one of the outer doors of that person's late residence.

An analysis of 2000 accident policies, on which benefits were paid, showed that only seventy six cases were injured in bicycle accidents.

Bounty has been paid on more than 40,000 sparrows in Gratiot county, Mich., during the past year, and yet the birds seem to be as numerous as ever.

A new watch is said to have a phonograph cylinder hidden away inside, and at the hour and each quarter of an hour a tiny voice may be heard giving the exact time.

The greatest waves known are said to be those off the Cape of Good Hope, where, under the influence of a north-west gale, they will sometimes reach a height of forty feet.

The advantages of advertising were recently illustrated in London. A man advertised for the return of a lost cat. In less than a week 322 of them were brought to his house.

When a Russian family moves from one house to another it is customary to rake all the fire from the hearth of the old domicile and carry it in a closed pot to the new residence.

A man with a mathematical turn finds that the slowest breeders of all known animals—a pair of elephants—would become the progenitors of 19,000,000 elephants in 750 years, if death did not interfere.

There are ten newspaper editors in the House of Commons, six printers, four tailors, three stationers, two butchers, three hotel-keepers, six tenant farmers, one coal merchant and one cab proprietor.

It is said that the quivering of the aspen's leaves is due to the fact of the leaf-stalks being flat on the sides, and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves wagging horizontally.

The Lunging Bridge, built over an arm of the China Sea, is five miles long, with 800 arches of stone, 70 feet high and 70 feet broad, each pillar supporting a marble lion 21 feet in length. The cost of the bridge is unknown.

The French language contains 13 per cent. of useless letters. There are 6,800 journals published in the language, which print 108,000,000 letters annually, so that 14,040,000 letters are useless, because they have ceased to be used in the French language as it is spoken.

In spite of the odium which is supposed to be attached to the office of hangman in Europe, there is a great rush for the position of High Executioner of Prussia, now that Herr Reindell, the present incumbent, is about to retire. The post pays \$37 "a head" and traveling expenses.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury had a favorite dog named Watch. Once, as he lay on the mat at the open door of the chapel, the Archbishop read impressively this sentence of the Scripture lesson: "What I say unto you I say unto you all—watch." The dog sprang up, came forward and lay before the reading desk at his master's feet. One hearer, at least, heeded the lesson and responded.

It is said that in one of the Canary Islands there is a tree which as evening comes on quite frequently rains down a copious shower of water from its tufted foliage. This forms a pool at the base of the tree, which the natives use as drinking water, it being absolutely pure and fresh. Perhaps our water filtration problem might be easily and quickly solved by planting one of these trees in every back yard.



## THE SMALLEST.

The smallest deed may tell the truly brave;  
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;  
The smallest draught the thirsty may relieve;  
The slightest shock may make a heart to grieve.  
Naught is so small that it may not contain  
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

## ABOUT THE DAY.

There is perhaps nothing more curious than the date chosen for the commemoration of the Nativity; for the learned are certain about nothing so much concerning the birth of our Saviour as that it could not have occurred on the 25th of December; and the most ingenious of the solutions which have been given to the problem as to why that date was chosen is, that it is about the time of one of the great changes of the seasons—just as Midsummer Day has been counted a festival so midwinter should be consecrated, but in a higher form, especially as about this time of year pagan festivals of the greatest importance were held, and the early fathers of the Church were wise enough in their generation to avail themselves of the ancient pagan festivals and clothe them with attributes which raised their character and adapted them to celebrations of the great anniversaries of religion.

Thus arose, no doubt, the custom which has existed from time immemorial of Christmas decoration, of which so much is made even at the present day both in churches and private houses, in which evergreens, such as holly and mistletoe, and laurel and box form the principal ingredients. The holly is almost entirely confined to England, and has, perhaps, been chosen mainly on account of its brightness and the cheerful color of its berries; but some have thought that its prickly leaves in some way typified the crown of thorns, though this is rather fanciful than probable.

The mistletoe originally, no doubt, took its sacred character from the veneration that was paid to the oak and its parasite, the mistletoe, by the Druids, though all kinds of mistletoe are used now, and the rites which are attached to it are by no means of a solemn character—quite the reverse. The laurel has always been looked upon as the emblem of honor, and box has been used as perhaps giving, by its dark hue, a contrast to the others.

The Christmas tree, though known in England as early as the time of Henry VIII., did not come into general use until the last generation, when it was re-introduced from Germany, and now forms one of the greatest delights to children when lighted up with its ornaments, and having sweetmeats, oranges, apples, and other prizes hanging in tempting clusters from its branches.

In the middle ages the baron of beef, consisting of two sirloins, was one of the chief attractions of the festive board, and the legend of the Knight-hood of the Loin by Charles II., however apocryphal as a matter of fact, has sufficient authenticity to make one not too uneasy in accepting the tradition.

Plum-pudding was not known till towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, though something very much like it had been a favorite dish for a lengthened period.

In addition to these staple dishes the Boar's Head is a very ancient Christmas repast, and at Queen's College, Oxford, is or was, until very recently, brought to table with great pomp and ceremony, being accompanied by the singing of an ancient Latin carol announcing its arrival. Game pies were always a favorite addition, and the peacock was brought into requisition as being not only rare but toothsome, as well as ornamental. Stripped of his skin with the feathers on, he was converted by culinary art into a succulent pie which was covered with the skin

and feathers, the tail being spread out and the beak gilded.

Mince, or more properly shred pie, have long been associated with Christmas, and were originally much larger than at present. Turkey, since their introduction during the first half of the sixteenth century, geese, ducks, and even swans have also formed reliable additions to Christmas fare; brawn may also be mentioned, though not at present in request, and of course poultry in the shape of "good fat capons."

The drinking customs of Christmas originated with our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, with whom wassail, or "wassail" answered to the present "good health." The story which attributes the origin of the wassail bowl to the fair Lady Rowena, the daughter of Prince Vortigern, who by her winning ways took captive her proud conqueror is graceful enough to be true, and has, perhaps, some foundation in fact; but the custom was long anterior. Some of these wassail bowls or loving cups curiously wrought in the middle ages are still extant, and when brought forward on grand occasions at the banquets of city companies or colleges at the old universities are the theme of general admiration for their beauty and splendor.

Among the special drinks in use at Christmas, "frumety," and "egg-hot," or "egg-flip," are most in vogue, and are too well known to need description here; both are of Saxon origin.

The modern Christmas parties, which are generally timed while the little folks are home for their holidays, are a relic of the great public festivities which used to be held by the sovereigns and the great nobles, and of the great charity festivals instituted by the church.

The blessing of the yule logs was an important ceremony, and after the solemn services had been performed the holidays, which lasted till Twelve-night, were devoted to music and merry-making. A ruler of the Revels, called the Lord of Misrule, in England, in Scotland the Abbot of Unreason, was appointed, and the maddest freaks his imagination suggested were carried out; in some counties the mummers or maskers came in unbidden, and went through their fantastic performances; in others there were special dances, and in all the great centres masques and entertainments by mimics and clowns, the forerunners of the modern pantomime, were given, on which much money was lavishly spent, and to which the poorer class were often invited. Everywhere it was a time of profusion and, to some extent, of prodigality.

Christmas Boxes, which now mean small donations of money, were originally boxes in which money was saved towards the expenses of Christmas, and they were—as many references in the earlier poets testify—broken open on the day after Christmas—hence the modern custom.

## Brains of Gold.

Where there is no self-culture, there is no knowledge of true life.

If a man has no friends, it generally means that he deserves none.

Justice carries a two-edged sword; but mercy purposely goes unarmed.

There are people who claim to be praying for the poor, who never do anything else for them.

There must be a constant dying to a lower life, if we would know what it means to enjoy a higher one.

When love gives, at Christmas and always, it enriches itself, but what covetousness keeps, it takes from itself.

It will probably be some time before the people who blow trumpets solely to advertise themselves, are all dead.

We often pray for faith to remove mountains, when what we need is light to see that they should remain right where they are.

The real owner of a thing is the one who gets the most good out of it, not the one who may have the name of being its possessor.

## Femininities.

Even the gossip isn't "in it" with the scorch for running people down.

It's easy enough to run into debt; but it's often necessary to "crawl" to get out of it.

It is surprising how much longer a shirt may be worn after marriage without "breaking" the bosom.

Many a man who is too tired to bring up a scuffle of coal will play poker with the boys for six hours straight.

Creditor: Can you let me have my little bill? Debtor: Certainly, but don't destroy it. I may want to pay something on it some time in the future.

Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently happy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above 50 cents a week.

A country editor remarks that no man can afford to make a fool of himself. Our contemporary forgets, however, that some men are utterly reckless of expense.

A gentleman asked an American the other day what he thought of the English climate. He laughed, and said, "Why, you haven't got a climate; you've only got samples!"

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are at the present moment among the richest of the younger members of the Queen's family. The Duke is credited with a private income of \$400,000 a year.

The girl who never screams when she sees a snake isn't a safe girl to marry. With her calm, cool, collected, unexcitable disposition she would hit where she aimed with the rolling pin every time.

A fashionable lady, in boasting of her new palatial residence, said the windows were all of stained glass. "That's too bad!" cried her mother. "But won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

In Denmark and in Norway the posts of shorthand-writers at the respective parliaments of those countries are chiefly occupied by women, it having been found that women, as a rule, succeed far better than men in this form of reporting.

Mr. John Muldoon, of Bridgeport, Conn., declined to act as pallbearer at the funeral of a neighbor's wife because the body was too heavy, and thereby precipitated a fight with the chief mourner, who was badly worsted in the mortuary affray.

The supposed grave of Eve is visited by over 40,000 pilgrims in each year. It is to be seen at Jeddah, in a cemetery outside the city walls. The tomb is fifty cubits long and twelve wide. The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest woman that ever lived.

In Arizona a woman who teaches in the public schools is paid \$72.50 per month. In Pennsylvania the average pay of women teachers is \$38.28 per month. Doubtless this disparity is a result of the working of the law of supply and demand. In Arizona, where women are fewer, they are better appreciated.

A bicycle race with a panther was the exciting experience of an English lady in Singapore one evening lately. When riding slowly homeward along a road outside of the town the cyclist found that she was being quietly stalked by a huge black panther. She had the presence of mind to start off at full speed, and soon distanced her pursuer.

A new form of sea insurance has recently been inaugurated. Japanese pug dogs have lately become fashionable in Paris, and considerable numbers are imported from time to time. Merchants engaged in the trade now insure the animals against sea risk, and as they are delicate and require careful attention, the chances have to be carefully calculated.

In a dreamy rapture he kissed her golden tresses.

"The future," he exclaimed joyously, "with its castles in the air!"

She turned with sudden earnestness.

"Reginald," she said decisively, "don't deceive yourself. I tell you, once for all, I shan't live above the second story under any circumstances!"

"George," she said in a low voice, "would you make a great sacrifice for my happiness?" "Certainly," he replied. "Would you quit smoking for my sake?" "Quit smoking for your sake!" he repeated. Then, after a silence, he exclaimed hoarsely, "I can refuse you nothing. I will quit smoking for your sake. Hereafter when I smoke it will be for my own sake."

There was one American institution to which J. M. Barrie, the novelist, took a decided dislike when visiting this country, and that was the American parlor. He thus expressed his opinion regarding it: "The idea of having the largest and best-furnished room in the house reserved for infrequent callers, instead of allowing the children of the household to enjoy it, was never a pleasant one to me. It was once told by a bright boy that he seldom was allowed to enter the parlor of his home unless it was during a funeral ceremony or something like that. This may have described the situation too strongly, but it was much nearer to the truth than otherwise."

## Masculinities.

Bluebeard's trade evidently was that of a belle-nager.

Okefenokee, in Georgia, boasts a 13-year-old girl who weighs 175 pounds.

Every person under twenty-one needs nine hours' rest out of the twenty-four, says a physician.

A girl, speaking of a certain youth, says that the only thing about him that isn't fresh are his tears.

"I don't quite see why you call Mr. Biggs lantern-jawed." "Why, because his face lights up so when he talks."

A man, who had a good telescope, looked at his third cousin through it, which brought him as near as the first cousin.

A professional maxim for lawyers: Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made a fortune by working with a will.

The Queen Regent of Spain, who will soon have a motor carriage, will be the first European sovereign to use it. It will be known as an "electric victoria."

Prince Dimitri Khilkoy, a Russian nobleman, has followed the advice of Count Tolstol, and divided his estates among the peasants, reserving but seven acres for his own cultivation.

A new method of stopping hiccough is said to have been accidentally discovered in a French hospital. It consists in thrusting the tongue out of the mouth and holding it thus for a short time.

Scene—French post office. "You wish to register this enclosure, madam. Are the papers valuable?" "Oh, dear, no, monsieur! There is nothing in the envelope except my marriage certificate."

A gentleman from the south of Texas boasted that the papers of his village pay so much attention to society matters, "that a leading citizen cannot go home sober late at night without having the fact published as an interesting item."

Stranger, in Kentucky: I understand that they lynched a man here yesterday. What had he done? Colonel Pepper: Done, sah! What had he done? Why, sah, he come here to open a branch agency for a mineral water company! That's what he done!

The most remarkable Jehu in Paris has just died. He was six feet six inches in height, and was of herculean strength. It is said that "he could easily lift his cab from the ground with one arm." The cause of his death was his heavy drinking. Over sixteen quarts of wine was his daily average.

"I'm not very proud of your progress in school," remarked a mother to her son, who was struggling along in the third standard. "There's Charley Shay is always ahead of you, and he isn't near as old." "I know it," he sobbed. "Teacher said he learned all there was to learn in the room, and that left me without anything to learn."

Every now and then Brooklyn brings forward a novelty. This time it is in the shape of George Washington, who claims to be a descendant of the brother of "The Father of His Country." The second George is very proud of his name, and spends a large part of his time in imitating the signature of his illustrious ancestor. He has merged his own birthday with that of his namesake, and celebrates both in befitting style.

Professor: Now you have seen that these experiments can be more successfully performed with perfectly pure water than with any other. Who can tell me how to obtain the purest water known?

Student: Boil it.

Professor: Right. Now, how is water boiled?

Student: By putting it on the fire.

Professor: Right again. Now, how is the fire made?

Student, hesitating: Er, professor, I'm not a married man.

"What a methodical fellow you are, Brown!" said Fittins, who had stepped into Brown's office during the latter's absence.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Brown, who had just entered.

"Mean?" echoed Fittins; "to think that you should lock all your drawers up when you are only going out for five minutes! I shan't likely that anyone would meddle with your papers."

"Of course not," replied Brown; "but how did you find out that the drawers were locked?"

No logician of the male sex living can split a finer hair in argument than a plain, innocent, unsophisticated woman. Her simple distinctions are inscrutable; but can't she stretch the meaning of the language and make words embrace everything she wants to?

"My husband always gives me my money once a week, you know," said one little blonde woman, with an expression of guilelessness on her face that would deceive a professional mind-reader; "but he used sometimes to get short next day and take it back."

"Well, you could put it in your bureau."

"He'd rummage every where till he found it; but I got the best of him, and now he never can find it."

"Where do you put it?"

"I put it in his coat pocket when he comes home and take it out before he goes out."



## Latest Fashion Phases.

Even Christmas and its attendant festivities do not altogether dim interest in the styles, so that the latest doings in the world of fashion may not be inopportune.

The royal standard of France's recent guest, the Czar of all the Russias, has caused the sudden fashionable popularity in Paris of yellow and black. The ensign has a yellow ground, upon which black eagles appear, and accordingly for theatre, reception and evening gowns yellow and black are the accepted combinations. Velvet, broche silk and satin of the royal color are veiled or trimmed with black lace or with black tulle embroidered with topaz jewels and beads.

Bodices are mentioned apart from gowns because, although it is now correct to have the corage and skirt en suit in point of color, they are often of different material. A skirt of yellow and white broche silk, for instance, will have a bodice of yellow satin covered or trimmed with white lace. This preserves the harmony of tone throughout, yet affords variety also. Again, a corage of blue gauze over white satin will accompany a skirt of blue and white Louis Quinze broche silk. A skirt of white silk with black velvet stripes is worn along with a bodice of puffed white mousseline de sole trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. This fashion of combining different materials is a fortunate one for the woman of modest means for if she dresses according to the demands of her complexion her entire wardrobe will include only a few colors, and she can put two gowns together to make a new one. A fair woman's costumes will, for instance, show a preponderance of blue, and she can take the best parts of two blue garments to compose another.

The goods most employed for ball gowns this winter are certainly moire silks. There are very many varieties, the moire antique being most generally preferred. There are both plain and changeable effects of color. Broche and striped silks have frequently the watermark running through the ground. Sometimes the moire surface is varied by embroidered dots or satin stripes or even by flower designs printed on the warp.

Besides moires a great many wide striped silks are worn, the stripes being of light colors on a white ground, the former having a moire or satin finish and the latter being covered with a flower pattern matching the stripes or even embroidered. Satin duchess and liberty satins are also seen, and ottoman silk has reappeared with very heavy raised ribs and often in changeable colors of light shades.

For diaphanous gowns a great deal of mousseline de sole is employed; also printed gauzes and gauzes having a satin stripe. The mousseline de sole has an open embroidery design, either large or small, and sometimes is worked with a light pattern in chenille. Silk and metallic embroidery combined is seen on some of the thin evening fabrics.

For trimming, ruffles or little flounces of plain gauze, bordered with chenille, are favored, as are likewise lace, ribbons and flowers in profusion. Beaded effects are also seen, applied on plastrons, boleros and collarettes of velvet of a deeper tone than the rest of the costume.

Fur, here, there and everywhere, is one of the chief features in this winter's fashions. For the wealthy woman what an opportunity there now is to revel in rich fabrics, costly peltry and invaluable lace. Rich women were not "in it," so to speak, in the reign of severe simplicity some ten years ago, when four yards of fabric were enough for a gown and almost no trimming was employed. Riches could assert themselves only through the medium of diamond necklets, imported hats—plain nevertheless—and shoes and gloves made to order. Of course costly lingerie is not counted in, for that, like Shakespeare, is "not for time, but for all ages," and is not in evidence. Now, on the contrary, all available decoration is employed—lace, passementerie, embroidery, jewel work, chiffon, mousseline de sole, flowers, spangled and metallic effects, velvet and ribbons. Some of the new evening bodices are completely covered with trimming of various kinds, and plain finish is at a discount, save for very stout women, who cannot carry a superfluous inch of goods.

To return to furs, with which we started, one is inclined to think that the fever for variety reaches too high a point when it accepts long, silky goat's hair dyed a brilliant green. This trimming in white, gray or black is very pretty, though rather

juvenile looking, but in fancy colors it is altogether too suggestive of the children's sets of muff and tippet served on a card and sold at 60 cents at holiday time. Yet one of the most fashionable importing houses exhibits in cold blood an elaborate evening cape of great cost, which is bordered all around with a deep fall of this hideous green travesty of the innocent goat's coat.

Collarettes and similar adornments of gauze and mousseline de sole find a place in the quietest wardrobe and please the tastes of even those young girls and women who consider inconspicuousness to be the chief virtue of the toilet.

Chemisees, plastrons and vests of gauze made full and varied with insertion, narrow velvet and yellow lace are as acceptable as ever. Some of these—indeed many—come all ready to wear and are very useful to brighten up a costume for gay wear. The convenient fashion of the bolero combined with that of the adjustable vest allows a great variety of effects to be obtained with moderate means. For the theatre any sort of a silk skirt may complete the costume, since it does not show. For the street, of course, it is different. There not only is one exposed to the broad and unflattering glare of daylight, but the whole attire is obvious, and cloth or other wool goods are preferred. There are worsted materials having a surface covered with long fibres in mixtures of red and blue, beige and red or beige and brown or streaked with various bright tones on a somber ground, which are fashionable and very effective.

Braidings, cordings, brandebourgs and similar ornaments in black are very well liked on colored goods and are, of course, always effective. There are military effects very simple practically but pleasing on good figures. Buttons are of great value and are made the most of in all cases. They may be of the simplest variety or very expensive—as costly, in fact as so many jewels—but even the least in price may be employed effectively.

## Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING ABOUT HOLIDAY AND OTHER MATTERS.

**Christmas Pudding.**—Mix three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of treacle, one cupful of raisins, three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped salt pork, one egg, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of nutmeg, and a pinch of cloves; add, lastly, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat thoroughly together, pour into a pudding dish, and steam three hours.

**Sultana Cake.**—Take one pound of butter, 12 eggs, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one pound of sultanas; beat butter and sugar together and the yolks of the eggs, and then the flour, then the raisins and baking powder; beat the white up, and stir them in last; the yolks are dropped in out of the shell, and beaten each as it goes in; the whites are put in a basin and beaten up; bake till ready; this is a very large cake, the half is enough for a house oven.

**Roast Goose.**—Chop up some parboiled onions; mix these with chopped or powdered sage leaves, and with pepper and salt in great moderation. You may add bread crumbs if liked; with this stuff the goose. Expose it to a gentle heat at first, and when hot through, brown it by bringing it closer to the fire. It should be dredged with flour, and continually basted while roasting. Make a brown gravy with fried onions, browned flour, good stock broth (made from the giblets), pepper and salt, and red wine, or catsup.

**Mince Meat.**—Mix well together one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped fine; one pound of currants, well washed; one pound of finely chopped beef suet; two pounds and a half of apples, peeled, cored and chopped; a half pound of lean beef without skin or fat, boiled and chopped; two nutmegs grated, and two teaspoonfuls of allspice; a half pound of candied peel, chopped. Put them into an earthen jar with a close-fitting cover, and pour a bottle of brandy over them; stir from time to time. It is best when made a fortnight or three weeks before it is wanted.

**Another Way.**—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of dried currants, one and a half pounds of good lean beef, three pounds of beef suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, two ounces of candied lemon peel, two ounces of candied orange peel, one grated nutmeg, one quart of sweet apples, the grated rind of two lemons, the juice of one, half a pint of the best French brandy. Stone the raisins, and cut them once or twice across;

wash, dry, and pick the currants; boil the beef till tender, mince it very fine; skin, string and chop the suet; slice the citron and candied peel; pare, core, and mince the apples, and when all the ingredients are ready, stir them with a wooden paddle in a wooden vessel, till thoroughly mixed; add the brandy, and pack all closely in jars, covered air-tight, till used.

**Chutney.**—Two pounds of apples, one ounce of chillies, one ounce of ground ginger, one pound of sugar, one ounce of salt, a quarter of a pound of mustard seed, a little garlic, two ounces of shalots, a quarter of a pound of tamarinds, one and a half pints of vinegar, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped. Peel and chop the apples, and boil them to a pulp in the vinegar; turn out to cool. Cut the chillies up very finely, also the garlic and shalots. When the apples are cold, add all the other ingredients, and put it in bottles, and place them near the fire for several days, then cork.

**Roast Turkey.**—Truss as for a fowl, except that the leg-shanks are always cut off. Roast it quite plain. Take care to place a piece of buttered paper over the breast, baste it well at first with butter, and then with its own gravy, and when nearly done, which may be known by seeing them drawing towards the fire, it must be dredged with flour and again basted. Serve on a dish with gravy garnished with sausages or forcemeat balls. Broad sauce is eaten with it.

**Very Good Plum Pudding.**—Well wash one pound of currants, and dry them in a cloth; chop very fine one pound of beef suet, to which add gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour; put the suet in a large pan, and grate upon it the crumb of a stale one pound loaf of bread; add the currants, and mix well together; stone one pound of raisins, and put them into a pan; add half a pound of sultanas well washed and dried in a cloth, also a quarter of a pound of candied orange and lemon peel, and one ounce of sweet almonds blanched and chopped; mix half an ounce of pudding spice, with one ounce of powdered sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix all well together as each article is added; then stir in eight eggs, well beaten, yolks and whites separately, and one glass of brandy; stir the pudding well for half an hour, let it stand some time, then put it into basins, and boil six hours in plenty of water. Serve with powdered sugar sifted over, and with wine, brandy, or plain sweet sauce, poured over them, or in a boat.

**Vegetable Soup.**—Pass through a sieve all the vegetables used to make vegetable stock; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour to it, mix it well, then add the vegetable pulp. Stir well, and moisten with as much of the stock as may be necessary. Let the soup boil; stir into it, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little water, and strained. Serve with pieces of toasted bread, fried in butter.

So many pretty things may be made at home by skilful fingers. The painted tambourines still enjoy favor, and a good substitute for one is made by a wooden box cover eight inches in diameter; paint it in some pretty color or have it gilded and on this paint a design, either a flower or figure. For those who are yet amateurs with the brush, a handsome transfer picture may be used instead. Old Spanish castles, figures dancing, and many suitable designs for these come in the transfer pictures. Before it is painted cut five slits lengthwise of the rim, in the middle and at equal distances apart. In four of these put the cymbals—two in a place—which can be made of tin, and held in position by bits of stout wire or pins of extra length.

In the remaining slit fasten a handsome bow of satin ribbon, that will conceal the wire by which the tambourine is to be suspended, or it may be hung up with a ribbon, without the wire. Pretty frames for photographs can be made out of pasteboard or thin wood, covered with velvet and painted in the form of a latticed window with vines winding in and out, the picture filling the part intended for the window panes. Or cover with dark marble paper pasted on; decorate with tiny ferns and fine wood moss glued on, concealing the edges of the frame and the oval. A pretty footstool may be fashioned by taking a low square basket made of splints or willow—even the grotesque Indian baskets will do—filling it full and hard with excelsior, so it will not tip over easily. Now make a cushion for the top; fill it with hair or cotton, cover it with pretty rep or felt, the upper part outlined with long stitches in filling silk or zephyr or in

embroidery; now tie it down at each corner of the basket with bows of ribbons or tassels.

Cover the basket all over, before filling, with long stitches of zephyr in daisy patterns or marguerites, or with bands of the same material as the cover, embroidered or outlined to match. Or make a series of three cushions alike and pile one upon another, without the basket. A low foot-rest may be made for an invalid or old person in this way. The frame is made of wood, covered with cloth or rep; the top is made to rise to any given height, and is stuffed like a stool; at the top of this a large pocket is made, well wadded and lined throughout with flannel, fur or silk; this is embroidered in any design, or can be worked on canvas. The top is ornamented with a pinked ruffling of cloth, in addition to this, around the lower part a fringe is added.

An elegant little invention is being sold in Paris, which may be considered the chic novelty for Christmas. It takes the form of an article of jewelry, but it is in reality a little well of scent, from which one drop is exposed to the air, and as soon as this is evaporated another drop takes its place. The effect is that the wearer is constantly surrounded by an invisible vapor of perfume, which is very charming, provided that the scent is mild in character.

A doctor says: "The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe juicy apples before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It is good for many other purposes—obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known of diseases of the throat."

**CHOCOLATE CREAM.**—Mix the yolks of six eggs strained with two ounces of pounded loaf sugar, three ounces of grated chocolate, and one pint of milk. Set the mixture on the fire in a double saucepan, the outer one filled with hot water, and keep stirring until the milk thickens; dissolve in a little milk one ounce of isinglass, previously soaked in cold water; add this to the cream, strain it, pour it into a mould, and put it into a cold place, or on ice, to set.

**Stewed Kidneys.**—Skin and parboil some sheep kidneys, cut them in slices, and fry them in butter for a few minutes, with pepper and salt to taste. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a piece of butter in a saucepan, stir till it begins to color, then add a teaspoonful of good stock and the same quantity of sherry. Let this boil five minutes, then add it to the kidneys, with a small quantity of parsley finely minced. Make the whole hot, and serve.

**Forcemeat.**—Pound to a paste in a mortar slightly rubbed with garlic, equal parts of veal and fat ham or bacon, then pass them through a wire sieve, and return them to the mortar. Work into the paste thus obtained, a fourth of its bulk of butter, and about the same quantity of bread crumbs, soaked in milk or in stock, with the yolks of one or more eggs, according to quantity. Add minced parsley, pepper, salt, spices, and powdered sweet herbs, to taste.

**White stock.**—Put a knuckle of veal or two calves' feet, together with a fowl or rabbit and a piece of ham (about half a pound), all cut up into small pieces, into a saucepan with sufficient water to cover the contents. The stock should be carefully skimmed as it gradually becomes heated; then put in two carrots, a head of celery, two onions, and a bunch of parsley, together with two bay leaves and a sprig of thyme, a little mace, a few cloves, with pepper and salt to taste, and leave the whole to boil slowly from three to four hours, when it should be strained and freed from fat.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing something that we ought not to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.



## His Christmas Eve.

BY A. L.

Of all the thousand and one descendants of Irish kings self-exiled amongst the black-hearted Saxons not one felt himself more aggrieved on this Christmas Eve than Paul Westropp, barrister at law.

It was not that his royal title was still unrecognized, nor that, owing to a general conspiracy amongst attorneys to ignore Irish capabilities, briefs were few, nor even that matter-of-fact tradesmen, heedless of descent, claimed the settlement of accounts by him as by ordinary mortals. Such things troubled the light-hearted Celt in a very slight degree. His vexation was that he had missed the morning express; and this fact, annoying at any time, was doubly so on Christmas Eve. For it happened that the hour which should have seen him en route to make one of a jolly party in the North found him alone and, not unreasonably, disgusted in his town chambers.

It happened that Paul's sister was always in a hurry. So, as a rule, was Paul—in fact, hurry was a characteristic of the Westroppes generally.

Thus the family movements were breezy in the extreme. They caught trains as the guard gave the signal for departure—they skimmed the surface of danger, as it were.

So far good; but, when the trouble was a letter that was incoherent as to composition, illegible as to writing, and presenting a blotchy appearance maddening to any reader of correspondence, Paul himself thought a line should be drawn.

It seemed the "dear girls" wanted some Christmas finery from Whiteley's, their mother something else in another direction; and he was "such a dear old Paul," who never minded trouble, etc.

Whiteley's on Christmas Eve! The "Universal Provider's" resources are many, but "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not have controlled inside crush and outside fog; and thus it happened that, as Paul drove up to Euston, the Northern express glided smoothly out.

There was no help for it. His destination was a small out-of-the-way station off the main line, to which trains did not run on Christmas Day.

The day would at least be less dreary in his own rooms than in an hotel half-way North; so, despatching a telegram that changed the day of his arrival from Wednesday to Friday, Paul drove back disconsolately to his Piccadilly chambers.

Mr. Westropp's landlady was of a social turn, and she had contemplated a family gathering in his rooms during his absence, so, notwithstanding valiant efforts, her face fell woefully when she heard of the change in his plans.

Paul thought of the smart dog cart in waiting at the distant Northern station, of the Ferry at Windermere, of Neck or Nothing as she got her head and flew along the road, past the Priest's Pond by Hawkshead and Conistone, while the flints flashed under her feet.

At that moment his reflections were interrupted by a tap at the door.

"Come in!" he called out sharply.

"A young person to see you, sir," answered Mrs. Smith, her lips tightly compressed in protest against young persons in general.

"Ask her name and business."

"She wishes to tell you herself, sir," said Mrs. Smith, returning, with an indignant snort of ungratified curiosity.

"Ask her in," requested Paul resignedly.

A neat but poorly-dressed young woman was shown in, whose nervous manner gave Paul the idea that she had come on a begging expedition.

"You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, sir. It's about Tim."

"Tim?"

"Yes, sir. He's got into trouble, and 'twas himself thought you would help a fellow-countryman, and from Limerick County, too."

"I am afraid I haven't the pleasure of Tim's acquaintance," returned Paul gravely. "But what is it about? Has he been fighting?"

"No, sir. It's not fighting. Tim's a respectable hard working man!" exclaimed the woman indignantly. "He got mixed up in a crowd in the Park as he was coming home from looking for work a fortnight ago; and the police come down on them, and Tim got a broken ankle and a cut over the head from a bobby; and, what with illness and no work, the heart's just out of him."

"Why don't you apply to a magistrate?" asked Paul. "But, if half a crown will help him—"

"It's the kind word he wants, and work, not money," said the woman; "an' I'd work the flesh from my fingers before he should starve; but Jimmy the crossing-sweeper told him you'd been good to him, and—"

Here the woman broke into sobs. "What is it you want me to do?" asked Paul more gently.

"Nothing," returned the woman proudly as she moved towards the door. "I don't know what made him fool enough to send or me to come. As if it matters to the likes of you whether he lives or dies, even the few yards off he is! It's cold enough now, and will be colder soon; and it's only natural to like a warm fire here better than a sick man's bed in our poor place."

She spoke in a dull miserable tone, and shivered slightly as she drew her threadbare cloak about her and looked round.

The action touched Paul more than her words.

"Look here. What has Tim to do with old Jimmy the crossing-sweeper?"

"Tim's father worked for the O'Briens and Studderts for going on thirty years—ay, and Tim after him; and, when the old man died this summer, Tim just scraped up enough money to come over here for work, and 'twas as bad here; and then he got hurt, and Jim told him how good you'd been, and how you'd come from Limerick too; and he has a kind of longing to see some one from near home. But it doesn't matter," and again the woman made a move.

"Where is he?" asked Paul.

She named a court in one of the small alleys near. Paul mused. The tale was credible, of course. The old Irish sweeper at the crossing he knew well, and had missed him from his usual place during the last day or two. After all, it was only two o'clock, broad daylight, and about ten minutes' walk by a short cut would take him to the place.

"I will go and see my fellow countryman," he said pleasantly.

"It's such a poor place," said the woman doubtfully and hesitatingly.

But Paul was buttoning up his coat, after quietly taking the precaution of divesting himself of his watch and chain.

The streets were even more thronged than in the morning. The "odds and ends" so indispensable at Christmas seemed to have been left to the last, and each pedestrian, each driver was apparently convinced that his or her errand was of paramount importance.

Paul's conductress felt a little behind. Once, as he turned to ask her some question, he saw her eyes fixed upon him so intently that he almost started. She made a movement forward, as if to come up with him and speak; but at that moment a rough-looking fellow jostled against her and she fell back again. A moment later she turned into a court.

In the stone passage an unmistakable Irish voice accosted them.

"The saints bless your honor av it's to see Tim you're come!"—and a shock-headed Irishman preceded Paul into a room that was more like a cellar at the extreme end of a long passage.

The light came faintly through a small barred window set high in the wall, yet there was enough to enable Paul to see the only other occupant of the place, who was not lying or even sitting down. He was no sickly invalid either, but a tall muscular fellow, who advanced and confronted Paul with an impudent grin, while the other man shut and locked the door.

There was a moment's silence.

"Sure your honor would be willing to pay to see poor Tim sound and well?" said the first speaker in a wheedling tone.

The first shock over, though mentally anathematizing his own folly, Paul accepted the situation coolly enough.

"I'm afraid you've got hold of the wrong fish, my fine fellows," he remarked with affected carelessness, for he could not conceal from himself that he was likely to have a very "bad quarter of an hour."

"No; thin 'twas a fellow-countryman we wanted," returned the man, in a bantering tone. "But we're not the boys to inconvenience a gentleman, and Tim here will have all the pleasure in the world in placing the new healed limbs at your honor's service by fetching the check book if the purse isn't aisy to come at!"

"And if I refuse—what then?" asked Paul.

"Why, thin your honor won't pass a pleasant Christmas day, I'm thinking. We haven't had time to get carpets and sofas since the invitation went out. And

we're mighty lonesome about here, so the neighbors don't think of coming in to ask after one," returned the ruffian significantly.

Paul looked around him while the two men eyed him narrowly, and it took him but a few moments to see that he was hopelessly trapped.

"What do you expect to get out of me, see that I am?" he asked.

"Well, seeing your honor came so readily, we'll let you off cheap—say \$250."

"I'm hanged if you'll get it!" ejaculated Paul.

"Now look here," interposed the second man—"we're not the men to stick at trifles, and money we must have. You have only to decide on which you place the highest value—your life or your \$250."

The man was unmistakably in earnest, and Paul ruefully made up his mind.

"What security have I that I shall get safely out of this hole after parting with the money?" he asked.

"Man alive, we don't want murder if it can be managed without. We've enough on hand just now. Here are paper and pencil—both club pattern—so you can send a line to your landlady with your keys for your check book. You'll remain here for an hour or two after we've got the cash, and then you'll be free and a wiser man than you were when you tumbled out of bed this morning."

Paul looked curiously at the last speaker.

The voice and accent were those of an educated man, and, notwithstanding the disgust and worry of his own affairs, he could not help wondering as to the course of events which had brought the man to this pass.

Paul wrote the note, then it was read over carefully by the men, the rougher of the two commenting:

"It's little enough too we'll get for the trouble we've had, giving Sally her lesson and make up. And the fool would have

let on, too, if I hadn't jogged her elbow on the way."

The ruffians then left the cellar, carefully bolting the heavy door after them, and leaving their prisoner to his reflections.

There was not a vestige of furniture save a rickety table and a couple of shaky chairs; a sack of straw lay in a corner, and a small fire burned in a rusty grate. Paul mechanically bent down to remove a poker, apparently left to "draw" the fire up and then forgotten. It was red-hot, and he hastily withdrew his fingers; but with the touch of the burning metal a sudden inspiration flashed into his mind.

"It's a risk—a damned risk," he murmured thoughtfully; "still there's a chance, so here goes!" And, replacing the poker in the fire, he waited.

The minutes passed slowly—it was growing dark; and Paul's heart beat quickly as footsteps sounded along the stone passage. Grasping the red-hot poker, he moved quietly and rapidly towards the door.

There was a fumbling at the lock, the key turned, and the two men, followed by a boy carrying a light, entered the cellar. Without a moment's hesitation Paul threw himself upon them, and, as the startled ruffians, totally unprepared for the attack, fell back, the boy dropped the candle, and all was confusion.

As well as the darkness would permit the men made a dash to secure their prisoner; but, brandishing the red-hot poker, Paul darted between them through the doorway and into the passage. With an oath they started in pursuit, calling loudly on some invisible person to close the outer door; but, lulled into security by reports of the resignation of their "catch," there was no one at hand, and Paul got clear into the street.

Half an hour later Westropp, with four stout policemen, stood in that cellar again. The late inmates were not at home; the door was thrown hospitably open, the ashes still smouldered in the grate, and Paul, with a feeling of honesty which did him credit, replaced the poker!

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BY

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To Every Subscriber

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Read this Extract from the Book:

"And Ardella liked him, that wuz plain to see; at first as I watched and see him totter, I thought she wuz a sort of wobblin' too, and when he fell deep, deep in love, I looked to see her a follerin' on. But Ardella, as soft as she wuz, had an element of strength. She wuz ambitious. She liked Abram, but she had read novels a good deal, and she had for years been lookin' for a prince to come a ridin' up to their dooryard in disguise with a crown on under his hat, and woo her to be his bride."

"And so she braced herself against the sweet influence of love and it wuz tuff—I could see for myself that it wuz, when she had laid out to set on a throne by the side of a prince, he a holdin' his father's scepter in his hand—to descend from that elevation and wed a husband who wuz a moulder of bread, with a rollin' pin in his hand. It wuz tuff for Ardella; I could see right through her mind (it wuzn't a great distance to see) and I could see just how the conflict was."



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## Humorous.

## GRAY AND SILVER.

I had a love; dark-haired was she,  
Her eyes were gray.  
For sake of her across the sea  
I sailed away.

Death, sickness, tempest and defeat  
All passed me by;  
With years came Fortune, fair and fleet,  
And rich was I.

Again for me the sun looked down  
Familiar skies;  
I found my love, her locks had grown  
Gray as her eyes.

"Alas!" she sighed, "Forget me, now  
No longer fair."  
"I loved thy heart," I whispered low,  
"And not thy hair."

—C. E. D. PHILIPS.

The house duty—Keep it clean.

Counterfeit presentment—The tender of base coin.

Natural history query—What relation are cowslips to bulrushes?

What is that which the rich man wants, the poor man has, the miser spends, and the spendthrift saves?—Nothing.

A: Don't you admire the man who can say the right thing at the right time?  
B: Yes—particularly when I'm thirsty.

The donor: Now, don't go and spend that in the nearest saloon.

The recipient: No, sir, there's a better one around the corner.

Ella: There are as fine fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Blanche: Yes; but they don't do anything but watch the little ones nibble.

History class at school—Teacher: Name some of the most important things existing to day which were unknown 100 years ago.

Tommy, with an air of intelligence: Us!

"The noblest study of mankind is man," quoted the lecturer, and paused.  
"But his favorite one has ever been woman!" cried out a flippant youth in the audience.She: Charlie, the engagement ring you gave me has "E. C." engraved on it. I hope you were never engaged before!  
He: Never, darling. "E. C." stands for un-er—well, that means—eighteen carat.

"It is said we shall all pass away as a tale that is told."

"That sounds all right; but tales that are told don't pass away—they are forever being told over again."

The little one, being the guest of her grandma, had been liberally feasted, when a second dish of pudding came on. Looking at the steaming dish, she exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Gran'ma, I wish I was twins."

First doctor: I had a very interesting case the other day. The diagnosis was all right, but the course of the disease was decidedly abnormal.

Second doctor: What course did it take?

First doctor: The patient recovered.

Visitor: What are you crying about, my little man?

Little Willie: All my brothers has got a vacation, and I hain't got none.

Visitor: Why, that's too bad! How is that?

Willie, between sobs: I—don't go—to school yet!

What part of the eye is like a rain-bow?—The iris. What part is like a school-boy?—The pupil. What part is like the globe?—The ball. What part is like the top of a chest?—The lid. What part is like a piece of a whip?—The lash. What part is like the summit of a hill?—The brow.

Clerk, to seedy stranger, who had just registered: Have a room?

S. S.: No.

Clerk: Dinner, I suppose?

S. S.: Not at all. I only wanted to arrive. It's a good many years since I have arrived at a hotel, and if you've no objection I will simply arrive. Good morning!

A fiery man challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist, who was lame, requested that he might have a prop.

"Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone?"

"Agreed," said the lawyer, "provided I may lean against the next."

The duel never came off.

A Kil arney woman was congratulated by some visitors on the appearance of her children.

"Speaks well for the climate," said one of the visitors.

"Faith, your honor," was the prompt reply, "it's the climate that half of them lives on, for, to tell the truth, they're very badly off!"

"Ben," said an old colored deacon to his son, "you's a gwine out now inter de great en wicked worl!"

"Yes, suh!"

"En you wants ter heed my device?"

"Yes, suh!"

"Well, dis is erbout all I got ter say ter you. Don't go in de poultry-business when de moon is shinin'; en always be sho' en keep in de front part er de male!"

## CONCERNING GIFTS.

What Makes Christmas Gifts—What to Give—and to Whom.

Of all Christmas presents none can be more valuable than those fashioned by the loving hands of the giver. Gentlemen especially, place a three fold value upon any gift that bears the workmanship of the fair donor.

And we would advise ladies and children to give gifts of their own handiwork as far as possible; and among the first gifts we mention shall be some that boys and girls and ladies can make equally well.

A bundle of brown splints of green, scarlet, blue and salmon single zephyr worsted, will make four sets of table mats (six mats and three sizes in a set). Interweave the splints, notch the end of each stick, and put cross-stitches of worsted at the corners, or all around the edge of the mats to hold splints in place.

A great variety of wall pockets for papers, wall pockets for ferns and grasses, baskets, and pictures, may be made of splints and worsted. A bundle of white splints will make at least a dozen baskets, and worsted costs but a trifle.

Handsome cornucopias may be made, at a trifling expense, for an entire family. Buy the paper—solid colors glazed, or gilt, or plain mixed with gilt—at a stationer's, and get a few scrap pictures and some of the relief bordering that may be bought in long strips very cheap.

From white wrapping paper cut your cornucopia, including the entire length of the white paper that folds over at the top; next paste on the fancy paper, hiding its top edge with bordering, under which the ribbon must go; add your picture and join the horn neatly at the back. Fill it with sweetstuff.

Half a dozen nice towels embroidered on one end with initials in scarlet cotton, is a desirable gift to boarding-school girls. A crocheted woolen scarf is very acceptable to many elderly gentlemen, and to children who play out-of-doors much.

With white split zephyr crochet a stripe of shell work (four stitches in each shell) two fingers wide and six long; line it with cherry-colored lining silk, adding a tiny strip of cotton, filled with sachet powder, at each end, which cover by felling over it an additional strip of silk; crochet a tiny border of scallops, edged with a chain of cherry silk or zephyr, across the two short ends, then fold the whole strip, silk inside so that the ends meet in the middle, and crochet the scalloped border around the four sides, and you have a pretty handkerchief case for lady or gentleman.

But there are a thousand pretty and useful trifles that expert fingers can fashion, and we have not the space to mention, as we must suggest the gifts that may be given to the different members of the family.

For the ladies there are sashes, and dainty sacques and hoods and wraps, and rings, chains, lockets, silver spoons, knives, forks, cups, rubber toys, linen books, matchet bags, chairs, carriages, afghans, toilet soap, lace collars, collar pins, socks, shoes, dresses—anything pretty, amusing, or useful, since babies and little children may accept ever so costly a gift.

For the children there are toys and books, and sweets, thimbles, penola, knives, work boxes, writing desks, and articles of wear.

A young lady who is fond of finery will always appreciate pretty collars, ruffles, ties, ribbons, handkerchiefs, a pair of hose, more expensive than she can buy, gloves, perfumeries, fans, trinkets, etc.

Do not give books to any but those who really appreciate them; but to grown people, young people or children who are really fond of books, there can be no gift given more calculated to inspire pleasure. A standard of flowers, a fernery, hanging basket, globe of fish, or canary bird is often a great delight to an invalid.

Work-boxes, desks, portfolios, any implements for writing or sewing, are appreciated by boarding-school girls, or girls fond of study or needlework.

Some young ladies and gentlemen are very fond of pictures, brackets, and various ornaments for beautifying their rooms, and sometimes an article of household furniture is very desirable to give to mother.

Father may be longing for some new book or picture, or a new pencil or pen; or he may need handkerchiefs, slippers, ties, gloves, or scarf or perhaps he would like a new hair-brush, or shaving-cup, or handsome cup and saucer, or napkin ring.

When you go in your friend's drawing-

room see if she has a card receiver, or a place for a little statuette, or if she needs tidies for any of her chairs, or mats for her piano or tables, or a burnt match receiver to hang from the chandelier, or if a dainty air castle would be an improvement to the room.

If you suspect that any of your cousins are rather short of pocket money, that times are "hard" at uncle's, you can give aunt a nice set of collars and cuffs, and the girls some fine handkerchiefs, or a silk one.

Listen to each one's wishes, and consult each one's taste, and you can surely think of something to make or purchase for your friends—something that when the Christmas dinner is over, and the dessert removed, and the labelled packages put on the big empty table, will cause pleased voices to cry out, as they discover their treasures: "That is just what I wanted!" "How came you to think of it?" "How beautifully you have made it!"

The growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength; we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy, than a painter or musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula.

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## Dollard's Herbarium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbarium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbarium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Edmondson has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER, Oak Lodge Thorpe, Norfolk, England.

Nov., 28, '95. NAVY PAY OFFICER, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbarium Extract" of Vegetable Hair Wash, regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N. To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbarium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully, LEONARD MYERS, Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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ILLUSTRATED LAND PRIMERS Nos. 21, 22 and 24, mailed FREE to any address.

Address, T. I. HURD,

Land and Industrial Agent,

"Soo" Railway, Minneapolis, Minn.

## Phila. and Reading Ry.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after November 15, 1895.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express	daily 9.00 a.m.	V.R.R.
Parlor and Dining Car	Week-days 12.30 p.m.	
Black Diamond Express	daily 8.00 p.m.	
For Buffalo, (Parlor Car)	daily 9.45 p.m.	

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.10 a.m., 4.05 p.m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p.m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p.m.

## FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a.m., 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 2.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 6.10 (dining car) p.m., 12.05 night. Sundays—8.30, 9.30, 11.30 (dining car) a.m., 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p.m., 12.15 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.00, 11.04, a.m., 12.57 (dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.58 p.m. Sunday 4.00 a.m., 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.58 p.m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 1.30, 2.05, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30, (two-hour train), 9.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p.m., 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p.m., 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

## FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phoenixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a.m., 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p.m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45, 11.05 a.m., 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p.m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a.m., 11.30 p.m. Accom., 7.03, 11.35 a.m., 6.15 p.m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a.m., 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p.m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p.m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a.m., 11.30 p.m. Accom., 7.03 a.m., 6.15 p.m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a.m., 12.45, 4.05 p.m. Accom., 4.30 a.m., 1.42, 7.20 p.m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a.m. Accom., 7.05 a.m., 6.15 p.m.

For Gettysburg, 8.35, 10.10 a.m., 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p.m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a.m., 11.30 p.m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 4.30 p.m. Accom., 4.30 a.m., 11.30 p.m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a.m. Accom., 7.05 a.m., 6.15 p.m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.10 a.m.

## FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a.m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p.m. Accommodation, 8.00 a.m., 6.30 p.m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a.m. Accommodation, 8.00 a.m., 4.45 p.m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a.m., 4.15 p.m.

## FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY.

9.45 a.m., 4.15 p.m. Sundays, 9.00 a.m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 553 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 2042 Market street at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

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"Decima! Don't you know me?" he said, looking at her with a keen and calmly critical eye of a brother.

"Always keep time at meals. Punctuality is the sole, not to say the turbid, of business. No, we did not wait for the governor, for the simple reason that he never comes down until he hears us go in."

He considers time spent before dinner in the drawing-room time wasted. As you are a nice girl, and rather prettily dressed than otherwise, you may take my arm—this occasion being your first visit."

He ordered his arm with mock condescension, and so, laughing softly, Decima went in.

She had made up her mind to a bad dinner and indifferent waiting; but she was not prepared for the actual badness and shortcoming of the meal.

Bobby led her to the head of the table, and seated himself on her left.

"The tureen before you," he said, in an undertone, "contains what cook, with a mistaken optimism, calls soup. I call it warm size; but may difference of opinion never alter friendship."

"Take care, when Sarah Jane raises the soup-plate, that she does not empty it in your lap. I should be jealous if she did, because I generally get it in mine. Here is the governor; you are requested not to smile."

Filial respect notwithstanding, Decima really found it hard to obey Bobby's injunction; for Mr. Deane, in a dress coat of a fashion of twenty years ago, with cork-screw trousers shining at the knees, with a shirt front minus a stud, and a necktie under one ear, was a spectacle at which the most dutiful of daughters might pardonably have laughed.

"Ah—afraid I am late," he said; his never varied formula. "Soup? Did you say soup? Yes, please. Decima, you will be glad to hear that the model was uninjured. It is the model of my last invention, for which I have just taken a patent. A portable electric force. Its principle is—"

"Have some sherry, sir?" cut in Bobby, adroitly.

"Eh? Sherry? Did you say sherry? Yes, yes, certainly. And so you left Lady Pauline well? Wonderful woman! Charming, but singularly deficient in intelligence. I remember the last time we met I endeavored to explain to her my invention for opening bridges by candle power—quite a simple thing. It was done in this way—"

"Fish, sir?" cut in Sarah Jane.

"Fish—did you say fish? What is it?"

"Cod, sir," said Sarah Jane.

"Is it, indeed?" remarked Bobby, smiling, with simulated surprise at the over-boiled mass. "How strange! I thought it was white worsted antimascau. None for me, thank you, Decima. I am too young to die."

"I—I'm afraid it is done a little too much," said Decima, timidly.

"Surely not! Not a little!" said Bobby, with admirable gravity. "But don't be alarmed, my dear Decima. You will find that cook will strike the balance by sending up the joint raw. Ah, I thought so!" he said, when the leg of mutton ran red at the first touch of the knife.

"Cook has joined the new 'Temperance in Feeding Society.' She takes care that we are not tempted to overeat ourselves."

"You are a man of the world, Bobby. I will trouble you for a glass of port, actually blue. Decima, my dear, I should advise you to wait for the pudding. Sometimes—mind, I do not make an actual promise, so do not buoy yourself up with hope too much—but sometimes cook makes a decent pudding. Let us hope she has done so to night."

The pudding happened to be rice, and eatable, so that Decima, who only ate to live, was perfectly satisfied so far as she herself was concerned. But the meal was a significant one. She could understand why she was sent for.

And the contrast between the dainty-cooked, well-served meals at Aunt Pauline's filled her with pity for the two men seated beside her. She felt guilty of selfishness all the ten years she had been "lapped in luxury and cradled in ease."

"You have now seen a specimen of our culinary skill, Decima," said Bobby, when Sarah Jane had left the room. "I will not ask you what you think of it, because I know only a mere girl, to whom the pleasure of expressing yourself in a few words is a novelty."

"I am young and I will defend myself to the death," she broke off, as Bobby opened the door of a dainty little

like it," he said, in an awkward way. "I had it fresh painted directly the governor was dining for you. Like the bought the furniture; you that it is pure white, to original innocence—in other words—"

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"And I inhale the mild and fragrant hay which the local tobaccoist calls 'Genuine Turkish.' You may retire to the drawing-room, if you like, but, if you can stand the smoke, we should infinitely prefer you to remain. Try it, at any rate. If you feel approaching symptoms of suffocation, you can call out, and I will carry you into the fresh air."

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"Perhaps you smoke yourself?" said Bobby, blandly.

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## A DREAM OF HARVEST

BY J. M.

I've not seen for many a year  
The growing corn or farm or grange,  
I know not why there should appear  
To me a dream so sweet, yet strange.

High in a garret, where St. Paul's  
Gives me stone-greeting every morn,  
Last night I dreamed of linnet's calls,  
And long fair upland fields of corn.

I knew not what so far away  
From pounds and pence my fancy led;  
I looked as usual yesterday  
Only on lines of black and red!

But yet across the dull dead years,  
I saw, last seen, so long ago,  
Again the rustling golden spears,  
Thick serried waving to and fro.

I heard the farmer's homely yarns,  
Their fears of laid unripened grain,  
Their hopes of overflowing barns,  
Their prophecies of sun and rain.

I saw browned girls with cornflowers braid—  
My dream you see had skipped some leaves—  
Their curls, faint reapers in rare shade  
Asleep, baken cradled on warm sheaves.

I heard the tinkling laden wain  
Slow creeping under clouded skies,  
The sickle's well-known sound, the strain  
Of harvest filled with tears my eyes.

I saw the tired ears falling caught  
By women's arms, in heat of noon;  
Then came a change, and there was nought  
But shocks and stubble neath the moon.

I'm almost in despair with it,  
This wide, wide waste of white and brown;  
But wife and child die, if I quit  
My worn stool in this stifling town.

## HIS SWEETHEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?"  
"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE,"  
"UNDER SUSPICION," "HER  
DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

THE golden glory of an almost setting African sun was flooding the wide and desolate expanse of veldt, and wrapping in a scarlet haze all the uninviting huts and shanties which composed the gold-digging settlement at Bullock's Creek, when a weary-looking young fellow, carrying a gun and mounted on a worn-out pony, came within hailing distance of the place.

The man took off his dilapidated felt hat, and waved it, with a shout, partly of greeting and partly of delight—not indeed that there appeared to be any one to greet, yet, to have actually arrived was something for which to cheer.

"Poor Old Chum!" he exclaimed, patting his beast's lean neck as he spoke. "We thought we'd about gone over the edge of the world, by mistake, didn't we? But I suppose we hadn't, since here's some sort of a place at last. Oh, I say, though—hold up a few minutes longer, can't you? Think of that stable ahead, my son! You'll never get there if you collapse, you know, for I draw the line at carrying you."

But in spite of his cajoling and encouragements, to "hold up" seemed exactly the thing which the pony could not do. The poor animal had indeed almost reached the end of its tether.

Not even the immediate prospect of rest was sufficient to prevent him from after another, as it half collapsed between the mound and the on every

The girl stood still for a few moments, under the shadow of the rough porch, shading her eyes with her hand. His presence, no less than his motionless attitude, seemed to perplex her. But, after a while, walking slowly and thoughtfully, she came towards him until only about twenty yards separated them. Then she stopped.

"What has brought you here?" she asked. "Don't you know that we've never in the camp?"

Jack shook his head. "No—I don't know anything about the camp, not even what the name is," he said, with a faint smile. "I left Johannesburg a fortnight ago, with a lot of other fellows, to shoot big game. A week later, like a fool, I started off one morning before the rest of my party were awake, and got lost."

"I've been wandering ever since, and yesterday I sprained my leg, just as a sort of wind-up to my misfortunes. That's my story; and I'm only thankful to have kicked up against human beings again before I pegged out. I'm not afraid of the fever."

"Your horse is done for," the girl remarked.

"Poor Old Chum! I'm afraid so. I'm done for, too, nearly. Please have a little pity on me"—with a half laugh—"and take me in."

"I'm the only person, not ill, left here," she replied gravely. "All the rest who weren't laid up have gone. But of course I couldn't desert Bill and the others, especially as I was the only woman up here. Oh, yes—you may come, if you like! Indeed—with a quick smile—"I couldn't well keep you out. But you'll probably take the fever, and, if you do, you'll probably die."

It certainly did not sound cheerful. But, notwithstanding the hardships he had undergone, Jack's nerves were good, added to which it would, he thought, be decidedly more comfortable to die within sound of a musical voice, and perhaps the touch of soft fingers, than away on that dreary veldt, with rattlesnakes as his companions and the laugh of the hyena as his knell.

"I'll risk it," he answered, without hesitation. "The only question is how am I to get—anywhere?"

She came close up to him and held out her arm. Standing thus, with the radiance all about her, Jack thought how excessively pretty the young woman was, and how out of place she looked.

"What on earth brought you here?" he inquired. But he received no reply to an inquiry which, at such a moment, was particularly useless and foolish.

"Lean on my arm," she said. "You shall go to Tom Bunker's hut. It's the nearest and cleanest, and, I suppose, as he was all right when he went away, it is as slightly infected as any."

Jack was hobbling along by her side as she talked, giving her as little of the burden of his weight as was possible, and still supporting himself by the aid of the gun. But their progress was of the slowest, and in a few minutes great drops of perspiration were standing out upon his sunburned face, and he was obliged to pause.

"You are suffering," the girl said gently. "I am sorry. Sprains are such horrid things—and so very painful."

"Beastly!" exclaimed Jack, recommending the arduous march. His companion was glad when, at last, the door of the hut was reached.

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brighter look upon her face than had been there for several long days. For one thing, Bill was asleep in the hut, and therefore better, while all the rest of the invalids seemed to be on the road to recovery. The thought was sufficient to make her cheerful.

It did not serve however to extinguish all memory of Jack's unfortunate deed, and she turned aside to see how the pony fared. Its master might need it some day, and if it could be saved it should.

Which resolve was rendered easier of accomplishment by Old Chum himself, who had occupied his leisure in recovering his feet, and when she reached him he was already looking about in an inquisitive manner.

Jack, watching his nurse through the open door, had the gratification of seeing the two new acquaintances go towards the creek together, and of admiring the practised manner in which the girl proceeded to hobble the steed, in order to prevent him wandering.

Then Maisie ran towards the shanty out of which she had first emerged, but almost at the same instant the tropical darkness made itself felt, and night fell.

Jack did not catch the fever. Perhaps it was owing to the strength of his constitution, possibly to the fact that the force of the epidemic had spent itself, or, more probably still, to the sprained ankle which kept him away from infected places until the fever had died out.

At any rate, he was able each morning, in answer to Maisie's inquiries, truthfully to declare himself better, until at last that young woman ceased to look for the dreaded symptoms in her patient.

"But I'm tired of this hut," Jack declared, before a week was over. "How I envied those of your convalescents whom I saw last night airing themselves opposite!"

"You've said that before," she retorted, laughingly; for, on the preceding evening, the two had had a great discussion, Jack having declared in favor of joining the two or three cadaverous-looking men whose movements he had been watching with eagerness, while Maisie had dared him to put his foot to the ground without her permission.

"Well, I say it again! And, what's more, Miss Maisie—"

"I've told you before that I won't be called 'Miss!' 'Maisie' is good enough for me—besides, I'm not 'Miss' at all."

He stared at her in astonishment, little thinking that his dark blue eyes were so greatly admired by his nurse, and that they were rapidly becoming the beacon stars of her life.

"Not 'Miss' at all? But you don't mean to say that you are married?"

The moment had come when Jack must be told. A strange unwillingness to make the truth known to him had hitherto tied her tongue. But in response to this question he must now hear all.

"Yes," she said quietly, adding—for she was a woman, and by no means desirous of confessing herself in the wrong—"didn't you understand that before?"

Jack had turned pale under the still unfaded sunburn of his skin; for even as she spoke he realized the meaning of those longings for her presence, those delightful thrills that the sound of her footfall had given, those day-dreams of home, and love, and happiness which had helped him through the solitary hours of his illness. And in the moment that brought the truth home to him, he felt that he could never again be the same.

"No—I did not understand," he replied calmly; for he was one of those men who could receive a blow without receiving a scar.

"Oh, yes," Maisie continued, suddenly seating herself in the confidential attitude that she had often before assumed when she wanted to while away a waste hour for him—a position in which the empty packing case which served Jack as a table became her seat, and her pretty hands were clasped round one of her knees—"I'm Bill Bolton's wife!"

"Bill Bolton?" echoed the man involuntarily. But his self-control was sufficient to suppress the guess that had almost accompanied the words.

"You wouldn't think that he was a gentleman by his name, would you?" the girl queried. Now that the ice was broken, it seemed rather nice to be talking to this new friend—concealing herself—it was indeed about the only subject which had not already been discussed between them.

"Oh, no, one can tell it by his name," she said. "I know."

"And you are very young, I course?"

The moment the word passed, he knew that he ought to be telling them, and wondered if they would. But apparently Maisie's comment crossed Maisie's mind, and she clasped her hands, and assumed a conventional position.

"Wives always do love, don't they?" she queried, marry him for love, but she was lonely; and the hospital, did you know I was nursing, beginning to learn to be dull.

"He asked me to be married with him here, and I was all about it. We were a week before our wedding, hadn't a long engagement. Jack was staring at her more every line and of figure, every feature of face trained in fluffy go-trusted strangely with his eyes.

That combination of eyes, the curling lashes, and the thin, delicate smile made her beauty a character. But when she came conscious of the fact, she said something.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he inquired.

Maisie hesitated, remaining without the least sign of emotion. Then, as she saw that he was in a conclusion, she said again:

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked. "I can't say, for I didn't know."

"Maisie, I know your voice."

They had both been so much their conversation to be so much already, though from a great distance the name had been shouted by a speaker. The girl sprang up, feet, though she sat down, and answered.

"You, Bill!" she exclaimed, taking her dress from a nail on the boards of the box. "What are you across? Rather rash—what have you arrived, won't you make Mr. Jones's acquaintance?"

Maisie was trembling a little, her easy flow of words. She was what Jack did not guess—the position was of the jealous old was quite conscious that she had been signs of the awakening-eyed monster in regard to her comers.

"I do trust that Bill will have the thought uppermost in his mind."

For a moment Mr. Bolton did not look as though that were his intention. He lingered upon the door and glared at the inmates of the hut.

But Jack, having managed to get to his feet, held out his hand, and the action with the hand had generally won him the genial influence Maisie's husband cumbered.

"Happy to see you of all people," said drily—"if you call that a sofa. I shouldn't!"

"It has been a very comfortable one," Jack answered, "I have to thank every one here for it—you above all, for your wife—with a gulp."

"You're a good fellow," Jack came to rescue Maisie, "and here safely. You were able to understand. I say, got my legs again?"

Maisie to Jack's relief, found her husband's hand clasped.

"What was the matter, long when you were ill?" queried, and forthwith to discuss political events.

In spite of Bill's wife's seat, and this new acquaintance, talk and to V. But he didn't.

That, however, was a heavy far man—so And his

And his

And his

And his

And his

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quite the contrast between them had been very apparent to her. And it was all who showed to advantage.

She had never realized before how thick his lips, how scowling his brow, how and bloodshot his eyes, how unattractive his beard, nor—and this was the astounding matter of all—how much he was than herself.

"Don't you hear me speak?" growled companion, suddenly clutching her with a grip that hurt her, and looking sharply towards the cabin at every "Answer me, then—can't you?"

She turned pale, for, in all the three of their married life—which, as he told Jack, embracing all but one face of their entire acquaintance—she had never felt so much like that before.

Then, she felt greatly confused. "I had given you—very," she replied honestly. "I that, but in too—very much. Don't you?"

And, across the mouth, almost knocking met Robb. "I dare own as much to my face?"

She entered his door again, I'll kill you! You hear what I say? I'll kill you! him—do you? And I suppose he went to you too?"

It was in that moment there came to a revelation as sudden and as sad as own words had an hour since come to Jack.

During the two or three moments which she staggered to a seat she had what love was, and to whom her as given.

It was an awkward silence in the some time. Bill felt, in truth, thoroughly ashamed of himself. He had been, she declared, born a gentleman, and

the report is he got over in England his old mother, Winifred, his return with greater anxiety

a yawn he guessed, was called "My lady," held her looked it too, in her deep black "I'm and snowy widow's cap.

ding, Us her son should ever have raised

ing home to strike a woman would have "Not it as impossible to her as to pretty

doesn't Childers, who was thinking of him I'm a sad moment, and wondering when he

"Dear return home to claim his honors

talk!" she, together with his bride,

—I know Lisle, with her magnificent eyes and wealth of black hair—

at who knew the tenderness that he ing out into his tone, as well as the

ing which his hand could thrust the in, might not have been sur-

prised by the conduct to Maisie.

It was of Daphne, but rather of those two fairer and truer women, that Bill was thinking as he stood sullenly before

the woman of whose existence neither nor fiancée dreamed.

"I won't stop crying!" he exclaimed, "I won't stop crying!" he exclaimed, "I won't stop crying!"

He claimed, "I won't stop crying!" he exclaimed, "I won't stop crying!" he exclaimed, "I won't stop crying!"

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He thought thought what a fool he had been ever to come to this wretched place. It was not as though he needed to dig for gold. In England there was sufficient and to spare waiting for him to spend. But he had always loved adventure—

At that point in his meditations the noise of a great shout behind him made Bill turn. His wishes were answered, for there, on horseback, were some of the very men of whom he had been thinking.

"How's the fever?" was the first question, asked at a precautionary distance.

"Gone!" Bill answered. "You can come back, all the brave kit of you!"—with a sneer. "Get any letters?"

Being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Bolton sat down again on the same big boulder to devour the contents of a letter that was handed to him, and, while the other miners went on to recapture their forsaken claims, he learned that he was now a baronet, and that he must return to England immediately.

"Which means that I must get rid of Maisie at once," he muttered, standing and looking down into the running water. "Wonder how she'll take it? Queer that a chap can be so jealous one minute, and yet not care a straw what becomes of the woman once she's out of sight and done with!"

The girl was fast asleep when he pushed open the door and entered his hut with a firm step. The mere idea of returning to England seemed to have infused new life into him.

"Maisie," he said, speaking more softly than usual—"Maisie!"

She sprang up, pushing the masses of lovely fair hair away from her flushed face, and wondering for a moment why her mouth felt so stiff and sore; but she soon remembered.

"Yes," she answered coldly.

"I am off to the old country—I thought you'd better know."

"To England at last! Oh, Bill, how glad I am!" she cried excitedly. "Oh, to think of the trees and the fields and the song birds! When shall we start?"

It had not occurred to him that the matter would be so difficult. The sight of the face which he had injured, lighted up with hope and eagerness; the remembrance of the days and nights through which Maisie had nursed him, bringing him back to life from the very jaws of death; the memory of certain hours of passionate sweetness, when he had whispered to her of a love in which he himself for the moment had been weak enough to believe—all rushed upon him at once.

He could not in cold blood tell her that which he had intended to, so he endeavored to laugh the matter off.

"Little goose! I thought I'd startle you," said Bill, quite caressingly. "Well, you needn't get agitated just yet, though I dare say that in a few months—"

"Oh—a few months!" The girl had heard that before. Excitement and hope vanished together; and she lay down again, and before long was once more asleep.

Maisie did not awake until the day was far advanced. Then however she looked around her with a bewildered air.

Why had Bill gone out and left her to sleep so long? He was usually called out for breakfast long before this time.

She proceeded to dress, and while doing so she caught sight of an envelope lying upon the rough table which Bill, who was a very fair carpenter, had fashioned out of a few boards. Her name in his handwriting was upon the letter and with a foreboding of evil she tore it open. This is what she found inside—

"DEAR MAISIE—I am sorry I had to go without explaining things to you; but you were so sound asleep it seemed a pity to wake you. I am off to England. It would not have done to take you, for, owing to the fact that the man who married us was no parson at all, and that various other little details did not receive attention, you are not my wife. I leave you as much money as you will want just at present, and, once my jealous self is out of the way, no doubt you will get on all right. Good-bye! BILL BOLTON."

"By-the-way, that is not my name, nor anything like it."

It was about a month after Maisie's receipt of that precious epistle that Jack Jones was assisting a very frail-looking woman, with dark eyes and masses of golden hair, on board a steamer due to sail in an hour for Southampton.

"I shall never forget your goodness," Maisie said gratefully.

"What have I done in comparison with all I owe to you, who saved my life? When you see your husband, tell him, though, that I did my best to repay him for his kindness in letting you nurse me."

The girl's face became, if possible, a little paler than before; but she said nothing—indeed never had said anything to reveal the truth. Except for a word or two of explanation, to the effect that Bill had suddenly been called away, and that she must follow more leisurely, she had not taken the miners into her confidence.

When she recovered from the stunning blow dealt by that letter, she came to the conclusion that she might spare herself at least one pang—that, although she could not undo the past, none need know her shame.

Her friend Jack should never know how vile a creature she was. But she would return to England—of Africa she had had more than enough—and the money which Bill had left would be sufficient to carry her thither. Afterwards—but why trouble about the future?

All through that time of Maisie's suffering and perplexity, Jack had been her self-constituted protector and guardian, and, although every moment spent in her society had but served to deepen his love, not one word of that love had ever passed his lips.

She was alone and defenceless—she belonged to another man—and therefore Jack's chivalrous reverence for her kept him dumb.

Thus it was that the Castle liner steamed away with Maisie on board, carrying her penniless to English shores, while Jack Jones, who had not dared to trust himself through the long leisure of a voyage in her company, remained behind.

## CHAPTER II.

It was towards the evening of the exquisite January day, when the scarlet sun was sending gorgeous streaks across the spotless snow, and lighting up every corner of the winter drawing room at Ridersford Hall, that Rosa, Lady Clifford, was sitting vis-a-vis with Mrs. Childers sipping tea out of egg shell china cups, and eating those hot cakes for which Sir Geoffrey's chef had quite a reputation.

The two ladies, who had been friends from childhood, and whose mutual widowhood had still found them near neighbors and close allies, had been talking for hours of their children—the bride and bridegroom whose return was now so rapidly approaching. The topic had not been exhausted, though for a moment it had been dropped for the consideration of other matters.

"You will be able to reach Ingleside well before dark," the sweet-faced hostess remarked. "I agree with you that in such weather as this it is wretched to drive after dark."

"Yes—the snow is so apt to ball in the horses' feet and all that sort of thing, while, if they stumble, I'm terrified! But I fear I've interfered a good deal with your own proper and particular tea time," glancing at the Sevres clock upon the mantelpiece.

"You've given me the excuse which I always like for hastening it. I'm afraid a lover of tea like myself will be almost a trial to Daisy—at least if she has any idea as to punctuality."

"She hasn't," laughed the mother—"not the faintest! Dear child—to think that she will be home—alas, not in the old nest though—in two short days! She and Geoffrey are rather dissipated, don't you think, to delay their arrival whilst they stay in London to do all the theatres?"

"They seemed to have had a nice time, though. Daisy's letters has been full of news and pleasure," smiled the dowager Lady Clifford. A first glimpse of her placid face gave no idea of ill-health, but she was a confirmed invalid, who had rarely been able to stand unaided for many years, and she was now seated in a high-backed wheeling-chair.

Mrs. Childers began to gather up her muff and boa.

"You must be glad that Geoffrey is settled at last," she remarked, shaking her head. "I used to wonder how you could endure those African wanderings of his—you never seemed to get any news, or to know exactly where he was or what he was doing."

Lady Clifford's figure stiffened slightly. That was hardly the way in which she cared to hear her son mentioned.

"But a letter addressed to 'Bill Bolton, Box 358, Cape Town,' always found him," she explained coldly. Then, with a quick change of manner, she added, "A singular name, wasn't it? I've often wondered whether Mr. Bolton was himself or some friend. To make sure that no one else read them, I used to enclose all my letters in an undercover."

"A very good plan. By-the-way, you promised to show me that photograph of Geoff that he brought you from

Town—the one in the digger's dress, you remember."

Lady Clifford nodded, and moved her hand to a silver bell standing upon a bracket within reach. A footman responded to the first tinkle.

"Ask Miss Mitchell to come to me, if she will be good enough," she said, with the pretty gracious air of command that made her lightest wish binding upon the domestics, who doted her. "By-the-way, Elinor, you have not seen my new companion yet. I'm curious to hear your opinion of her."

"How did you get her?" Mrs. Childers asked, with a faint show of interest—she rarely took notice of those people whom she considered her "interiors."

"A clergyman's wife answered my advertisement. She was much interested in the girl, whom she had found lying ill of brain fever in a London hospital. When Miss Mitchell was well enough, the lady undertook to start her in life. It was the easier, since the young person was already a partially trained nurse."

"And that, perhaps was all that the clergyman's wife knew about her? Well, Rosa, you always were a little rash."

The door was opened, and a girl, dressed in the usual dark blue gown and large white apron of a professional nurse, entered.

But how pretty she was! Mrs. Childers, turned carelessly to survey her, found her attention arrested at once by the vision of loveliness which she beheld.

"Go to my writing desk, Miss Mitchell—see—here are the keys—and please bring me a cabinet photograph which you will find quite on the top of the part in which I keep unanswered letters?"

"Oh, yes—I know the division!" responded the nurse, in a sweet voice; and, with a smile, she took the keys and went off.

"My dear Rosa, what an exquisite creature! I only hope that Geoffrey will have altered his old habits so far as not to fall in love with her!" exclaimed Mrs. Childers, with a somewhat uncomfortable laugh.

"Is he not married?" returned her ladyship coldly. "Besides"—more suavely—"those tales were very foolish."

The visitor laughed foolishly.

"What of Daphne, then?" she queried. "Before Geoff saw my little Daisy, who was fresh from school, I fully expected that you would be asked to receive the widow as a daughter."

"The idea did not last long, though, did it, when once your sweet child appeared upon the scene? But what a time Miss Mitchell is in finding that picture! I was anxious to show you the morning-room. It was only really finished yesterday. I hope you will be able to stay?"

"Yes. I want to see the effect of that lovely harmony in pale salmon and lettuce-green," Mrs. Childers replied. "Can I wheel your chair, or— But here is your nurse!"

Miss Mitchell has returned, but neither lady glanced at her face as she handed the picture to Lady Clifford. Mrs. Childers knelt down by the wheeled chair the better to examine the photograph, and the girl was able to retire into the background unobserved. Otherwise the pallor of her cheeks and the startled look in her eyes could not have failed to attract attention.

"I prefer him in the garb of civilization, certainly," remarked Mrs. Childers, rather disagreeably impressed by this new rendering of a familiar countenance. She thought that she had never before noticed how heavy and lowering it could look, how sensual the lips, how fierce the eyes; and she wondered that Lady Clifford had allowed anyone but herself to see the portrait.

"But I must be off," she continued, rising, and glad to think of a means of turning the conversation. "Can we take the morning-room en route, or will a visit there fatigue you too much?"

"I should like to come," the hostess assured her; and with Miss Mitchell to propel the chair the journey could only be pleasant, so careful and skilful was the nurse.

"How perfectly lovely she is," Mrs. Childers thought, as she stole glances at the girl's profile, and noted the little curling tendrils of fair hair that escaped from the prim cap and clustered about the tiny shell-like ears and upon the whitest of foreheads.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT we wish to remembered using thoroughly possess. If it gave me in our work, we must have collected a personally interesting diary and the return of the long sought DAVID L. BARKER. Dependent Indians, Oct. 4 1890. They set the system right—Jayne's Narrative Phil.



## A DREAM OF HARVEST

BY J. M.

I've not seen for many a year  
A growing corn or farm or grange,  
I know not why there should appear  
To me a dream so sweet, yet strange.

High in a garret, where St. Paul's  
Gives me stone-greeting every morn,  
Last night I dreamed of linnet's calls,  
And long fair upland fields of corn.

I knew not what so far away  
From pounds and pence my fancy led;  
I looked as usual yesterday  
Only on lines of black and red!

But yet across the dull dead years,  
I saw, last seen so long ago,  
Again the rustling golden spears  
Thick serried waving to and fro.

I heard the farmer's homely yarns,  
Their fears of laid unripened grain,  
Their hopes of overflowing barns,  
Their prophecies of sun and rain.

I saw browned girls with cornflowers braid—  
My dream you see had skipped some leaves—  
Their curls, faint reapers in rare shade  
Asleep, bales cradled in warm sheaves.

I heard the tinkling laden wain  
Slow creeping under clouded skies,  
The stork's well-known sound, the strain  
Of harvest filled with tears my eyes.

I saw the tired ears falling caught  
By women's arms, in heat of noon;  
Then came a change, and there was brought  
But shocks and stubble neath the moon.

I'm almost in despair with it,  
This wide, wide waste of white and brown;  
But wife and child die, if I quit  
My worn stool in this stifling town.

## HIS SWEETHEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?"  
"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE,"  
"UNDER SUSPICION," "HER  
DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

THE golden glory of an almost setting African sun was flooding the wide and desolate expanse of veldt, and wrapping in a scarlet haze all the uninviting huts and shanties which composed the gold-digging settlement at Bullock's Creek, when a weary-looking young fellow, carrying a gun and mounted on a worn-out pony, came within hailing distance of the place.

The man took off his dilapidated felt hat, and waved it, with a shout, partly of greeting and partly of delight—not indeed that there appeared to be any one to greet, yet, to have actually arrived was something for which to cheer.

"Poor old Chum!" he exclaimed, patting his beast's lean neck as he spoke. "We thought we'd about gone over the edge of the world, by mistake, didn't we? But I suppose we hadn't, since here's some sort of a place at last. Oh, I say, though—hold up a few minutes longer, can't you? Think of that stable ahead, my son! You'll never get there if you collapse, you know, for I draw the line at carrying you."

But in spite of his enjoining and encouragements, to "hold up" seemed exactly the thing which the pony could not do. The poor animal had indeed almost reached the end of its tether.

Not even the immediate prospect of rest and food was sufficient to prevail.

After another, as it half galloped and half trotted, the animal came to a sudden stop.

The girl stood still for a few moments, under the shadow of the rough porch, shading her eyes with her hand. His presence, no less than his motionless attitude, seemed to perplex her. But, after a while, walking slowly and thoughtfully, she came towards him until only about twenty yards separated them. Then she stopped.

"What has brought you here?" she asked. "Don't you know that we've fever in the camp?"

Jack shook his head.

"No—I don't know anything about the camp, not even what the name is," he said, with a faint smile. "I left Johannesburg a fortnight ago, with a lot of other fellows, to shoot big game. A week later, like a fool, I started off one morning before the rest of my party were awake, and got lost."

"I've been wandering ever since, and yesterday I sprained my leg, just as a sort of wind-up to my misfortunes. That's my story; and I'm only thankful to have kicked up against human beings again before I pegged out. I'm not afraid of the fever."

"Your horse is done for," the girl remarked.

"Poor old Chum! I'm afraid so. I'm done for, too, nearly. Please have a little pity on me—with a half laugh—and take me in."

"I'm the only person, not ill, left here," she replied gravely. "All the rest who weren't laid up have gone. But of course I couldn't desert Bill and the others, especially as I was the only woman up here. Oh, yes—you may come, if you like! Indeed!—with a quick smile—"I couldn't well keep you out. But you'll probably take the fever, and, if you do, you'll probably die."

It certainly did not sound cheerful. But, notwithstanding the hardships he had undergone, Jack's nerves were good, added to which it would, he thought, be decidedly more comfortable to die within sound of a musical voice, and perhaps the touch of soft fingers, than away on that dreary veldt, with rattlesnakes as his companions and the laugh of the hyena as his knell.

"I'll risk it," he answered, without hesitation. "The only question is how am I to get anywhere?"

She came close up to him and held out her arm. Standing thus, with the radiance all about her, Jack thought how excessively pretty the young woman was, and how out of place she looked.

"What on earth brought you here?" he inquired. But he received no reply to an inquiry which, at such a moment, was particularly useless and foolish.

"Lean on my arm," she said. "You shall go to Tom Bunker's hut. It's the nearest and cleanest, and, I suppose, as he was all right when he went away, it is as slightly infected as any."

Jack was hobbling along by her side as she talked, giving her as little of the burden of his weight as was possible, and still supporting himself by the aid of the gun. But their progress was of the slowest, and in a few minutes great drops of perspiration were standing out upon his sunburned face, and he was obliged to pause.

"You are suffering," the girl said gently. "I am sorry. Sprains are such horrid things—and so very painful."

"Beastly!" exclaimed Jack, recommending the arduous march. His companion was glad when he saw the door of the hut.

"I could faint on the way," he said, as a relief, too, that by the time consciousness returned, he had a roof over his head.

When Jack Jones returned to his hut, he found that his horse was dead, and that he was lying on his back, and that there was a large snake coiled round his neck.

He looked at it, and he saw that it was a cobra, and he was already on the ground.

Whatever the future held for him, he had at any rate a roof over his head.

"I'm all right," he said, as he lay down, and he was soon asleep.

He was not alone, however, for a girl was lying on the ground, and she was looking at him with a smile.

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brighter look upon her face than had been there for several long days. For one thing, Bill was asleep in the hut, and therefore better, while all the rest of the invalids seemed to be on the road to recovery. The thought was sufficient to make her cheerful.

It did not serve however to extinguish all memory of Jack's unfortunate steed, and she turned aside to see how the pony fared. Its master might need it some day, and it it could be saved it should.

Which resolve was rendered easier of accomplishment by Old Chum himself, who had occupied his leisure in recovering his feet, and when she reached him he was already looking about in an inquisitive manner.

Jack, watching his nurse through the open door, had the gratification of seeing the two new acquaintances go towards the creek together, and of admiring the practised manner in which the girl proceeded to hobble the steed, in order to prevent him wandering.

Then Maisie ran towards the shanty out of which she had first emerged, but almost at the same instant the tropical darkness made itself felt, and night fell.

Jack did not catch the fever. Perhaps it was owing to the strength of his constitution, possibly to the fact that the force of the epidemic had spent itself, or, more probably still, to the sprained ankle which kept him away from infected places until the fever had died out.

At any rate, he was able each morning, in answer to Maisie's inquiries, truthfully to declare himself better, until at last that young woman ceased to look for the dreaded symptoms in her patient.

"But I'm tired of this hut," Jack declared, before a week was over. "How I envied those of your convalescents whom I saw last night airing themselves opposite!"

"You've said that before," she retorted, laughingly; for, on the preceding evening, the two had had a great discussion, Jack having declared in favor of joining the two or three cadaverous-looking men whose movements he had been watching with eagerness, while Maisie had dared him to put his foot to the ground without her permission.

"Well, I say it again! And, what's more, Miss Maisie—"

"I've told you before that I won't be called 'Miss'! 'Maisie' is good enough for me—besides, I'm not 'Miss' at all."

He stared at her in astonishment, little thinking that his dark blue eyes were so greatly admired by his nurse, and that they were rapidly becoming the beacon stars of her life.

"Not 'Miss' at all? But you don't mean to say that you are married?"

The moment had come when Jack must be told. A strange unwillingness to make the truth known to him had hitherto tied her tongue. But in response to this question he must now hear all.

"Yes," she said quietly, adding—for she was a woman, and by no means desirous of confessing herself in the wrong—"didn't you understand that before?"

Jack had turned pale under the still unfaded sunburn of his skin; for even as she spoke he realized the meaning of those longings for her presence, those delightful thrills that the sound of her footfall had given, those day-dreams of home, and love, and happiness which had helped him through the solitary hours of his illness. And in the moment that brought this realization, he saw that he was a married man.

"No—I did not understand," he replied calmly; for he was one of those men who could receive a blow without making a sign.

"Yes," Maisie continued, suddenly seating herself in the confidential attitude that she had often before assumed when she wanted to while away a weary hour in a position in which the empty packing case which served Jack as a table became her seat, and her pretty hands were clasped round one of her knees—"I'm Bill Bolton's wife!"

"Bill Bolton?" echoed the man involuntarily. But his self-control was sufficient to suppress the groan that had almost accompanied the words.

"You wouldn't think that he was a gentleman by his name, would you?" the girl queried. Now that the ice was broken, it seemed rather nice to be talking to this new friend concerning herself—it was indeed about the only subject which had not already been discussed between them.

"Oh, yes. Oh, one can tell it by his name."

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"And you are very young?"

"The moment the word came, he knew that he ought to ask them, and wondered if they would. But apparently the moment crossed Maisie's mind, and she clasped her hands, and assumed a conventional position.

"Wives always do love to marry him for love, but he's lonely; and the hospital did you know I was not beginning to learn to love him."

"He asked me to be with him here, and I was all about it. We were a week before our wedding, and hadn't a long engagement."

Jack was staring at her more every line and figure, every feature of face framed in fluffy gold, trusted strangely with eyes.

That combination of eyes, the curling lashes, and the thin, delicate lips, made her beauty of character. But when she came conscious that she was saying something.

"Why didn't you say so?" he inquired.

Maisie hesitated, returning without the least trace of embarrassment. Then, as she saw that he was not listening, she began again.

"Why didn't you say so?" he inquired.

"Maisie was quite voiceless."

They had been so much their conversation to be about already, though from a great distance the name had been shouted by a speaker. The girl sprang to her feet, though she sat down again by answer.

"You, Bill!" she exclaimed, holding her dress from a nap on the boards of the box. "You're across? Rather rash—was it you have arrived, won't you make Mr. Jones' acquaintance?"

Maisie was trembling a little, her easy flow of words. She was what Jack did not guess—that position was of the jealous and was quite conscious that she had been signs of the awakening of an eyed monster in regard to her comers.

"I do trust that Bill will have the thought uppermost in his mind. For a moment Mr. Bolton did not look as though that were his intention. He lingered upon the boards of the box. "You're across? Rather rash—was it you have arrived, won't you make Mr. Jones' acquaintance?"

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the contrast between them had become very apparent to her. And it was not Bill who showed to advantage.

She had never realized before how thick were his lips, how scowling his brow, how fierce and bloodshot his eyes, how unkempt his beard, nor—and this was the most astounding matter of all—how much older he was than herself.

"Don't you hear me speak?" growled her companion, suddenly clutching her shoulder with a grip that hurt her, and wheeling her sharply towards the cabin door. "Answer me, then—can't you?"

Maisie turned pale, for, in all the three months of their married life—which, as she had told Jack, embracing all but one week of their entire acquaintance—she had never heard him speak like that before, and she felt greatly confused.

"Yes—very," she replied honestly. "I like him too—very much. Don't you?"

Bill raised his hand suddenly and struck her across the mouth, almost knocking her down.

"You dare own as much to my face?" he cried excitedly, and half mad with the jealousy that was now aroused to its full extent.

"If you enter his door again, I'll kill you! You hear what I say? I'll kill you! Like him—do you? And I suppose he likes you too?"

Alas—in that moment there came to Maisie a revelation as sudden and as sad as her own words had an hour since conveyed to Jack.

Even during the two or three moments in which she staggered to a seat she learned what love was, and to whom her own was given.

There was an awkward silence in the hut for some time. Bill felt, in truth, thoroughly ashamed of himself. He had been, as Maisie declared, born a gentleman, and educated as such.

Away over in England his old mother, awaiting his return with greater anxiety than he guessed, was called "My lady," and she looked it too, in her deep black dress and snowy widow's cap.

That her son should ever have raised his hand to strike a woman would have seemed as impossible to her as to pretty Daisy Childers, who was thinking of him at that moment, and wondering when he would return home to claim his honors and riches, together with his bride.

Daphne Lisle, with her magnificent dark eyes and wealth of black hair—Daphne who knew the tenderness that he could put into his tone, as well as the force with which his hand could thrust the importunate—might not have been surprised at his conduct to Maisie.

It was not of Daphne, but rather of those two other fairer and truer women, that Bill was thinking as he stood sullenly before that other woman of whose existence neither mother nor fiancée dreamed.

"I wish you'd stop crying!" he exclaimed irritably at last. "I scarcely touched you; so you needn't make such a stupid fuss."

Maisie moved her hands from her face. They were marked with blood, as he could see, and her upper lip was cut and swollen.

"Well, you shouldn't exasperate a fellow so!" he said, as though in reply. "You know how jealous I am, Maisie, and how I hate another chap to look at you. You may as well make it up with me."

But the girl shrank away from the caress which he offered; and Bill stalked out of the hut and banged the door behind him.

"Where's the missis?" called out one of a group of three or four men playing cards in the shade of a neighboring shanty.

"She's knocked her face against something, and is bathing it," Bill shouted back; and Maisie, hearing, was glad to know what her cue was to be.

Not that she intended to show herself out again that night, for her patients—the men for whose sake she had risked her young life—were well enough now to look after themselves, but she need not expose that poor bruised beauty of hers to their sympathetic gaze immediately.

So she lay down on her comfortless bed, and by-and-by, worn out with the heat and her tears, no less than by her long spell of nursing and anxiety, soon fell asleep.

Bill sauntered in solitary shame and anger by the side of the creek towards the spot where Maisie and Jack had first met. But he soon tired, and then sat down upon a boulder to think.

He wondered whether there was any chance of an early return of the absent diggers. They would probably bring with them news of the other world—perhaps even letters.

After the last he had received from home—which told of his father's serious illness—the so-called Bill Bolton wanted to know what parent were dead.

He thought thought what a fool he had been ever to come to this wretched place. It was not as though he needed to dig for gold. In England there was sufficient and to spare waiting for him to spend. But he had always loved adventure—

At that point in his meditations the noise of a great shout behind him made Bill turn. His wishes were answered, for there, on horseback, were some of the very men of whom he had been thinking.

"How's the fever?" was the first question, asked at a precautionary distance.

"Gone!" Bill answered. "You can come back, all the brave kit of you!"—with a sneer. "Get any letters?"

Being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Bolton sat down again on the same big boulder to devour the contents of a letter that was handed to him, and, while the other miners went on to recapture their forsaken claims, he learned that he was now a baronet, and that he must return to England immediately.

"Which means that I must get rid of Maisie at once," he muttered, standing and looking down into the running water. "Wonder how she'll take it? Queer that a chap can be so jealous one minute, and yet not care a straw what becomes of the woman once she's out of sight and done with!"

The girl was fast asleep when he pushed open the door and entered his hut with a firm step. The mere idea of returning to England seemed to have infused new life into him.

"Maisie," he said, speaking more softly than usual—"Maisie!"

She sprang up, pushing the masses of lovely fair hair away from her flushed face, and wondering for a moment why her mouth felt so stiff and sore; but she soon remembered.

"Yes," she answered coldly.

"I am off to the old country—I thought you'd better know."

"To England at last! Oh, Bill, how glad I am!" she cried excitedly. "Oh, to think of the trees and the fields and the song birds! When shall we start?"

It had not occurred to him that the matter would be so difficult. The sight of the face which he had injured, lighted up with hope and eagerness; the remembrance of the days and nights through which Maisie had nursed him, bringing him back to life from the very jaws of death; the memory of certain hours of passionate sweetness, when he had whispered to her of a love in which he himself for the moment had been weak enough to believe—all rushed upon him at once.

He could not in cold blood tell her that which he had intended to, so he endeavored to laugh the matter off.

"Little goose! I thought I'd startle you," said Bill, quite caressingly. "Well, you needn't get agitated just yet, though I dare say that in a few months—"

"Oh—a few months?" The girl had heard that before. Excitement and hope vanished together; and she lay down again, and before long was once more asleep.

Maisie did not awake until the day was far advanced. Then however she looked around her with a bewildered air.

Why had Bill gone out and left her to sleep so long? He was usually called out for breakfast long before this time.

She proceeded to dress, and while doing so she caught sight of an envelope lying upon the rough table which Bill, who was a very fair carpenter, had fashioned out of a few boards. Her name in his handwriting was upon the letter and with a foreboding of evil she tore it open. This is what she found inside—

"DEAR MAISIE—I am sorry I had to go without explaining things to you; but you were so sound asleep it seemed a pity to wake you. I am off to England. It would not have done to take you, for, owing to the fact that the man who married us was no parson at all, and that various other little details did not receive attention, you are not my wife. I leave you as much money as you will want just at present, and, once my jealous self is out of the way, no doubt you will get on all right. Good-bye! BILL BOLTON."

"By-the-way, that is not my name, nor anything like it."

It was about a month after Maisie's receipt of that precious epistle that Jack Jones was assisting a very frail-looking woman, with dark eyes and masses of golden hair, on board a steamer due to sail in an hour for Southampton.

"I shall never forget your goodness," Maisie said gratefully.

"What have I done in comparison with all I owe to you, who saved my life? When you see—your husband, tell him, though, that I did my best to repay him for his kindness in letting you nurse me."

The girl's face became, if possible, a little paler than before; but she said nothing—indeed never had said anything to reveal the truth. Except for a word or two of explanation, to the effect that Bill had suddenly been called away, and that she must follow more leisurely, she had not taken the miners into her confidence.

When she recovered from the stunning blow dealt by that letter, she came to the conclusion that she might spare herself at least one pang—that, although she could not undo the past, none need know her shame.

Her friend Jack should never know how vile a creature she was. But she would return to England—of Africa she had had more than enough—and the money which Bill had left would be sufficient to carry her thither. Afterwards—but why trouble about the future?

All through that time of Maisie's suffering and perplexity, Jack had been her self-constituted protector and guardian, and, although every moment spent in her society had but served to deepen his love, not one word of that love had ever passed his lips.

She was alone and defenceless—she belonged to another man—and therefore Jack's chivalrous reverence for her kept him dumb.

Thus it was that the Castle liner steamed away with Maisie on board, carrying her penniless to English shores, while Jack Jones, who had not dared to trust himself through the long leisure of a voyage in her company, remained behind.

## CHAPTER II.

It was towards the evening of the exquisite January day, when the scarlet sun was sending gorgeous streaks across the spotless snow, and lighting up every corner of the winter drawing room at Ridersford Hall, that Rosa, Lady Clifford, was sitting vis-a-vis with Mrs. Childers sipping tea out of egg shell china cups, and eating those hot cakes for which Sir Geoffrey's chef had quite a reputation.

The two ladies, who had been friends from childhood, and whose mutual widowhood had still found them near neighbors and close allies, had been talking for hours of their children—the bride and bridegroom whose return was now so rapidly approaching. The topic had not been exhausted, though for a moment it had been dropped for the consideration of other matters.

"You will be able to reach Ingleside well before dark," the sweet-faced hostess remarked. "I agree with you that in such weather as this it is wretched to drive after dark."

"Yes—the snow is so apt to ball in the horses' feet and all that sort of thing, while, if they stumble, I'm terrified! But I fear I've interfered a good deal with your own proper and particular tea time," glancing at the Sevres clock upon the mantelpiece.

"You've given me the excuse which I always like for hastening it, I'm afraid a lover of tea like myself will be almost a trial to Daisy—at least if she has any idea as to punctuality."

"She hasn't," laughed the mother—"not the faintest! Dear child—to think that she will be home—alas, not in the old nest though—in two short days! She and Geoffrey are rather dissipated, don't you think, to delay their arrival whilst they stay in London to do all the theatres?"

"They seemed to have had a nice time, though. Daisy's letters has been full of news and pleasure," smiled the dowager Lady Clifford. A first glimpse of her placid face gave no idea of ill-health, but she was a confirmed invalid, who had rarely been able to stand unaided for many years, and she was now seated in a high-backed wheeling-chair.

Mrs. Childers began to gather up her muff and boa.

"You must be glad that Geoffrey is settled at last," she remarked, shaking her head. "I used to wonder how you could endure those African wanderings of his—you never seemed to get any news, or to know exactly where he was or what he was doing."

Lady Clifford's figure stiffened slightly. That was hardly the way in which she cared to hear her son mentioned.

"But a letter addressed to 'Bill Bolton, Box 378, Cape Town,' always found him," she explained coldly. Then, with a quick change of manner, she added, "A singular name, wasn't it? I've often wondered whether Mr. Bolton was himself or some friend. To make sure that no one else read them, I used to enclose all my letters in an undercover."

"A very good plan. By-the-way, you promised to show me that photograph of Geoffrey that he brought you from "

Town—the one in the digger's dress, you remember."

Lady Clifford nodded, and moved her hand to a silver bell standing upon a bracket within reach. A footman responded to the first tinkle.

"Ask Miss Mitchell to come to me, if she will be good enough," she said, with the pretty gracious air of command that made her lightest wish binding upon the domestics, who adored her. "By-the-way, Elinor, you have not seen my new companion yet. I'm curious to hear your opinion of her."

"How did you get her?" Mrs. Childers asked, with a faint show of interest—she rarely took notice of those people whom she considered her "interiors."

"A clergyman's wife answered my advertisement. She was much interested in the girl, whom she had found lying ill of brain fever in a London hospital. When Miss Mitchell was well enough, the lady undertook to start her in life. It was the easier, since the young person was already a partially trained nurse."

"And that, perhaps was all that the clergyman's wife knew about her? Well, Rosa, you always were a little rash."

The door was opened, and a girl, dressed in the usual dark blue gown and large white apron of a professional nurse, entered.

But how pretty she was! Mrs. Childers, turned carelessly to survey her, found her attention arrested at once by the vision of loveliness which she beheld.

"Go to my writing desk, Miss Mitchell—see—here are the keys—and please bring me a cabinet photograph which you will find quite on the top of the part in which I keep unanswered letters?"

"Oh, yes—I know the division!" responded the nurse, in a sweet voice; and, with a smile, she took the keys and went off.

"My dear Rosa, what an exquisite creature! I only hope that Geoffrey will have altered his old habits so far as not to fall in love with her!" exclaimed Mrs. Childers, with a somewhat uncomfortable laugh.

"Is he not married?" returned her ladyship coldly. "Besides"—more suavely—"those tales were very foolish."

The visitor laughed doubtfully.

"What of Daphne Lisle?" she queried. "Before Geoff saw my little Daisy, who was fresh from school, I fully expected that you would be asked to receive the widow as a daughter."

"The idea did not last long, though, did it, when once your sweet child appeared upon the scene? But what a time Miss Mitchell is in finding that picture! I was anxious to show you the morning-room. It was only really finished yesterday. I hope you will be able to stay?"

"Yes, I want to see the effect of that lovely harmony in pale salmon and lettuce-green," Mrs. Childers replied. "Can I wheel your chair, or— But here is your nurse!"

Miss Mitchell has returned, but neither lady glanced at her face as she handed the picture to Lady Clifford. Mrs. Childers knelt down by the wheeled chair the better to examine the photograph, and the girl was able to retire into the background unobserved. Otherwise the pallor of her cheeks and the startled look in her eyes could not have failed to attract attention.

"I prefer him in the garb of civilization, certainly," remarked Mrs. Childers, rather disagreeably impressed by this new rendering of a familiar countenance. She thought that she had never before noticed how heavy and lowering it could look, how sensual the lips, how fierce the eyes; and she wondered that Lady Clifford had allowed anyone but herself to see the portrait.

"But I must be off," she continued, rising, and glad to think of a means of turning the conversation. "Can we take the morning-room en route, or will a visit there fatigue you too much?"

"I should like to come," the hostess assured her; and with Miss Mitchell to propel the chair the journey could only be pleasant, so careful and skilful was the nurse.

"How perfectly lovely she is," Mrs. Childers thought, as she stole glances at the girl's profile, and noted the little curling tendrils of fair hair that escaped from the prim cap and clustered about the tiny shell-like ears and upon the whitest of foreheads.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT we wish to remember me to thoroughly possess. It concerned using our work, we must when we are in only laboring & speedily executed a perishing chapter. I have had no return of the details—DAVID L. BARNER, Dep. Indiana, Oct. 4 1890. They set the system right—Jayne's Narrative Phila.



## ELFIN REVELS.

BY J. G. R.

When the moonlight fair is streaming  
Over the grassy forest dells,  
Elves dance gaily to the music  
Of the chiming foxglove-bells;  
And their magic jewels glimmer  
In the moonbeams' silvery shimmer.

Where the mossy sward is softest,  
Of the freshest richest green,  
By her maidens fair surrounded,  
Sits the lovely elfin-queen,  
On a rose-leaf throne reclining,  
Dewdrops 'mid her bright locks shining.

Gay elf-maidens dance all lightly  
With their gallant elfin-knights;  
In the mushroom-ring they circle,  
Glow-worms are their "fairy lights"—  
Tiny points of radiance gleaming  
When the tired world is dreaming.

Dewdrops, honey, wild-flow'r petals  
Form the dainty fairy-feast;  
But the airy host must vanish  
Ere the red dawn lights the East,  
When the larks are upward springing,  
Joyous matin-carols singing!

## Robina's Idea.

BY L. O. T.

ROBINA was not her baptismal name, but no one ever thought of calling her anything else.

"Why am I so nicknamed?" she would answer an inquirer; "and why do I allow it? Well, you know, it was on account of my small bright eyes. They are bright still, I am told. That began it."

"A friend used to say—we were boy and girl together—I had 'the sharpest little black beads in my head that ever was'; boys are never grammatical; and then my voice, they used to say, rang like a robin's. Of course, I don't mind! Only people who are loved very tenderly get nicknamed. I wouldn't be called anything else for all the world!"

The "still" and the "used" had a pathetic sound, but when you looked at the speaker you wondered the need for them. She was one of those cheery little souls who never grow old; and you were sure she would go to her grave without a gray hair or a disfiguring wrinkle.

She was not troubled with the weight of "brains," for one thing, and the mind that works simply doesn't tax the body. But her life had not been an easy one.

Death of beloved ones had lacerated her tender heart from time to time; pecuniary difficulties had necessitated wearing economies; love had been crossed by a fatal misunderstanding; and loneliness, so far as natural ties were concerned, was now her portion.

If you could have persuaded her that she still looked young, and the "middle-age" stigma she insisted on was an absurdity, she would then declare it was God who kept her youthful for some wise purpose.

Her simple child-like faith was her ultimatum. Scientists and doctors might suggest a perfectly healthy body deserved its praise; but this she confessed, with a conviction that compelled silence, was the result of faith.

Suffering was an unnecessary evil in the world, she held. The great Founder of Christianity had rebuked its presence as a lack of faith.

Inasmuch as God is good and the fount of all being, He cannot produce physical or moral deformity. She taught the doctrine far and wide, and it was often, in nervous cases, of far more use than the whole science of medicine put together.

In figure she was small and cooly plump, with the prettiest dimpled little hands you ever saw. Dimples were her finishing touch of harmony.

They lurked merrily in the corners of her mouth when she smiled; there was a mischievous one in the centre of her round little chin, that must have plagued the hearts of her admirers when nature taught her coquettish tyrannies.

For Robina had had her train of lovers, and many a good man had offered her the shelter of his heart and home. But the sailor lad, who had read her wrongly, and who had gone to sea and forgotten her, was the one romance of her life; all that went before was obliterated; there could be nothing to follow.

But there was no sentimental repining. Her heart was too strong, her pathos too imperative for self-pity. Her life, with her invisible and more unselfish

she sick  
her

there was no one in the small country parish who did not love her, or welcome at all times, and under all circumstances, her rosy face and bright eyes.

This was the picture of her that was presented to Winifred Seldon when she came to 8—to stay with her bachelor uncle, Dr. Haynes.

"I hope she will call on you at once, my dear," he said at their first breakfast together. "She is by far the nicest woman about here. And you'd never believe she is an old maid."

"I'm glad of that," Winifred said, cracking her egg peremptorily. "I can't bear old maids. We don't have them in London, you know."

"Don't have them?"

"They simply don't exist," she said, meeting his astonished glance over the top of his paper. "No; they are all authors if they are over thirty. And you couldn't possibly call an author an old maid; they'd put you in their books directly. And we are girls in London nowadays till we are thirty."

"You are only twenty-two," he said, looking inquiringly at her handsome face and puzzled at its sangfroid expression.

"Yes; I am only a precocious child. I've some years still before I need look up my grammar."

"But you've got to marry," he said, roused at last and laying down his paper. "I intend to see to that. I hear you refused five or six offers this season. What ever was the use of James bothering to get you presented and all that fiddle-de-dee?"

"Ungrateful of me—wasn't it? But what is your method? I'm curious!"

"Contiguity. And my young partner, Tom Knightley, is exactly the man. He isn't rich, but comfortably off, and not particularly good-looking—but has brains! My dear girl, if he isn't at the top of the profession before he's forty, my name's not Dick Haynes! Now you'll see a good deal of him, and can't fail to like him, and you must just make up your mind without any nonsense to marry him."

"Does he know of this project?"

Dr. Haynes nodded.

"Well, I may have said something or other about you. But—and this is the one drawback—he told me he had no intention of marrying—talks of wedding science and all that stuff."

She pushed her chair back, and walked to the window, and cast a blazing stare across the flower beds.

"I'm afraid I am unequal to the contest," she said in her cool voice.

The old doctor came to her side and leant his hand on her shoulder.

"Have I vexed you? Taken a liberty?"

She stood so tall and dignified; her blue eyes alight with anger, and the color deepening in her beautiful classic face.

She did not answer for a moment, and he removed his hand and touched the wonderful gold hair gleaming in the sun.

"Don't let's start with a quarrel!" he pleaded.

She turned and threw her arms round his neck.

"If I didn't love you, and only you in all the world, you wicked little Uncle Dick, I'd shake you into jelly, I'm so savage with you! Can't you understand what a dreadful fool I shall feel when I see this brain prodigy of yours?"

"But why?"

"Why? Why, of course, he'll never look at me without remembering I've come to marry him!"

"No, no; he won't think anything of the kind. His mind is just choke full of æsthetic experiments. He's forgotten all about you—I'm sure he has."

She laughed deliciously; pinching his old cheek and shaking him well.

"Uncle Dick! What a blunder you must have made of your love affairs!"

Robina came to see her that afternoon. The little woman advanced shyly as the tall, fashionably dressed girl entered the room; nor did the conventional handshake put her more at ease.

"I am afraid you will find this place rather dull, Miss Seldon, after your gaieties in London," she said.

"I want to," Winifred answered; her glance softening as she took Robina in. "I've been longing to visit Uncle Dick ever since he settled here, for that reason. A dull place is so exciting."

"Dear me! I didn't know that—that sort of thing was real. I've read it in books and always thought it unnatural; but then I've never lived in London."

"You are very fortunate."

"Do you think so? Sometimes I think not. One is apt to stagnate in the country. And it must be so delightful to attend those May meetings at Exeter Hall."

"I'm afraid I've never been to any,"

Winifred answered respectfully.

"What a pity! But I suppose you have no time with your social duties."

"They are vampirish, certainly. But one gets into the habit of thinking one has no time for anything. Uncle Dick says you do the work of five or six women, and I expect you have always time to spare."

"No; I'm a dreadful grumbler some days, because I can't make the hours longer. You see this is such a straggly parish; so much time is spent tramping."

"You should ride a bicycle. But perhaps you disapprove?"

"Not exactly," Robina hesitated. "Do you ride one yourself?"

"Of course. You are forced to do so in town if you are unfortunate enough to be between the age of seven and seventy. But I simply loathe it."

"Do you think they will ever be cheaper?"

A sudden understanding flashed through Winifred's mind.

"You mean to say you'd like one and can't afford to buy one? Do forgive my rudeness! I can't imagine what it must be like to want something you can't get!"

Robina looked amazed again.

"Would you like to be poor?"

"Yes. I hate money. I detest luxury. It is all absolute slavery."

"How you will agree with Mr. Knightley! I never saw such a contented man. And I suppose, if he weren't so charitable, he would be quite rich, only he'll never push forward and make the stand he might."

Winifred did not answer. She did not want to own that idea of him appealed to her. She gave his visitor some tea and turned the conversation. And then Robina got up.

"I hope you'll come and see me soon?"

"I'll come to-morrow, if I may."

Robina beamed.

"Do! Mr. Knightley has promised to have tea with me, and you will help to entertain him, won't you?"

There was no drawing back; but when she was alone Winifred began to consider she would be pretty well choked with the man. He was to dine with them that evening, and evidently the contiguity plan would be put in full force.

She dressed early, and was amusing herself strumming the piano when Knightley was announced. She gazed at him critically as he came down the drawing-room. He was a rather tall, square-built man, with a massive head and strong, penetrating dark eyes, and a very noble face.

For the first time in her life Winifred's self-possession left her somewhat, and she said shyly, as she shook hands—

"I don't know if you've heard my name. I am Winifred Seldon."

"I hope I shall not forget," he answered abruptly. "I've an unpardonable habit of letting names slip me. Faces never do. And I have met you before."

"I think not."

"Yes, I have," he answered decisively.

She sat down, trying to evade his scrutiny; but he remained standing, staring at her.

"It was at a table d'hôte in Switzerland somewhere, last summer. I sat opposite to you, and I remember remarking you had the largest, coldest hand for a woman I had ever seen."

He was staring now at her large, shapely white hands; and she laughed.

"You are as polite as the Chinaman who told an English lady what he admired about her most were her big feet. But you may be right—I was in Switzerland last year."

"There is always so much character in a hand," he said, not listening to her. "One can gather a great deal at the first glance. Whereas the face only expresses what the owner chooses."

Nevertheless, his eyes rested again on her beautiful countenance. His scrutiny made her nervous, and she began to resent it.

"Have you put the vegetables to sleep?" she asked in her studiously polite voice. "Uncle tells me you are doing wonderful things with æsthetics."

"Oh, mere experiments. When a discoverer gives you his secret, you always want to go 'one better.'"

"I shouldn't. Discoveries always bore me. I prefer things to go on as they are."

"Suffering among them?"

"Too much is done to prolong life. I was better in the old days, when the weak ones were left to die off."

"Do you mean that?"

"It is only merciful. Crowds of people pray to die—"

"And science is answering the prayer—too slowly it is true, but surely. People

never want to end life, they merely want to escape pain."

"And I want to escape thinking. So please talk about something else. Do you like Miss Tallooh?"

"Robina? Of course I do; I love her!"

"She has tiny hands."

"The softest, kindest little hands ever made—the hands of an angel."

"Who's that? Robina? So she is! So she is!" Dr. Haynes called out as he entered the room. "Who doubts it?"

"Not I, Uncle Dick. She made me feel that I was the world, the flesh and the devil rolled into one," Winifred laughed. "Don't be profane, my dear," rebuked her uncle, laughing too.

She kept up a flippant chatter through dinner, to which Knightley responded with quiet sarcasm, and Dr. Haynes rubbed his hands in ecstasy.

His Winnie was so clever! Quite a match for Knightley's genius; he shouldn't be surprised to hear him propose any minute! And how rapt the young man sat when Winnie played to him later on!

She certainly was a masterful pianist; her strong white hands struck her chords clearly and powerfully with a delightful crispness. But Dr. Haynes was nodding asleep when Knightley suddenly went up to her and said—

"Anything but Mendelssohn, please. You play marvellously, but you have no soul; you never shed a tear in your life, and Mendelssohn is always weeping."

She got up and shut the piano. "You know an astonishing amount about me," she said angrily. "It is a pity I haven't had the advantage of your analysis before. Wake up, Uncle Dick! Mr. Knightley is waiting for billiards."

"Good night," she added, turning to him. "I am afraid we find each other a little antipathetic."

They got on no better at Robina's tea the next day. The good little woman did her best to wave the olive branch, but even her sweet influences failed to make the peace. Knightley did not stay long, obviously leaving to avoid walking back with Winifred.

"As if I should have given him the chance," she said to Robina indignantly. "I can't think how you can like him, Miss Tallooh."

"I know how good he is," Robina answered quietly. "I have known him trudge miles to sit up all night with a cottager's child, and go without a glass of beer to buy an old woman a donkey. It's just in these little things one can know the whole person; and I don't think there is anyone I respect more."

"A pity his manners belie him!"

And the consequential Winifred who had held her court of adorers in London, went home piqued and angry.

Two or three days later Knightley was standing at his window and saw a running along, holding Robina's bicycle. It was a hot August afternoon, and it must have been hot work, and she passed backwards and forwards with untiring energy, and Robina's face was a delight to look on.

The next afternoon he was walking home one of his rounds, and turning a corner sharply he was in time to see Winifred dash in at the door of the London coach and snatch a small dog from the middle of the road.

It was a blind greyhound belonging to a cottager, and he tried the poor muddled little thing as tenderly as if it had been a baby.

"Curious," he said to himself, not attempting to take her. "Her natural pluck, of course, prompted her to save the poor beast. I shouldn't have expected anything else."

Another surprise was in store for him. He dined with her uncle two or three times a week, and Knightley always found her flippant, and he grew gruffly sarcastic.

She never played to him, nor did he ask her; one evening, coming from the billiard room, he met the sweet, pathetic strains of the first of Mendelssohn's *Lieder* being sung down the passages, and at the dressing room door he stopped to listen. Suddenly the music ceased, and he turned to handle gently and went in.

To his astonishment, Winifred's proud head was bowed on the keys and she was sobbing as if her heart would break. A strange emotion seized him and he started to go to her, but the remembrance of her dislike of him checked him, and he left the room, closing the door noiselessly.

Winifred was an enigma to herself. When the paroxysm was over she sprang to her feet and paced excitedly up and down the room. What on earth was happening to her? Tom Knightley had been



quite right when he said she had never shed a tear in her life. It was a literal

she never remembered doing such a thing before. She couldn't understand how she had unnerved her. She had felt abnormally unlike herself the whole day. In the evening since she came, she had experienced new emotions.

She disliked people, as a rule she disliked the thought of them with indifference; but Tom Knightley worried her every turn. She cordially hated him; she could never rest till she knew his opinion on every subject.

That look of pleasure on Robina's face when she presented her with the gift was the first approach to real affection. Winifred, had ever known. She had been liberally all her life, it wasn't till she had never felt she had any right to give a gift before.

At last, that very morning she had been sitting on Tom Knightley's arm. He was talking to her with such a wonderful sweetness on his face, it set Winifred wondering, with an uncomfortable yearning, what it must be like to be loved.

She heard her uncle's step in the hall, and she hastily blew out the candles and went to bid him good night.

It was rumored in the little village that Tom Knightley had taken a house. What could be the meaning of it? Not even his landlady knew; she could only shake her head fearfully to the many questioners.

It would be so hard to lose him; he'd been the nicest lodger she'd ever done with, but of course it was natural such a gentleman should get married in the end.

"Married!" Dr. Haynes roared, when the report reached him. "Who on earth is going to marry?"

Winifred shrugged her shoulders with a frown; but the large white hand that held her book trembled.

"I'm afraid I shan't be here to the wedding, Uncle Dick; I really must be returning home."

"Not really, Winnie? Well, well; it doesn't do to go match making at my age. I'm a sad old bungler."

"Dear old thing! What nonsense you talk!" She threw her book down and went and knelt by his side. "It isn't your fault two people can't get on."

"But why can't you?" he broke in, stroking her fair hair, and wondering at the half-wistful look in her face. "What is the matter with Tom that you don't like him? He isn't particularly handsome—"

"No; but his face—there's something in it that's better than mere good looks."

"And his manners are very roughish."

"Not to Robina, or to little children. Oh, Uncle Dick, you should see the sweet things fly after him down the hill and empty his pockets and climb into his arms."

"And then he's wrapped up in his scientific pursuits."

"But aren't they divine! I believe he'd give years of his life to stem the tide of disease."

"And—ah, well, he's chosen another wife!"

Dr. Haynes pulled the girl's head on his breast, and there was the oddest twinkle in his eyes as he rocked her in his arms.

And then a strange thing happened. Winifred was arranging the flowers one morning, when Tom Knightley was announced. "I've come to ask you a favor," he said, in his abrupt way, dropping her hand quickly, as if it burnt him. "I want you to help me furnish my house."

"Me? You want me? Why don't you ask Robina?"

"I have; but she declares you'd do it so much better. Says you've got more taste, and know best what fashionable ladies like."

Winifred walked to the other end of the room to set a vase down, and the hot flush died before she faced him again.

"I shall be very pleased to do anything for you."

"Thank you. The fact is, Miss Seldon—as I dare say you've heard—I want to get married. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"It depends on the woman you choose, I suppose," she laughed nervously.

"She's a witch," he answered grimly.

"That's why I hope it will come off. She interferes with everything. I can't get away from her, I can't think of anything else. But there is a huge difficulty in the way—it was Robina's idea about the house. She is so practical, you know; she declared it was the first step. But when I began to consider the papering and furnishing, and all that, I had an attack of vertigo, and if you don't come to my assistance the whole thing will fall to pieces."

So they chose the wall paper together. They made two or three journeys to town, and at last the house was finished.

"But why you ask me to help you has been an absurdity," she said to him, as they took a look round the pretty drawing room for the last time; and she walked to the window to gaze at the enchanting view across the valley. "Your taste in everything is infinitely more artistic than mine."

"And you think she will be satisfied?" he asked nervously.

"If your case depends on that point I shouldn't think you need fear."

"May I tell you a little more? You have been so wrongfully kind, I feel I may presume. The dreadful part is—she dislikes me!"

Winifred turned and looked at him with gentle compassion.

"Oh, is she some cold society person? You spoke of her as a fashionable lady."

"That has been her life," he said. "Perhaps she will find this place humanizing. It has had that effect on me. I never dreamed I could feel so happy or—er—profoundly miserable."

"You?" He saw the droop of the proud mouth, and the blue eyes growing misty. "Why are you miserable?"

She bit her lip, and two large tears fell slowly down her cheeks.

"I have wanted you to like me a little," she said humbly.

"Winifred! Look at me!" The two white hands were trembling in his. "My dear, my dear! I thought it would be so hard to win you. You disliked me so much. Can you forgive my cowardice?"

She turned her face from him, and tried to withdraw her hands.

"No," he said fiercely, "you shall not go till you have answered me. If you won't come to me, if you won't share my life and all my hopes and prayers, exile will be an empty nothingness to me."

"If?" The strange, wild joy was suffocating her. "Oh, why haven't you understood how I have loved you? Have I seemed such a cold thing all the time?"

He pressed her hands to his lips.

"No," he said. "These have grown so inexpressibly tender; but I couldn't dare think it was for me!"

#### GIFTS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Probably the most interesting room in the White House is a large room at the very top of the modest-looking two story building, which is known as the "garret" or attic. In this room, writes a contributor, are stored away most of the presents which a President and his wife receive from strangers during the term of office.

At the end of every administration it is the duty of the retiring mistress of the White House to personally superintend the overhauling of this storeroom, in order that it may be left empty for the reception of gifts which her husband's successor is sure to have thrust upon him by admiring, though unknown, friends.

During the administration of President Cleveland, recently brought to a close, the garret was filled to overflowing with gifts of every kind and description, and it is said that, during the months of January and February, Mrs. Cleveland was obliged to spend a small portion of each day in looking over the vast accumulation and disposing of the different articles, in order that the room might be swept and garnished for President and Mrs. McKinley.

Owing to the popularity of President Cleveland's beautiful wife, more gifts were received at the White House during the past four years than at any period in the history of the White House.

Every day dozens of packages, sent by mail, express, and even freight, were hauled in at the door of the Executive Mansion, so that when Mrs. Cleveland began her turning-out of the attic, she found over three thousand gifts confronting her, some of them have never been opened.

Nine-tenths of them had never been seen by the President, but during the clearing-out time Mrs. Cleveland insisted upon her husband's assistance in the matter of going over the contents of the different packages and helping her to decide upon the method of their disposal, since, of course, they could not all be taken to the modest little residence to which the household was about to remove.

When the overhauling began, it was found that a large number of the packages contained patent medicines, many of them warranted to cure such infantile diseases as it was supposed would, in the course of time, overtake the little Cleveland children.

Some of these gifts were accompanied

by letters from the manufacturers, giving very explicit directions as to how the medicines were to be taken. Such gifts, of course, always remained unacknowledged, since it was easy to see that only selfish motives prompted their senders.

Hundreds of cigars and not a little fishing tackle have been sent to Mr. Cleveland, while enthusiastic little boys, knowing the President's fondness for angling, had sent him large boxes of worms and other bait, accompanying their gifts with personally written notes, explaining how, in order to secure the latter, they had risen early in the morning after a severe rain storm, and so on.

Letters of this kind were always answered, and the donors of the worms warmly thanked for their efforts to aid the President in his favorite sport.

Among the many envelopes and packages opened by Mrs. Cleveland were found hundreds of photographs accompanied by letters full of pathos. "From a mother to a mother" would sometimes be the inscription on the photograph.

The mothers evidently thought that the President and his wife, being themselves parents, would treasure the portraits of other people's babies, especially those who were named after them, of which latter there were many.

Such messages as "I have named my baby Frances Cleveland Brown," or "The little boy of which the enclosed photograph is a speaking likeness, has the honor to be named after you Excellency—he is called Grover Cleveland Jones," were found in many a letter along with photographs, which were frequently framed in handsome gilt or enameled frames.

The portraits were usually acknowledged by the President's private secretary, after which they were sent up to the attic.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland found enough "lucky" objects in the attic to preserve them from evil for at least a century, if there be any virtue in the left hind feet of rabbits found in graveyards on a dark night, coins, stones, and other articles.

The most unique gifts were those from country people of limited or even straitened means, who doubtless made great sacrifices in order to send them.

Bed quilts enough to cover dozens of beds of all sizes and patterns had been sent by farmers' wives, some of whom wrote letters explaining that each bit of patchwork was a piece of a dress worn by themselves and their neighbors.

In certain instances these crazy patchwork quilts were embellished with the finest of handsewing and embroidery, which must have been the ruin of more than one pair of eyes.

Home knitted socks and stockings for the President, his wife, and the three little girls were enclosed, too, with the packages.

There were also found to be few hymn-books and Bibles, some of which had evidently been in use for many years. In these, numerous verses and passages were underscored by the donors, who were country clergymen or religious "cranks." Dolls and playthings of every description for the children were in great abundance.

Most of these had been opened on arrival, the senders, who were frequently young people, thanked, and after an inspection by the Cleveland children, relegated to the attic, to be brought down to the nursery when occasion and space permitted, or to wait until the little girls had "grown up" to them.

Musical instruments were greatly in evidence in the attic. Horns, jewsharps, music boxes, violins, and bagpipes—the latter sent by Scottish Americans—would have turned the White House into a pandemonium, had they not been carefully put away on arrival.

It is stated that the Executive Mansion would have been entirely furnished with pianos of different makes, had Mrs. Cleveland seen fit to accept the many proffered gifts of this description.

Already the garret has begun to take on an air of home-likeness, if large, unopened packages, pieces of furniture wrapped in stiff paper or wadding, can give it that look.

For ere the Clevelands had turned over the mansion to their predecessors, large parcels addressed to "President McKinley" or "Mrs. McKinley, wife of the President" began to arrive, and were immediately carried by the servants to the attic.

The most inconvenient presents received by the President's family are animals, such as white mice, puppies, kittens, birds, etc. They are either kept, or at once returned, or given away.

Some people's virtues are like the boy's fish—when the head of vanity and the tail of selfishness are cut off, there is nothing left to eat.

## Scientific and Useful.

**CLAY TILES.**—An inventor has produced a clay shingle for house roofing, which he claims can be manufactured at slight expense and is very durable. It is said that the machinery for making these shingles is on hand, and that contracts will soon be entered into to supply them by the million.

**UTILIZING WAVE POWER.**—A German has constructed a novel boat, which is designed to utilize the motion of the waves as a propulsive power. Two flat-bottomed scows are fastened, one each side of the boat, by huge hinges, and the motion given them by the waves is communicated to a lever, which moves a fly wheel, which in turn moves the paddle wheels. The rougher the sea, the faster the boat goes.

**FLY PAPER.**—Fly paper can be made thus: Take pyrethrum roseum, cover with water in suitable vessel, closed, and gradually bring to a boil, keeping it there long enough to extract the poisonous principle. About half hour will do. Let cool and then strain. Soak thick paper with it and let it dry. A London druggist has just received a patent on this. It is not poisonous to human beings or domesticated animals.

**TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.**—(1) To remove stains or marks where people have rested their heads on wall papers, mix pipe-clay with water to the consistency of cream, lay it on the spot, and allow it to remain till the following day, when it may be easily removed with a penknife or brush. (2) Cut off the crust of a loaf of bread and rub the wall with a lump of the bread; this will remove a great deal of the dirt.

**PAINTING.**—Machines for painting large surfaces have now been in successful use for some time, their first extensive employment being, if we remember rightly, for the decoration of the World's Fair building at Chicago. In these machines the paint is projected in a fine spray by means of an air blast. It is rather curious that a machine on this same principle is now being used for removing paint from metallic and other surfaces. This latter machine is in reality a sand blast apparatus which by simple attrition will remove paint at the rate of one square foot in two minutes.

## Farm and Garden.

**SHEDDING.**—The sooner the common farmer prepares cheap and comfortable shedding and feeding accommodations for his surplus stock and commences the study of systematic feeding, and puts it into practice, by consuming through the means of the herd and flock the hay and corn produced on the farm, the sooner will the real and possible benefits of agriculture on the farm be realized.

**DISEASE.**—When the flock or herd is subject to some contagious disease, the practice is to remove the sick animals to a new location. The proper plan is to remove those that are well, leaving the disease where it originated, as a change to fresh ground of the sick ones contaminates more space and makes it more difficult to get rid of the disease. If the unaffected animals are removed at once to ground where the disease does not exist they may escape entirely, but to remove the sick ones and leave the others is to invite the disease to remain and destroy all.

**POTATOES.**—Most of the very large growers of potatoes plant many of the late maturing varieties. There is a good deal of loss in marketing early varieties, especially those dug while their skin is still tender, and is broken by being rubbed against. In hot weather such potatoes rot easily, and though the price is higher, there is not so great profit as for the more productive later crop that can usually be marketed without injury. Early potatoes do not generally produce heavily. Hot, dry weather shortens the crops, while with late potatoes planted late much of the growth of the tubers is made after the heated term has passed.

During February of this year I contracted a severe cold which caused me to cough continually. I commenced using Jayne's Expectorant, which gave me instant relief, and speedily effected a permanent cure. I have had no return of the symptoms.—DAVID L. BARKER, Deputy, Indiana, Oct. 4 1890. They set the system right—Jayne's Sanative Pills.





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## On Family Affection.

Family affection, like patriotism, involves a certain amount of exclusiveness. Not that the patriot or the domesticated man draws a narrow circle around himself, and declares that all within is admirable and all without does not matter—that the home or the country is to be an isolated unit, independent of the thousands of other units which go to make up the world. The home-loving man need not have so small a heart as to be unable to find a place in it for those whom no blood ties unite to him; it is no part of the patriot's duty to couple the adjective "contemptible" with the noun "alien." Yet there must, we would submit, be some instinct of exclusiveness and well-marked partisanship in home-life on the smaller scale, and patriotism on the larger. For it is not given to human beings to be entirely comprehensive. It is an admirable enough sentiment to say, "The world is my country and mankind are my brethren;" but too great diffusiveness leads to a vanishing-point. If you water the milk so generously that it shall go round to every one who asks, the chances are that in the end it will be undistinguishable from water; and, if affection is not a fixed quantity like milk, its quality is such that it is equally capable of being weakened by too great diffusion.

The world and its community have often been compared with a series of circles large and small. Here they intersect each other, there they just touch, in another case they are superimposed, with the edges of the larger showing all round the edges of the smaller, and all are contained in one comprehensive ring. Such an illustration helps to point a moral to the duties of family life. If your life is a little circle away to the east, let us say, what concern have you in another little circle lying extreme west? You have but to look at your plan to see that, if you do not touch the westerly circle direct, you do so through other circles, and that, taking a position where you will, there is always a point of contact to be found. But it is clear that, if you make your reckoning in circles, you get a concentration of interest within each circumference line, and the smallest circle of all is that of the family. Here, by all the laws of nature and reasoning, the interest ought to be the most intense.

Family life is indeed the unit of the community, and utility as well as instinct demand its preservation in the fullest degree. And family life is necessarily dependent upon family affection. One is sometimes tempted to ask whether family affection is not on the decrease—whether increased means and facilities for travel, widespread amusements, and other causes are not tending to make the home less of a home than it once was. The fact that we ask this,

instead of asserting it, shows perhaps that the change, if any, that is going on is not very marked; yet it is not pleasant to harbor even the suspicion. For family life and family affection we take to be not only the first law of preservation, but one of the first laws of social stability and national strength.

It is here that man differs so widely from the lower animals, which recognize no ties after the offspring have arrived at an age to fight their own battles. The whole nature of human life demands a system of independence. One person has constantly to be giving another a help over difficult and uneven ground, and the advanced party pauses now and again to encourage and assist the laggards. And, if we are to look for mutual help in our walk through life, it is to the family that we should first of all turn. It is here that what one might almost call the unselfishness of partiality comes in.

If you are as ready to help Tom, Dick, or Harry as one of your own family, there is every prospect that you will help no one at all, for all your time will be occupied in trying to determine which is the most deserving case. Not that you should avoid giving a hand to Tom, Dick, or Harry, if you have one free; but remember always that your first duty is to those within the smallest circle you inhabit. We cannot but think that what is often dismissed as parochialism is an instinctive virtue, and that one does not rest under a lasting obligation to the town or country which has given one birth or a long sojourning-place.

It seems unreasonable that the claims of family affection should need an advocate; yet, in addition to those we originally hinted at, who seem to think that a preferential affection for one's family does violence to the principle of comprehensiveness, there are those who from carelessness, from pettiness of disposition, or from an illegitimate ambition, belittle family ties. But what is there which tends to make life so rich and full as these ties—the preferential claim of father, mother, brothers, sisters, husband, wife, or children, to one's interest and affection? It is a natural and an inherited instinct, the loss of which deprives existence of half its sweetness and light. In early life it is seldom wanting.

Instinct untrammelled by reason is unerring, and the child's affections are a matter of course, and of the first order of self-preservation. So the heartless and neglectful parents are the exception. Early family life indeed in all its phases has much poetry in it. It is when children are beginning to grow into thinking beings that difficulties arise and estrangements commence. Where this is the case, it must be admitted that the fault too often lies in the parental discipline. Too much harshness or too great lenience have sown the seed of family dissensions, that have ripened into passive aversion, if not open hostility. But there are prodigal sons and prodigal daughters, who resist the utmost influence for good that a parent's care can exert, and who by fate or circumstances break a link in the chain of family life, and cause sorrow and heartache. The causes indeed are manifold, but the results are one.

Though it is of the essence of family affection that it should stick to parents, brothers, or sisters, through fair report or foul, and that they should be loved, not because they are good, but because they are blood-relations, it must be acknowledged that it is often exceedingly difficult to live up to this ideal. The man who is mounting higher in the social scale year by year, and has all the while attached to him parents wholly unappreciative of changing circumstances, is in a position much more

delicate and deserving of more sympathy than popular feeling allows; still worse is it where members of the family of a man who has arrived at an appreciation of good taste and pride in his integrity are dissolute, vulgar, social scapegraces.

Worst of all are the people who, having not the slightest family pride or affection themselves, deliberately trade upon these virtues in others—the parents who, in lazy scampishness, sponge on their children, the children who wring a disgraceful living out of the tortured hearts of parents. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to this fearful abuse of family affection. We should not like to advance the belief that all responsibility can ever cease towards a recklessly-incorrigible worthless member of a family, or that he can ever quite sink into the general mass of the submerged and lose his family individuality; but unquestionably there does come a time in many a family circle when giving way to the selfishness and vicious indulgence of the "wastrel" of the house is little less than complicity in wrong-doing. The man who allows himself to be tricked by an arrant rogue is not wholly free from the approach of the roguery which his weakness has made possible.

Happily, family affection is, comparatively, not often concerned with these difficulties of black sheep and inhuman parents. Ordinarily, though there may be a good deal of pettiness and disagreement, caused by the clashing of wills in a narrow circle, there is family loyalty underneath. And we think, however broad and altruistic we may become, we shall never get beyond the need for a preferential family affection. It is surely an admirable pride that leads us to believe our parents or brothers or sisters are, on the whole, better than the parents, brothers, and sisters of anybody else—that makes us fondly exaggerate the wit of a brother, the beauty of a sister, the charm of a mother! We do not love the world the less for giving our hearts to our family in a spirit of enthusiasm. Though temperament will always govern the amount of demonstrativeness which affection exhibits, under all temperaments there should exist a sense of responsibility for one's family, the idea of sustained mutual indebtedness; and in no way can life be more naturally enriched than by the preservation and cultivation of family sympathy.

As ideal is not a mere imagination of what is or what may be; it is a conception of what should be—of something nobler than we have yet seen and better than we have done; and, when this conception takes form in the mind, though no external law may prescribe it, though no public opinion may espouse it, it speedily involves what may be a social law in the future, and what must be a private law for ourselves.

If we struggle to overcome a fault or to resist a temptation, and succeed, the time comes when we lose all desire to commit the wrong; the self-restraint is over, and we enter into the true freedom, where desire and duty are one.

THERE is a proverb which says that, "when pain ends, gain ends too," which means essentially that the best part of life—the real gain of it—is in the struggle and the aspiration rather than in the attainment.

WHEN you have fixed upon a plan, even in trivial matters, do not reverse it, except for good reason. Decision of character will thus in time become habitual—and habit has well been described as second nature.

## Correspondence.

G. G. F.—The sackbut is a wind instrument of the trumpet species, capable of being drawn out to different lengths, and, perhaps, identical with the modern trombone, which is said to have been modelled by the Italians from an ancient one excavated at Pompeii, and which on its first introduction into England was called a sackbut.

FLIRTY.—The custom is said to have originated in a statute published by the Scottish Parliament in the year 1298, which ordains that a lady may propose to "the man she likes," and that if he refuses her, he must pay "ane hundredty pundis." The statute also counsels the man that if he can make it appear that he is engaged, then he shall be free.

C. M. S.—Of the origin of music no certain knowledge can be obtained, nor is it easy to determine what it was in its primitive state. It was in all probability coeval with man, and it may almost be assumed that vocal music preceded that of instruments. The first traces of the art were found in Egypt, where it was undoubtedly carried to a high degree of perfection.

W. G.—Yes, finding nine peas in a pod has a superstition attached to it. Nine is the chief of the three mystical numbers. Five and three are the others. According to Pythagoras man is a full chord—eight notes—then comes deity. Love is the deity that comes with your nine peas. So lay the pod on the door-sill, and the first young man who steps in is your fated cavalier—so runs the fable.

A. R. R.—The word "yacht" is unquestionably to be traced to the old Danish "jagt," meaning a vessel for the chase of others, such as the capture of pirates and smugglers. As a matter of course, speed was in them a prime essential, and the same property being largely aimed at in pleasure-crafts, the original meaning of the word was gradually widened until it came to be defined as "a light and elegantly-furnished vessel, used either for private parties of pleasure, or as a vessel of state to convey princes, etc., from one place to another," or, "a sea-going vessel used only for pleasure-trips, racing, and the like."

A. B. C.—We prefer not to offer our readers advice respecting financial investments. Anything we might say on the point would be of a perfectly humdrum character. Broadly speaking, satisfactory investments divide themselves into two classes—first, local investments, over which the investor has some personal control, such as a business of his own or a business that he can influence, and, secondly, guaranteed government investments, that approach as near as possible to safety. Whether any one chooses one or other of these forms of investment depends chiefly upon personal character. A man who has the business instinct will keep his money under his own control, using it as an auxiliary to his shrewdness and industry. He will be convinced that he can make far better use of his money on his own account than any board of financiers will make on his behalf. On the other hand, men without business energy and women without a knowledge of the world should think, first, secondly, and thirdly, of safety. Government stock and corporation loans usually are safe investments; but we must altogether decline to recommend foreign stocks and loans, which might at almost any moment be most seriously affected by political complications at present unforeseen. Do not speculate unless the enterprise is one that you can affect by your own skill and industry.

P. W. F.—Henry Hudson, the navigator, was first employed by a company of London merchants to search for the north-west passage in 1607, when he sailed in a small vessel with a crew of only ten men and a boy to the east coast of Greenland, lat. 80, where he was stopped by ice. After three months of fruitless exploration he returned to England, when he sailed again, April 21, 1608, hoping to find the passage between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, but was again hindered by ice, not being able to get to the eastward of the former land. On April 6, 1609, he began another voyage to the north-east of Asia, sailing from Amsterdam in the service of the Dutch East India Company. His crew being unable to endure the climate, he sailed for Davis Straits, but came to the American coast in lat. 44. Sailing south he discovered the mouth of the river which has received his name. Having sailed up the river to the head of navigation, and explored it in a boat for some miles farther, and afterwards followed the coast south as far as Chesapeake Bay, he returned to England. In April, 1610, he began his fourth voyage with twenty-three sailors, passing in June and July through the strait and into the bay which now bears his name. Finding, however, that this did not give him an open route westward, he resolved to winter there and resumed explorations in the spring. His provisions ran short, and he was compelled to return. It is said that he incautiously declared in their destitute condition he would have to leave some behind, and in a mutiny he was seized and placed with his son and seven others who remained faithful to him in an open boat, and abandoned. His fate was revealed by one of the mutineers, and an expedition was sent from England in quest of him, but no trace of him was ever discovered. Hudson Bay is an inland sea of British North America. Its southern extremity is called James Bay. In its mouth, at the north-east, lies Southampton Island; outside of this it communicates with Davis Strait by means of Hudson Strait, and east of Southampton Island, Fox Channel extends north.



## IN THE OLD ROSE-GARDEN.

BY L. M.

Even, when roses are over-blowing  
(And this is all of the tale I know)  
You may hear a step in the old rose-garden,  
Where the dream was broken so long ago.

Down the paths where the lilies are shining,  
Where passionate roses blush in the gloom,  
When whispering winds o'er the moor come  
sighing,  
She passes, to wait in her peerless bloom.

When up from the valleys the mists are  
drifting,  
Shrouding the earth and the heavens in gray,  
When the silence is deep, to an old-time  
trysting  
You may hear a step, if you pass that way.

Wan grows her face with a yearning sorrow,  
Sets in the touch of a long despair,  
Holding her hands to an empty greeting.  
List! 'Tis her step on the broken stair.

Ever when roses are over-blowing,  
When shadows are lengthening over the  
leaves,  
I dream of a step in the old rose-garden,  
And a fair fair face that will waiting be.

## Essie's Choice.

BY L. J.

"ESSIE leaves Germany on Saturday. Yes, yes—it will be best in every way—eh, Sarah?" and the speaker, a grave handsome man, laying down a letter, turned inquiringly to his wife—a fresh-colored young woman, with dark eyes, smoothly plaited hair, and a somewhat decided mouth and chin.

The lady made no reply, busied herself nervously with the breakfast-equipage; her hands trembled, and a little stream of coffee trickled along the snowy table-cloth.

The Doctor looked at the widening stain and then at his wife in some consternation; but Sarah was not even aware of the mishap, and her husband, impressed by this circumstance, bestirred himself to discover the reason.

"Dear, dear!" he ejaculated, a disagreeable conviction forcing itself upon his mind that his wife's ideas and his own were no longer in unison. "Dear, dear!"—and his brown sunburnt face became clouded with doubt and perplexity. How odd women were, even the most sensible of them! Why, only last night—

Here his reflections came to an abrupt end, for, most amazing thing of all, Sarah, his dear strong-minded Sarah, was actually crying. To throw his newspaper down and draw his little wife to his side was the work of a moment.

"Lassie"—his favorite name for his wife when moved—"come—let me hear what is the bother?"

Sarah, quickly ashamed of her weakness, dried her eyes, and tried her hardest to evade his questioning. But the Doctor, it might be said, was persistent; he had too much at stake to let matters rest as they were.

"No—we must thrash this out," he said gravely. "Is it Essie, whom you promised to love and welcome? If you wish to draw back, say so and have done with it!"—and the cold stern tones pierced his wife's heart.

Sarah bit her lips, the rich color fled, then swiftly mantled her cheeks more brilliantly than ever. She was a proud self-contained woman; and yet, from the time Doctor Hilyard had made her his wife two years before, her obedience and devotion had never faltered. Remembering this, the Doctor rose and, pushing aside his untasted breakfast, laid his hand kindly but firmly upon his wife's shoulder.

"Is it distasteful to you—I see it; and yet the girl is motherless, fatherless, like yourself. Why, lassie," he went on in a different tone, "it is not like you! Your husband's beloved and only sister! Why do you grudge her house-room?"

Why? Bitterly Sarah Hilyard asked herself the question. Richard, her husband, would never comprehend her reason. But the instinct of obedience triumphed, though heart and soul rebelled at the prospect.

"No, Richard, no—Essie must come; you would be miserable else, and then I should be miserable too," she said, with unconscious pathos.

The Doctor bent down and gave her one of his rare kisses.

"Make the little one as happy as you made me, dear wife," he said huskily; and Sarah, looking up, answered softly—

"Heaven helping me, husband, I will try."

A few evenings later Doctor Hilyard jumped into his gig and drove to the railway-station. The traveller was expected, and Sarah's preparations had been completed.

As he set off, the Doctor waved his hand affectionately to his wife. The little bedroom up-stairs—he had peeped into it on his way down—looked exceedingly pretty and inviting.

Essie used to be fond of flowers, and it was Sarah who had gathered and placed them there. Dear Sarah—what a capital manager she was! Ah, he had been a bachelor long enough to appreciate her merits!

So, in a very contented frame of mind, the Doctor drove along the white country road; but, as he neared the town of Penmanawr, his pulses quickened, and he grew as eager and excited as a boy. Essie was a child of thirteen when he had seen her last—lank, forlorn, miserable.

How she had clung to him at parting! What a wrench it had been to let her go! But, necessity knowing no law, brother and sister had bowed to the inevitable.

A good education was all that the young man could ensure her. His own prospects were of a humble description—the modest sum that was left after providing for her five years' sojourn in Germany had procured him a practice in a Welsh village, which afforded a livelihood, it did not allow scope for ambition. A sacrifice? Not a bit of it!

The Doctor had never looked at it in that light; and his age and the death of his father and mother had now constituted him less the girl's brother than her guardian. Happily he had a home at last to offer her, and she would be under his protection until she exchanged it for one of her own.

Up and down the platform the Doctor paced, cogitating and building castles in the air. The village was dull and quiet; but in a few years' time he would buy a practice in London, for he had amassed a few hundreds already.

He would keep his carriage; Essie should go into society. Small country practitioner though he was, Richard Hilyard never forgot that he bore an old and honorable name, and was born and bred a gentleman.

He did not, he could not forget that fact when the train steamed into the station and Essie stood by his side. A flower of rare growth she seemed amidst the crowd of homely Welsh passengers—a slight graceful girl, with large hazel eyes and a wealth of golden brown hair framing a small exquisite face. Both hands were quickly in his.

"Dick, dear Dick—together at last!" exclaimed a soft musical voice; and then the Doctor gazed at his sister with pride and astonishment.

This was Essie, then! The child had developed into a beautiful girl. Ah, the carriage and practice in Belgravia seemed singularly appropriate!

Her brother sighed a little as he placed her in the old-fashioned gig; sordid realities seemed to press upon him all at once—his small means and humble surroundings. Essie was troubled by no such misgivings, her eyes wandered around surveying the mountain heights admiringly.

They were nearing Lwygyfylli now, Dick told her. Then the village was left behind—an inn, two general shops, and a cluster of cottages—and presently the Doctor pointed out his home.

"That is Bron-y-craig," he said. And Essie saw a house built of white stone standing by itself, with a flower-garden in front, the sea stretching far away in the distance, and brown heather-clad mountains like huge sentinels guarding the dwelling on either side. "That is Bron-y-craig," he repeated; "and that is my wife standing at the door—that is Sarah."

The girl slipped one of her hands into her brother's. Dick's letter had told her so little.

Sarah was Dick's wife and her sister-in-law, but she was still actually a stranger.

Her brother divined her thoughts, patted her encouragingly upon the shoulder, and then a moment later she was helped down from the high gig, and Sarah, advancing, in a few well-chosen words welcomed her home.

Mrs. Hilyard accompanied her presently to her room, and hovered about with prim courtesy. Essie breathed more freely when she was alone, but her countenance lengthened visibly.

Then, shaking off her depression, she bathed her face, and ran lightly down the stairs to take her place at the tea-table.

Days—weeks passed away, but Essie's first impression did not change, though her sister-in-law and herself managed to get along after a fashion. They did not clash in the least, but they did not harmonize.

Sarah was the same busy housewife as of old, but the new inmate was not allowed to participate in her active round of duties. Sarah discouraged her efforts to learn or assist. The girl was useless in her eyes; nothing she did or attempted to

do came up to her rigid standard of excellence.

So Essie nervously desisted; but fortunately the girl had resources which circumstances aided in developing. Music, sketching, and writing—for she was of a literary turn—absorbed her time; and then, in the evening, there was Dick. Ah, what sweeter at the end of his busy day than to play to him in the gloaming! Then, when the lights came, there were eager animated discussions—the topics of the hour, the last new book—for Dick procured this luxury at least for his sister.

And Sarah was silent. The restricted bent on her homely inelastic mind would not permit her to expand under this new influence. The needs of the body, the requirements of the household, the use of the needle—only such things in Sarah's opinion should concern women. Politics, public matters, books were outside of her province.

Sarah enunciated this doctrine once to Essie in the early days of her arrival. The girl shook her head; she recognized the futility of argument, and said nothing, only wondered—dimly wondered. Surely a man needed something more! It was something however which a lack of culture could never supply. Poor Sarah—it was a bitter hour when that convention stole into her breast! And the Doctor guessed nothing of the truth. Sarah was seldom demonstrative—she was less so now than ever; and Essie was happy, he saw, and enjoyed abundance of leisure.

As the spring advanced, Essie learned to spend her leisure out of doors, and sketch-book in hand, she would ramble about the country, halting where her fancy dictated.

Sarah offered no objection, the girl was out of her way, and she rather encouraged such expeditions. So Essie followed her bent without let or hindrance, a child in spite of her eighteen years, with a child's love of freedom and pleasure.

Shortly however the Doctor forbade these solitary wanderings. It was all very well while the mountains were tenanted only by sheep; but, as the tourist season had begun, he demurred, on the score of propriety.

Too busy himself to spare much time at home, he urged his wife to act as Essie's chaperon. The girl had seen very little of the country, after all, and would benefit by the change and exercise.

Mrs. Hilyard's face assumed a somewhat stolid expression; she did not dissent, but determined to find a way out of the difficulty. Essie should marry; it would be far better for her to settle down in a home of her own than to destroy the comfort of another woman's. Lewis Raven evidently admired the girl—he could solve the difficulty.

Honest, slightly provincial in appearance, wholly in love, Lewis placed himself in Mrs. Hilyard's hands only too gladly, and with her encouragement made court to the pretty dainty girl whom he hoped to win for his wife, Essie accepting his shy attentions in complete ignorance of his cherished ambition.

Her indulgence would soon have ended could she have divined his motives. As it was, she learned to look upon him as a friend, singing and chattering to him evening after evening in a careless girlish fashion.

The Doctor attached no importance to his visits. Lewis was a connexion of his wife's—an honest lad, a landholder, and a capital farmer; but any thought of him as a husband for Essie never entered his head, until Sarah one day announced the engagement.

But the Doctor did not know the circumstances that had led to the engagement. It came about in this way. Mrs. Hilyard had been in a peculiarly irritable frame of mind for some time. Nervous, far from well, the girl's good spirits and absence of responsibility fretted and annoyed her.

Essie singing at the piano, Essie scribbling verses for hours, and worst crime of all, Essie entertaining visitors in the drawing-room, as Sarah had never yet learnt to do, were becoming intolerable!

She could not, would not consent to be a cipher in her own house. Essie should play with Lewis no longer, he should speak that very day; and Lewis did so, and was refused with gentle but decided dignity.

Mrs. Hilyard met the young man as, with a hopeless look on his face, he made his way to the door. He enlightened her at once, and she peremptorily bade him follow her back into the room.

He obeyed, he could not do otherwise, for Sarah, the ordinary quiet self-contained Sarah, was a new creature for the time being, and would brook no opposition.

The rage, irritation, and envy that consumed her culminated at this moment as

she watched the fair slender girl, whose proud surprised eyes met her own. Angry words and bitter taunts issued from her lips, and Essie learned at last Sarah's true sentiments, and shrank beneath the lash of a jealous woman's fury.

"Lewis is of my kin, but he is not good enough? Oh, I understand quite well!" she cried passionately, and a torrent of words followed—biting, cruel, bitter.

Lewis strode to Sarah's side and shook her roughly by the arm.

"How dare you speak so!" he exclaimed in stern indignation. "What harm?"

But Sarah broke in harshly—

"A woman wants her home to herself—it is simple enough!" she exclaimed.

She began now however to repent of her outburst.

Essie sank into her chair; she was unnerved and trembling in every limb. Lewis watched her for a moment, then he fell upon his knees by the girl's side and covered her hands with kisses; then he gradually imprisoned them in his strong clasp.

"I will love you and care for you, darling, as long as I live; only give me the right to guard and protect you!" he said huskily.

And Sarah had her wish—Essie and Lewis were engaged.

Poor Essie—poor Lewis! Speedily did the girl repent of her weakness. She could not draw back however.

Lewis gone, Essie retired to her room, leaving Sarah to explain her absence to the Doctor.

Mrs. Hilyard sought her sister-in-law the next morning, and carried her point successfully. Essie was too young, too inexperienced to resist. Before Sarah left her, she was doubly pledged to carry out her contract. Tears, not threats, carried the day this time; and Essie, accepting her apologies and overtures of peace, after a little while bade her go, then, sinking upon her knees, she buried her face in her hands. It was all over; she could not appeal to Dick after that; she must endure her fate.

Weeks passed, and Essie regained some of her usual spirits. Once free of the house, Sarah, her very engagement almost, were forgotten as the soft mountain air wooed her to peace and waited away her depression.

Lewis was so good, so unobtrusive, that, after a time, the girl began to view her engagement with resignation. He was a gentleman at heart—Essie had been quick to acknowledge that.

An accepted lover, so far from presuming on his position, his bearing towards her was marked by the most delicate respect, the homage he might have addressed to a queen.

Her brother noted this fact approvingly, though he was not a little surprised at the girl's choice; but, as the young man's character was above suspicion and he had ample means, he did not feel called upon to interfere.

The Doctor interested himself in Lewis forthwith, and a liking sprang up between them which ripened into a warm friendship. Essie's engagement finally becoming a source of congratulation to her brother.

Sarah's demeanor all this time had been unexceptionable, for she was anxious to obliterate the memory of her harshness. But somehow, in spite of the Doctor's wishes, the wedding was fixed for September. Essie had acquiesced.

What resistance could she offer? Sarah grudged her house-room; marriage seemed the lesser of two evils. Disliking, even fearing her sister-in-law, she kept out of her way, and rather hailing the prospect than otherwise.

She made the most of her liberty however. Youthful, impulsive, with a feeling of wounded pride and bitter resentment, she thus stood utterly alone in an hour of great perplexity and danger.

The sun shone brightly overhead, flowers blossomed in the hedges. Existence seemed a cheerful reality under these aspects. Essie's brush lay idle; she had encoined herself in a shady nook by the river's side.

The Conway flowed lazily at her feet, the castle towered above her head, and a passing pleasure boat now and again lent an air of activity to the scene. The ruined battlements, with their gray time-worn beauty, the leafy woods on the opposite shore, all lay hushed in the still air, bathed in the glory of the golden sunshine.

Presently a boat glided along the stream, and its occupant made for Essie's retreat, stepping upon the bank, and dragging the little skiff after him, the new-comer, a young man of six or seven, and twenty, flung himself upon the grass, in blissful unconsciousness of the girl's presence.

He was a gentleman, Essie quickly decided, and singularly handsome, with a



proud dark face, brilliant eyes, and well-chiselled features. The girl noted all this, then resumed her painting, trusting that the intruder would soon disappear.

He had no intention of doing so apparently, for he lit a cigar, puffed at it for a few moments, and then threw it away angrily, as if not to his liking; then, opening his pocket-book, he busied himself with its contents, whilst his frown deepened and his brow grew blacker every moment.

Elsie began to feel distinctly uncomfortable; a little thicker hid her from sight, but through the leaves she could watch the stranger's proceedings.

"What an abominable temper he has," she mused—"worse even than Sarah's!"

His letters were soon put away, and Elsie fancied that she heard a strong exclamation; she again turned her head at this and bent over her easel. The girl was a trifle alarmed.

She feared it would be awkward if he became aware of her scrutiny, and would gladly have escaped, but to do so she would have to pass the obnoxious stranger. She would wait a little; he was clearly too restless to remain passive in the sunshine.

Presently Elsie heard the crunching of stones, but she would not peep again; sundry splashes sounded in the water, then some stones struck against the trees, and one, larger than the rest, whistled whistled over her shoulder and sped right through her canvas.

With a shriek the girl rushed from her retreat, shaking with terror and anger.

"How dare you?" she panted breathlessly. "Such behavior is dangerous and abominable!"

In dismay the young man started to his feet.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Have I struck you?" he added anxiously.

"No; but I might have been killed, though," the girl answered indignantly. "The stone just shaved my head, and went through the tower."

"Through the tower?" he echoed. "I never saw you till this moment. Through the tower? What do you mean?"

"Come and see," she answered curtly, leading the way into the little thicket; and in an instant the overturned easel and the damaged canvas met his view.

"You were here all the time, not passing by, as I imagined?" he said, looking at the girl with positive dislike.

"Yes—I saw you land," she acknowledged still.

"Well, it is your own fault, then. A cough, a sneeze even, and I should have cleared out pretty promptly," was the cool response.

Elsie gathered her property together and prepared to depart.

"A gentleman, or any right minded person, would express regret," she said with stern dignity, pointing to the ruined painting. An insolent smile curved the stranger's lips at this, and she went on viciously—"But, from what I have observed, I must conclude you are a lunatic at large, or, at least, extremely deficient mentally."

"I think I should have had sufficient intelligence or good breeding to act differently in your case," he retorted drily; and, raising his cap, he strode away, pushed his boat into the water, and disappeared from sight.

Elsie stamped her foot with passion. "Dick was right," she murmured—"wandering by myself is a great risk. A gentleman indeed! I have encountered the worst form of tourist."

Bernard Lowdale, the obnoxious stranger, having taken up his quarters in the neighborhood, Elsie came across him repeatedly—now in the Snychant Pass, at another time in the Fairy Glen. The girl shunned these spots and scaled Moel Lys. Surely on that lonely eminence she might safely escape him!

Elsie had climbed the heathery heights soon after breakfast, when a high wind sprung up, which caused her to descend in a sudden swift manner.

Down, down she flew, her cap and sunshade were blown away, and, blinded by her streaming hair, she was forced along at a rate of speed that deprived her of breath and resistance. Faster—faster—then a gust wilder than the rest blew her into Lowdale's arms—Lowdale, who was mounting the hill and hastening to her assistance.

He was ignorant of her identity—he had only observed the predicament—until Elsie, throwing back her sunny hair, tendered her thanks and apologies. It was impossible to cherish resentment at such a moment, for not a vestige of dignity was left.

"I clung to you very fiercely, I suppose?" she gasped, looking into his half-amused, half-disdainful face. "My breath was almost gone; I should have clutched at an archbishop."

Bernard Lowdale smiled grimly. "That prize is still open to me—the fool of the family, you know," he said drily.

"Ah, you remembered that! Well, at any rate, you are not deficient in bulk," she retorted; "and for that I tender my gratitude."

The girl disengaged herself as she spoke, and Bernard Lowdale extended his hand with a frank gesture.

"Let us cry quits from this moment!" And Elsie, with a shy amused smile, laughingly agreed.

The scene was a prelude to many others that followed. Bernard, captivated by the girl's grace and beauty, contrived to meet her frequently; and Elsie, reckless of consequences, raised no objection to the informal acquaintance.

"Sarah would be shocked!" was an argument in Bernard's favor—Sarah, who had not scrupled to force her into her engagement.

Sometimes Bernard would bring his kodak, sometimes he would sketch by her side; but one day, for some reason or other, he was not a cheerful companion. His conversation resolved itself into a series of diatribes against Wales, and Dwygyfychi in particular.

"There is nothing fit to eat in the place," he averred; and, to emphasize the statement, he flung a clod of earth at a sheep browsing close by. "I am sick of you!" he cried, as the frightened animal scampered away. "Toujours perdrix is bad enough, but toujours mouton is ever so much worse; and, as to tobacco, cigars—"

Elsie thought it time to interpose.

"Stop—you are getting dangerous!" she cried; then added, a little bitterly, "The remedy is in your own hands. Why do you stay here?"

Bernard was silent; Elsie knew something of his history by this time. He was under a cloud, he told her once, almost in hiding; folly, not crime, had driven him to so secluded a spot, he had confidently assured her.

She had listened and sympathized; for she was under a cloud too, under the iron hand of Fate. But, if she were a man instead of a helpless girl, she would carve a way out of her difficulties.

"The remedy is in your hands—why do you stay here?" Elsie repeated impatiently.

"You ask me that?" he said curiously.

"You must guess, or surely you know?"

The girl grew pale; after a glance into the upturned passionate face, enlightenment had come, and with it dismay and overwhelming sorrow.

"I know nothing," she returned as firmly as she could, "except that a few weeks ago we were strangers."

"Weeks! What has time to do with it?" he cried. "The beginning and ending of the whole matter is this—I love you!"

Bernard had risen now, for Elsie had started up as if meditating escape; but it was out of her power to move—strong gentle arms held her fast.

"You must hear me!" he continued, releasing her suddenly. "You have not the heart to send me away!"

"Why not?" she questioned haughtily. "You are nothing to me, not even a friend. You imagine I am fast and objectionable."

"How dare you accuse me of such a thought? I am asking you to be my wife!" he returned warmly. "I should hardly do that if I considered you were fast or objectionable."

"Well, I am not!" the girl said naively; but her color came and went, and finally she burst into tears.

"It is Sarah's fault—no—it is my own!" she amended. "I knew it was wrong all the time! O, what must you think of me?"

"I am longing to tell you," he broke in, perfectly bewildered, "that you are perfect in my eyes and altogether charming."

"No—I was wrong; I see it now, Mr. Lowdale. Do not say any more; I am to be married in September."

The young man flushed a dull red, his eyes gleamed, and then his gaze rested upon the girl.

"You do not mean that really?" The pale pretty face quivered. "Elsie, sweetheart—it is false!"—and the girl was drawn fondly to his breast.

She quickly withdrew herself.

"I am to be married in September," she repeated mechanically. "Forgive me if I have pained you"—wistfully—"and wish me 'Good-bye.'"

Bernard would not touch the outstretched hand. With a bitter laugh he dashed down the hill and was soon out of sight. In great sadness Elsie set her face homewards. She had realized the enormity of her conduct at last.

All that day the girl was quiet and preoccupied, and, when evening came, Lewis put in his usual appearance.

Elsie pleaded a headache and retired early, but not before Mrs. Hilyard had accepted an invitation for Elsie and herself for the following day.

"Elsie will be all right in the morning; you may depend upon us," Sarah said in her hearing. "I expect your house-keeper will be put on her mettle."

The morning was fine, and Elsie dressed herself with something more than dislike for the coming entertainment; she had to Ravensmeade before, but this visit was different—it was hardly an ordinary one.

The house and its owner awaited the advent of the future mistress. Lewis received Elsie and Mrs. Hilyard on the threshold, and, placing the girl's arm within his, he proudly led her through the old wainscoted rooms, penetrating even to the kitchens. It was all solid and substantial; comfort reigned everywhere, with spotless cleanliness and neatness. Servants that were young in his parents' time were now growing old in his service, and were devoted to his interests.

It was a home that any woman might have admired, because of its quaint old-world suggestiveness. One room was fitted up however in more modern style, a cosy-looking elegantly furnished little sanctum, looking on to the lawn.

Flowers, pictures, and a piano were there, and books in the newest and choicest of bindings were standing on shelves. Lewis left this room until the last.

Sarah had lingered in the dairy, her domestic instinct being aroused at sight of its shining glories. Lewis, nothing loath, drew his sweetheart away, and introduced her to more congenial surroundings.

"This is to be your nest, darling," he said, overcoming his usual timidity; "rest here"—drawing forward a dainty little chair—"and tell me what you think of it."

He would not sit down, but stood before her, his honest blue eyes resting upon her face—to him the fairest, the sweetest face in the whole world.

But Elsie was blind—she did not appreciate the sterling worth of her unselfish unassuming lover. Yet she was conscious of his goodness, conscious too of her own unworthiness.

"Take me into the garden, Lewis, I cannot breathe here!" she cried faintly. "It is the scent of the flowers, I fancy."

Lewis opened the long windows and they stepped on to the lawn.

"You are too kind," she began unsteadily; "I should thank you—"

But her companion held up his hand.

"Hush—I understand! You do not love me, Elsie; I know that too." He plucked a white rose and held it towards her. "Grow here, dear, as this flower has grown, and in time, with Heaven's blessing, love, will bloom."

Elsie looked down and did not reply; she was ill-at-ease, unhappy. Then Sarah bore down upon them, and the moment for confession was gone.

Days passed, and Elsie still held her peace, swayed hither and thither by a tempest of conflicting emotions, whilst, to crown her distress, Bernard remained obstinately in the village. He haunted her footsteps, and, when in self-defence she remained in the house, he ventured to send her a note. To avoid further danger Elsie consented to an interview. She took the train to Conway, and found him waiting at the railway-station.

"Is it wise or gentlemanly to force me to meet you again?" she began directly she saw him.

"You are unjust," the young man returned humbly. "Go on; I am a brute—a cad even, if it pleases you."

Elsie glanced at the speaker; he was anything but his usual self, being evidently too disturbed to retaliate or be ill-tempered.

"Wait till we get to the castle; it will be deserted at this hour, and we can discuss matters quietly," he continued meekly.

Elsie assented, and the two were soon wandering amidst Conway's moated ruins.

Bernard was right—it was two early for the usual crowd of visitors. Elsie carried her sketching material through the old gateway.

"No—you shall not touch them," she said resentfully, when he offered to relieve her of the burden. "I was obliged to bring them, to deceive Sarah."

"I hope it will be the last time!" "I intend that it shall," was the quick reply. "Now, Mr. Lowdale, your object in bringing me here?"

Bernard looked out over the river; they were standing on one of the battlements of the castle, and the prospect was charming and stirring.

"Look!" he said, pointing to a flock of birds flying in the direction of the sea. "Watch, and follow their example."

Elsie, startled by his tone, followed his gaze, until the birds were lost in the distance; then his eyes were lowered and rested upon her face.

"Elsie now do you understand? he cried. "I have been waiting for you—waiting. You would pine, beat out your life against the bars of your mountain cage; beyond is the bright beautiful world, liberty, and love. No, no—do not silence me yet; let your heart plead for me—it is mine by a hundred dearer rights than any of the man who holds your word," he went on with impassioned eagerness. "Look into my eyes, love; tell me what I say is false if you dare!"

Elsie shrank trembling from his side; but Bernard seized her hands and held them fast.

"Think, love, of the future. This marriage you contemplate—what is it? Bondage under another name; and the man himself, dunderhead as he appears, deserves different treatment. You would do him a positive wrong."

"You do well to remind me of that!" Elsie replied bitterly. "You drag me here, force me to listen to words full of the vilest treachery to the man who believes and trusts in me, and you offer me—what?"

Bernard drew himself up haughtily. "I offer you a husband's devotion, and, in the future, when affairs right themselves, a far from insignificant position." Then, changing his tone to the lowest softest key, "for good or for ill, darling, choose between us this day!"

Elsie clasped her hands tightly together. She glanced at Bernard, the bright companion of her sunny hours, with his eager handsome face and dark wistful eyes. Could she withstand the appeal? Could she place her hand in this man's and trust him blindly to the end? Alas, in her romantic folly, only too gladly!

Bernard watching the flushed tremulous face, read the answer truly. For one brief moment she rested in his arms, and their lips met for the first time and the last.

"Good bye!" she whispered hoarsely, drawing herself away. "Go, if you love me. Aid me to keep my word and faith!"

And Bernard could not move her from her purpose; she would keep her word at any cost. Lewis only could release her. Then they parted finally—Elsie, unhappy and wretched; Bernard disappointed, furious, but buoying himself up with hope. Elsie loved him; he would disobey her mandate, and stay, at any rate a little longer in the village.

A day or two later circumstances justified Bernard's resolve; an opportunity arose, which was followed by most eventful consequences. Lewis was in London on a visit, and Elsie was in grievous trouble.

Village gossip had been busy with her name—gossip which reached the ears of the Rector's wife, who made haste to enlighten the Doctor. Very haughtily that gentleman repelled the charge as idle and ridiculous. Miss Hilyard should convince her of the absurdity of the thing, or, better still, Mr. Raven would take the matter in hand upon his return, and, protect his betrothed from ill-natured impertinence.

"In the meantime, I will speak to my sister—my little girl whom they have stooped to slander."

Doctor Hilyard did not stay for more; cutting short the lady's suggestions, he rode away.

Jubal suffered extraordinary treatment that day. Taking the whip from the groom, the Doctor lashed the poor horse down the hill at a terrible pace, and the usual steady trot resolved itself into almost a gallop under the vigorous treatment.

It was early in the afternoon when the gig rattled up to Bron-y-craig, and, throwing the reins to his man, Dick strode into the house and into the presence of his sister.

The girl was seated in the parlor, turning over the pages of a novel, while Sarah was sitting bolt upright on her chair, knitting stockings for winter wear—hideous speckled yarn, that looked, in Elsie's opinion, hot, stuffy, and objectionable.

It was hardly a pretty room; it partook



too much of the character of its mistress, being precise, formal, with chairs and tables arranged with mathematical exactness.

Essie, in a delicate inoffensive way, had tried to improve matters; but Sarah had made short work of her various suggestions. Essie now looked round and contrasted the room with one that rose before her mind's eye—a pretty room, bright with flowers and gladdened with the sunshine of love.

Lewis loved her; and her thoughts flew to him in tender revulsion. The girl scarcely raised her eyes as the Doctor entered. Sarah's interest and curiosity however were greatly aroused at her husband's early appearance.

The Doctor bade her be silent, and called Essie to his side.

"Little girl," he began kindly, "I have been hearing strange tidings to day;" and his gaze, grave, troubled, yet intensely anxious, rested upon the face that was sadly lowered before his own. "A report is abroad connecting your name with a gentleman, a stranger staying at the Dolphin Inn. It is absurd, I know, and an unwarrantable impertinence. Are you dumb, child?" the Doctor pursued with asperity, a foreboding of ill darkening his features. "Am I right in saying that this man, this Mr. Lowdale, is an absolute stranger to you?"

"No—I cannot say that," Essie began. "But, Dick, we are not alone. Let me"—with a swift piteous glance at Sarah—"let me tell you another time!"

Sarah looked up hastily, and in a few well-chosen words demurred. The Doctor fell in with her views at once; it was due to his wife, to Essie herself, that his sister should be frank and open in the matter.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed testily, "I want a plain 'Yes' or 'No'—an emphatic denial of the charges!"

"Perhaps it would be kinder to Essie if you stated what the charges are," Sarah interposed at this juncture. "At present we seem to be groping in the dark."

The Doctor jumped up with nervous impatience.

"Sarah is right, Essie." Then, turning sternly to his sister—"Do you know this stranger I refer to? Have you met him by stealth, deceiving your best friends and the man you are engaged to marry? Is the charge true or false?"

"Dick, you are all I have in the world—do not look like that!" the girl cried; and in her troubles and anguish forgetting Sarah's presence, she clutched his arm and looked patiently into his face.

"Is the charge true or false?" he demanded, in a tone so hard and bitter that she shrank appalled from his side; he had judged and condemned her already.

"It is true," she said, rising her head.

"I was foolish, heedless, and unhappy."

"True!" the Doctor muttered hoarsely.

"And I thought you would be so safe, so happy under my care."

Essie shook her head.

"Once, long ago, that might have been possible," she said, with strange wistfulness. "But listen—I am waiting to tell you how the acquaintance began."

"Its termination is more to the point. I must see this man—I must concern myself with that!"—he rejoined angrily. "I am disappointed—downright ashamed of you!" and, with this uncompromising statement, the Doctor strode from the room.

For a moment Essie stood very white and still, and Sarah did not attempt to speak or approach her. Instead, as the girl presently passed her, she withdrew her dress from the possibility of contact.

For two days Essie was in disgrace, on the third she fled; and the Doctor was beside himself with fear and anxiety. There had been a terrible scene before this, and bitterly did Doctor Hilyard reproach himself for his ill-judged harshness.

Essie had fled—and with whom? With whom could it be but the unprincipled scoundrel who had occasioned this misery! Richard Hilyard hid his face in his hands and shuddered. What manner of man was this who had no explanation to offer, whose conduct since the interview had aroused the worst suspicions?

The Doctor unfolded a sheet of paper and read the false specious lines which had lured the child to her ruin. Sarah had found the letter in her sister-in-law's room after Essie had stolen away, the crumpled sheet of paper upon the floor offering the only explanation of her conduct.

The Doctor paced the room with wild furious strides. The gig—would it never come? Then Sarah came into the room with an open telegram in her hand. It was from Lewis Raven, and ran as follows—

"MAIDA VALE, LONDON.—Essie is here, at my aunt's house. Come at once."

"Lewis!"

Before many hours had passed the Doctor and his wife were at the house to which Essie had fled, and Lewis, with set lips, led Richard Hilyard to his sister's room, Sarah shrieking away at the first glance and retreating fearfully in the background.

Long months went by before Richard Hilyard forgot that scene, or the slight figure of the girl who was raving in the delirium of fever, long months ere he forgave his wife for her share in that painful remembrance. In the meantime Sarah returned to Wales, and Lewis breathed more freely when she was out of the house.

It was a time of great anxiety for the young man—a bitter trial—one ray of light, one gleam of brightness only piercing the gloom.

Essie had trusted him; Essie, in her extremity, had thrown herself upon his mercy. In that supreme hour it was to Lewis she had fled. Bernard Lowdale's influence had ceased; she had recoiled from his daring unscrupulous proposal.

Richard was right; an honest man would have approached her friends, have sought her in her home. Richard had upbraided her justly; she had wounded and disgraced him.

In incoherent fashion such as this Essie breathed her story, then all was a blank. Her lover's face faded away, to be succeeded by others—Sarah's chill and dark, Richard's frowning and angry.

Days and weeks passed away, and slowly, very slowly, Essie crept back from the grave—crept into the strong arms that were to shield her henceforth from the rough winds of adversity.

"Send me back to Germany—send me to my old school!"

Essie had urged that petition with faltering lips in the extremity of her weakness; now, with returning strength, she urged it still, and Lewis drew her towards him by way of answer.

Henceforth there was no barrier between them. Essie had learned much—long weeks of sickness had shown her her own heart, and revealed the depths of Lewis' patient devotion.

"Let me go!"

And, even as she spoke, the white hands tightened upon his arms, then clung softly around his neck.

So Lewis was happy at last, and Essie looked back upon her infatuation for Bernard Lowdale with wondering contempt.

"I was mad, Lewis, in what I did; but, if I had given way—ah, what would have become of me?" she said once.

Lewis shuddered involuntarily. A swindler, a promoter of bogus companies, Bernard Lowdale had been traced, tried, and imprisoned; but Essie did not know—she never heard the miserable story.

Much had happened since then—Essie's marriage, the long honeymoon spent in Southern climes, her restoration to health and reconciliation with her kindred. The Ravens were at home again now, much to the Doctor's satisfaction, and Ravensmeade was brightened by the presence of its mistress.

A youthful charming one, surely, her sweet face raised fondly to her husband's! Lewis smiled proudly as he gazed at her, and drew her closer to his side. It was summer time once more; the roses were blooming again, and the choicest flower of all was resting upon his breast.

#### LIBELLERS AND FORGERS.

Not only has every man his own peculiar type of penmanship; he has that style alone. He is unable to drop it at will and take up another.

Hence he cannot either disguise his hand or imitate anybody else's calligraphy well enough to deceive an expert. Let him practice as much as he likes, let him be as careful as he will, some of the marks of his natural writing will crop out in a forgery no less than in an assumed hand.

One other fact—and a very curious fact—about the philosophy of hand writing.

It is this: that a man never writes his name twice in exactly the same way, or, in other words, one signature is never a facsimile of any other. So that if an expert finds among some genuine signatures one that corresponds in every detail with a disputed signature—and such a thing has happened several times—it is absolutely certain, first, that the latter really is bogus; and, second, that he has before him the very model used by the forger.

All detectives of the inkpot agree that the discovery of two signatures which, on

being superimposed and held to the light, are identical, seem as one, is a conclusive proof that there has been tracing.

Such are the leading principles of the expert's profession. How are they applied? In some cases they are not applied at all.

The paper itself, the stamp, if there is one, may proclaim a document to be a forgery. Then the microscope and other appliances will sometimes show whether a signature is fraudulent. Swindlers commonly write a name in pencil and then ink it over.

If the expert has reason to believe that this method has been adopted—and it is not difficult to detect, because, for one thing, the signature looks duller than the other writing—he has only to put a drop of acid on one of the letters, and presto! the ink disappears, revealing the glistening plumbago beneath.

But it is practically impossible to obtain by any mode of tracing a sign manual that will successfully bear the closest scrutiny. In following the model, whether that be a facsimile in pencil or carbon or a genuine signature held to the light, the pen hesitates, giving the writing a zigzag appearance which, although not visible to the naked eye, can be clearly seen with the aid of the microscope.

The most useful ally of the expert, however, is the camera, which has no equal for showing signs of erasion, correction, and pen hesitancy.

In one way or another, then, a document may be pronounced a forgery without any comparison of writing. Rarely is this so when the work of a really accomplished professional penman comes to hand. He generally practices a signature till he can imitate it closely enough to deceive any bank cashier, when he dashes it off at the foot of a check with greater fluency, perhaps, than could its owner.

Generally, in dealing with documents alleged to be bogus, the expert first satisfies himself whether they are or are not forgeries, which he finds out by comparing the admitted writing of the person by whom they are supposed to have been written, with that of the documents.

Then, if he is of opinion that the papers are forgeries, he compares the writing on them with that of the suspected person or persons. And this means work—patient, tedious, trying work.

In fact, an eminent member of the profession told me that he had examined a set of documents for a fortnight before he could find a single clue, and that then he had "noised" out something on which to hang a peg.

In cases of anonymous letter-writing the method followed by the expert is invariably, since all that can be done is to discover similarities between the calligraphy of the cowardly epistle and that of the several hands of the persons suspected.

But, as when dealing with forgeries, the expert usually needs to examine the documents in cases of this kind very minutely before he can feel tolerably confident that he has tracked his man.

"Anonymous writers, when they disguise their hands," says Chabot, in his observations on the calligraphy of Junius, "generally betray themselves in details; they rarely commit themselves throughout the writing of an entire word. Hence opportunities of comparing words become circumscribed."

A comparison of letters taken separately affords not only a much larger field of observation, but in many cases invites attention to circumstances under which particular formations only of certain letters are employed, thereby pointing out what may prove to be very distinctive features of the writing under examination."

As to the actual method in which writings are compared, experts frequently have recourse to tracing, which familiarises them with the characteristics of a hand. They also go over documents with rule and compasses, measuring now and again, and then taking up a pen and writing a word or a letter that excites suspicion. Signatures in particular, are often tested in this way.

Sometimes, for instance, one at the foot of a will is disputed. Is it or is it not genuine? It may look rather unlike the ordinary signature of the testator; it may even strike some as a rank forgery; but then it is only to be expected that a man will sign his will in a more formal manner than he would a letter or a check. Knowing this, the expert has to examine a number of the signatures, obtain a sort of composite one, and then contrast that with the name as it is written at the foot of the testamentary document.

When a forgery is to be laid at the door

of its perpetrator, or a writer is to be convicted, like is compared with like—figures in the counterfeit or the slanderous epistle with figures in the admitted writing of the person suspected, capitals with capitals, punctuation marks with punctuation marks, and so forth.

Particular attention is paid to the form of the ampersand (&), to the manner of writing "etc.," to the joining of words, and other details in which a man is likely to betray himself.

The writing is, in short, examined microscopically both in a literal and in a figurative sense, and not even a dot escapes the keen-eyed expert.

#### At Home and Abroad.

The prohibition against foreign Jews settling in Palestine is still in full force. Foreign Jews are admitted to Palestine only for thirty days, to allow them to visit the holy places. When they land at Jaffa they must produce a respectable Turkish subject that they will leave the country in thirty days; otherwise they may not land.

The secret codes used by the United States State Department are the most carefully guarded of all the nation's secrets. One of them is called the "sphinx." It was devised by a New Yorker now in the State Department, and it is as susceptible to changes as the combination lock of a superior safe. Hundreds of messages have been sent by it, but the code has never been discovered by outsiders.

In some districts of Australia the kangaroos do much mischief, and the local authorities pay "scalp money" for all heads secured by hunters. Many men are employed on the various stations to thin out the devastating creatures, and a large number of bicycles are now used in the chase. Armed with rifles, the shooters are able to encircle the escaping flock, and can bring down many a kangaroo by their noiseless approach.

In China a certain Cho, described as very learned, is engaged in a crusade against foot binding, an institution which has been general in his country for twenty centuries. Cho has started a sort of anti small foot league, and a number of mandarins have signed a pledge engaging never to permit or encourage the foot-binding process among their families or attendants. The Dowager Empress of China is in favor of the reform.

An enthusiastic American capitalist with interests in Honduras believes that that country is the garden spot of the world. He recently said: "Many Americans are coming in there every day, and I know of no section of country where there are more and better opportunities opened up for the energetic American who wants to make money and make it easily. There is no healthier country in the world, in my estimation, and no country where there is a heartier welcome given the newcomer. There is only one railroad now from the coast, but that is soon to be extended from San Pedro, its most interior point at present."

A Hartford paper tells of an Italian who is building a house in Connecticut which is to be a reproduction of an old country house in Italy. The man and his wife and children are doing all the work. It has three stories, each story being quite low, and is entirely made out of stone cobbles and broken fragments found on the ground or in the ledge near by. The corners are nicely built of brick in indented sections. The doorways and window openings are also of brick. The windows in the second story are slightly arched. The cornice is of brick and has Roman metal projecting points. The inside partitions are built of the same kind of stone and are about 20 inches thick. The house is perfectly square, with a flat roof.

#### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.



## Our Young Folks.

### THE SUNSET ISLE.

BY D. T.

ONCE there lived in Erin a brave and courteous king named Con. His people loved him well, but the Danes invaded his country, and were too strong for him, so that his army was routed and scattered, and he himself had to fly for his life, alone. He wandered far over a desolate country, till he reached the sea-shore, where there were cliffs and sand and water, and nought else to be seen.

As he stood there, weary, looking out over the empty sea, the sun drew towards its setting, and the waves became a beautiful rose color.

Then he suddenly perceived on the horizon the peaks of an island, so very far off and faint, that in the sunset light it looked transparent as though made of rubies and amethysts.

As the king wondered what that western island might be, a story of his old nurse's came back into his mind—how, away across the sea there was a fairy isle, that was only seen now and then, when the sun was setting, and no man living had set foot upon it.

Then King Con determined in his mind he would try to reach the island himself, for, said he, "If I am lost and never return, no one will grieve for me, and least of all myself."

So he sought along the shore till he found a wrecked and deserted curragh, and into it he got, and paddled toward the sunset as fast as he might; and though the curragh seemed ready to fall to pieces every minute, it yet bore him on bravely, so that he wondered, and saw that good luck was with him.

The sun sank into the sea, but the red moon shone and the peaks of the island drew nearer, and he fancied he could smell the scent of flowers on the breeze.

So at last his boat touched the desired shore, and before him the king saw a great and dark wood. "Well," said he, "if I am lost in the wood, no one will grieve for me, and least of all myself."

So he plunged into the thicket, but he found there a little path that led through the bushes, and the shadows were not so dark as he had thought, for millions of glow-worms clustered along the branches and edged the path, and clouds of fireflies danced before him, making a regular illumination, and besides all this, there was a faint golden glimmer that grew brighter as he went forward.

And so he presently came to an open space in the midst of the wood, and was well nigh blinded by such a shining light that he thought the sun had risen.

But the light came from a lovely lady, who sat by a well in the middle of a green meadow; and her hair shone, and her eyes shone, and she called to him in a soft voice and said, "Welcome to my island, King Con; and how can I pleasure you now you have come from far to visit me?"

And King Con was so overcome at the sight of her beauty that he fell on his knees before her and cried—

"Lady, I desire nothing less than thy love."

"Ah, king, ask some other gift," said the fairy lady; "many a good knight has sought my love in vain, and now lies under the green sod, and I would be loath to be the death of you too."

"If I die, none will grieve, and least of all myself," answered King Con. "Tell me, I pray you, lady, what is the great peril that threatens them that love you?"

"Tis but this," answered the lady: "None may win my love except he guess my three riddles, and if he guess them not he dies; so be warned in time, King Con, and go your way back to your own land."

"Tell me the riddles," said King Con, "and let me know my fate."

"Well," said the fairy, "you are a wilful man. Tell me, then, what is it that goes through the wood and never shakes the leaves?"

"The light of your eyes, lady," answered King Con; "ask me a harder riddle than that."

"What is the bright gold that never was coined nor wrought, and yet is a royal crown?"

"Your hair, my queen," laughed King Con; "a harder riddle set me, if you desire my death." But the lady smiled and said—

"What is it, then, I can give to you and yet keep for myself?"

"Your hand, my queen," cried he in rapture, seizing it and kissing it; but the lady sprang up with a laugh, and cried—

"Who loves me, follows me!" and jumped into the well.

Then cried King Con—

"If I am drowned, no one will grieve, and least of all myself," and after her he went. And when he reached the bottom of the well, he thought as first he had fallen into a rainbow, till his eyes got less dazzled and he saw he was in a great hall, whose arches and pillars were precious stones of all colors; and before him stood the fairy lady surrounded by a crowd of ladies and courtiers, and she gave him her white hand and said—

"You shall be my husband; our wedding shall be celebrated immediately."

So King Con became the king of the Sunset Isle and the Rainbow Palace beneath it, and he lived there with his beautiful queen most happily for a year and a day.

But when the end of the summer came, he saw the queen looked sad and pale, and all the court had lost their mirth, and he asked the reason of it. And the lady began to weep bitterly and said—

"A horrible fate is on us. The last night of autumn comes a Grugach, and lurks behind the door of our banquetting hall, and the last who goes out he seizes, and bears him away to devour. This befalls us every year, and at the last I only shall be left, and me too will he devour."

"That shall never be," cried King Con. "I will go last, and see what this monster is made of." And the queen gathered some courage as she looked into his brave and loving face, and yet she shuddered as she thought of the frightful Grugach.

So the last day of autumn came, and the feast was spread; but none could eat at it, but sat watching King Con as he ate and jested, for all feared they would never see him again; only the queen trusted his courage and cunning.

Now he had prayed the queen to set a bright light over the great doorway of the Rainbow Hall, and she ordered fifty of the brightest will-o'-the-wisps to sit on the arch; and when the feast was ended, and the procession passed out of the hall, the flickering light shone on their pale and frightened faces, and last of all came King Con, in his royal mantle, and as went out, something clutched him behind.

"I am not the last," cried King Con with a merry laugh, "look at that black fellow that follows me."

And the Grugach clutched King Con's shadow, and was gone; and all the court ran back and fell at his feet, but the queen fell on his neck.

And after that, however bright was the sunshine, no shadow ever followed King Con, but no one grieved for that, and last of all himself; and the Grugach was so disgusted by the cheat, that he never ventured back again at all.

So King Con lived happily in the fairy land for seven years and seven days, and the queen bore him three fair sons, and as they were of royal race, they could each fight five common men when they were but children in years. And when the seven years were past, the queen said—

"King Con, I love you too well to bid you spend all your days in ease here and gain no honor. Take our three sons and drive the Danes from your own country, and see that your people fare well; but on the last night of autumn come back here to me and feast in our Rainbow Hall."

So King Con sadly bade her farewell, for he was loath to leave her, though he rejoiced in the thought of battle; and he and his sons drove the fierce Danes out of the country and ruled it justly.

And once every year they sailed to the Sunset Island and feasted in the Rainbow Hall, till the king grew old and weary of fighting and reigning, and then he set the crown on the head of his eldest son, and sailed back to the Sunset Island and his fairy wife, and no man has ever seen him more.

### LOBSTER AND SHRIMP.

Evidently the lobster was thinking about—by the bye, I really don't know what he was thinking about. Presently the shrimp came along.

But as he sat quite still and stared very hard indeed at nothing, he must have been thinking about something, I suppose. Perhaps salad—or sauce.

And, seeing how steadily the lobster gazed at a distant spot, he wondered what there was to be seen, so he curled up his tail and sat down on it, and began to stare, too. He could not see anything particularly interesting, however, so after a time he thought he would inquire what was the object of inspection.

"Hullo! Daddy Lobster!" he said.

The lobster took not the slightest notice, so the shrimp cleared his throat and tried again.

"Hullo! Daddy Lobster!"

"Well," said the lobster, without moving his eyes; "what is it?"

"Oh, please, sir," said Master Shrimp in a very meek little voice, "I only wanted just to ask you a question."

For all the notice the lobster took he might as well have been stone deaf. He just sat and stared intently before him, and never answered a word; but the shrimp knew he didn't like to be hurried, and would speak when he felt inclined, so he amused himself with turning somersaults and trying to catch his tail.

Presently the lobster said, without moving: "What's the question?"

The shrimp gave a wriggle. "I want to know," he said a little nervously, "what you are staring at."

"Go away!" replied the indignant lobster. "How dare you?"

"Oh, please, sir, don't send me away," pleaded Master Shrimp, pretending to be very humble, "because I only just asked what—"

"Go away!" interrupted the lobster.

"Well, but I want to know—"

"Go away!" said the lobster once more.

"Shan't!" replied that rude little shrimp; and then he began to swim round and round the lobster, flipping him with his tail, which tickled him dreadfully.

Now the lobster hated to be tickled; it always made him sneeze. So he got up and planted himself with his back to a high rock so that the shrimp could not get round him, and, settling himself comfortably, began to stare as before.

The shrimp watched him for a long time in silence. "Didn't your mother teach you it's vulgar to stare?" he asked at last in a tone of great interest.

The lobster took no notice.

"It's very bad for the eyes, too," went on the shrimp in a warning voice. "What would Mrs. Lobster say if you had to take to spectacles?"

This was too much for the lobster, who lost his temper. "Good gracious," he chortled, fairly blue with passion; "have I lived to be jeered at by a shrimp? Why, you wretched little mountebank—"

"What's that?" interrupted the shrimp excitedly.

This was rather a poser for the lobster, as he didn't happen to know.

"It's a person who climbs mountains," he hazarded at last after profound reflection.

"Oh!" said the shrimp in a tone of relief. "Well, I never do that. And if you call names you'll get yourself into hot water, you know."

The lobster shuddered. This was the one thing he dreaded. "I wish you would not make those nasty remarks," he said irritably; "it's most unpleasant."

The shrimp laughed. "All right, I won't do it again if you will just tell me what you are always staring at."

The lobster looked at him solemnly. "Very well," he said; "I will tell you on condition that you avoid objectionable topics in future. But you must promise never to mention it to anyone. It is a great secret."

"Oh, I'll never tell," promised the shrimp, who was all curiosity.

So the lobster began in a very important voice: "Many have desired to know the answer to the question you have asked, but it is reserved for you, a mere shrimp, to receive my confidences on the subject. I don't mind telling you, as a friend, that I am always staring at—"

At this interesting moment a small net was slipped under the shrimp, and before he had time to flip his tale he was safely caught by two little boys, who were delighted with their success, and agreed to have him boiled for tea with a lot more of his relations, who were already floundering about in the tin pail, and who were much dismayed at the prospect.

But the lobster was quite pleased. "It strikes me Master Shrimp will find himself in hot water first, after all," he remarked in a satisfied voice, as he settled himself and began to stare as before. "And serve him right, too, for his impudence."

And nobody knows to this day what he is always staring at, for those tiresome little boys caught Master Shrimp just a moment too soon.

FIRST STEPS.—The first steps in any new work are usually the most difficult. The first lessons in a new study or the first pages in a new book are the hardest, and require the most abstracted and persistent effort. But in climbing the stairs the first steps are far the easiest; it is the last upward stretch that takes time and painful effort. It is so in our lives. We began with the buoyancy and confidence of youth. There are later periods when we drag the feet and do well to move patiently and carefully, until the light from above brightens and cheers the final effort, and we have at last reached the top.

## The World's Events.

The Chinese have an odorless onion.

An ordinary brick weighs about four pounds.

The Persians shave themselves as a sign of mourning.

Footlights were first introduced on the English stage by Garrick.

There are at present only 30 steamboats on the Amazon and its tributaries.

Over one half of the arable land of Japan is devoted to the cultivation of rice.

Bicycles are carried free on the French railways when passengers accompany them.

Fully one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.

The brain of an ant is larger, in proportion to its size, than that of any known creature.

Laboring men employed in the city of Frankfurt, Germany, receive from 75 to 85 cents a day.

There is only one Latin newspaper in the world. It is published by a German in Aquila, Italy.

An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato, and in a pleasanter and more wholesome form.

The ordinary speed of the house-fly is 25 feet a second; but when chased it often attains a speed of 160 feet a second.

A Kansas City man who believes in the medical properties of asparagus eats it freely as an antidote for strawberries.

In every school in Paris there is a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

Everybody in Storbech, a small town in Austria, over five years of age, is a chess-player. The game is taught in the schools.

Salt water is highly injurious to its effects upon India-rubber. Bicycles should not be ridden on roads which are watered with sea water.

The bluebottle fly is purely a meat fly, subsisting altogether upon meat and offal and laying its eggs in decomposed animal matter.

Next to New Jersey the shortest legislative session of the year is that of Rhode Island, whose May session at Newport lasted only three days.

The organs of smell in the turkey vulture and carrion crow are so delicate that they can scent their food from an almost incredible distance.

Bishop Tugwell, who has recently returned from Uganda, says that to all practical purposes gin is the only currency in some parts of South Africa.

An inventive genius has patented a device which will allow a farmer to plough his field, harrow it, put in the seed, and, when the crop is grown, reap it by electricity.

A statistician says that Queen Victoria's hand has signed more important State papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any queen that ever lived.

A Rockland, Me., woman comes to the front with a washboiler which she has used steadily since 1857, and a baking tin which has been in constant use for two years longer.

It is estimated that a man in good health, and taking a fair amount of bodily exercise, consumes about two and a half pounds of solid food and rather less than three pounds of liquid food in a day.

In Germany the bridal wreath is usually formed of myrtle branches; in Switzerland and Italy of white roses; in Spain of red roses and pinks; in the United States, France, and England, of orange blossoms.

A lake of boiling mud two miles in circumference exists in the island of Java near Salo. Masses of soft, hot mud continually rise and fall, and huge mud-bubbles explode with reports like guns, at the rate of about three a minute.

A white tongue is a sign of febrile disturbance; a brown, moist tongue, indigestion; a brown, dry tongue, depression, blood poisoning, typhoid fever; a red, glazed tongue, general fever, loss of digestion; a tremulous, moist and flabby tongue, feebleness, nervousness.

In France old shoes are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold to factories, where the shoes are taken apart and submitted to long manipulations which turn them into paste. From this paste the material is transformed into an imitation of leather, which is used for the manufacture of wall-papers, trunk-covers, and similar articles.

There is no end to the variety of means by which excise duties can be avoided. An exhausted pigeon fell into the hands of a policeman recently, and, on being examined, was found to have a number of diamonds secured to its legs, neck, and tail. Evidently the bird had been flown from a steamer outside the harbor, the duty on diamonds being heavy.



## A PICTURE.

BY W. W. LONG.

A moorland meadow by the sea,  
With star-eyed daisies overrun;  
A cloudless sky of blue above,  
A radiant summer sun.

A glittering line of silver sand,  
Gray rocks where sea-shell glows;  
And from the pine lands over there  
The sweetest wind that blows.

Here in this solitude of rest,  
This paradise of peace supreme,  
The world behind me lies forgot,  
And life's a happy dream.

## HABITS OF INSECTS.

In most of their actions we are led to understand that insects are guided by mere instinct, an incentive force which the dictionary defines as "a natural impulse in animals, by which they are impelled to do what is necessary for existence, independently of instruction and experience." In some of the cases to be presently considered, however, it will be found difficult to say how far the blind force of instinct is responsible, and where reason steps in, so clearly do the habits described seem to indicate the workings of intelligence.

Take, for example, those cases in which insects, free to fly anywhere and everywhere, seek out most carefully and particularly places in which to lay their eggs, so that the young when hatched shall find close at hand exactly the proper kind of food adapted for them. Such cases are really so numerous that it is difficult to decide upon examples to illustrate this point.

Most of our butterflies, for instance, are very careful in selecting a particular kind of plant upon which to deposit their eggs, and this habit is so constant that it is almost useless for the entomologist in search of eggs or young caterpillars to examine any other species of plant than the one indicated in his text-book. Thus the well-known tortoiseshell butterfly always lays its eggs in an irregular heap on the under-side of a nettle leaf, so that the newly-born caterpillars have nothing further to do but commence feeding at once—their food being all around them and in sufficient abundance to enable them to attain their full size without leaving the place where they are born.

Again there is a kind of two-winged fly, commonly found in gardens, whose grub feeds upon the aphid or green-fly, and this insect has the instinct to lay each of its eggs singly in the midst of a number of these helpless and unsuspecting creatures. The young grub is devoid of legs, and indeed does not require organs of locomotion, for it has only to stretch out its body in every direction to secure plenty of food.

But surely the habits just mentioned are eclipsed by those of certain kinds of wasps, which burrow in the ground, in wood, or in other soft materials. After excavating a hole with its feet, which are admirably adapted for digging purposes, the mother-wasp flies off to secure spiders, flies, caterpillars, and all sorts of small insects, with which it furnishes the home of its progeny. These struggling items for the larval it stings, sometimes to death, but often only partially, so that, being merely paralyzed, they live on, unable to move or injure the eggs which are then laid near them. By this means a supply of what we might very well call "fresh meat" is ready for the future grub, which usually goes through all its transformations within the burrow, only coming out on attaining the perfect and winged state.

In securing their food supply certain insects assume very remarkable habits. Not the least interesting example is that of the larva of the ant-lion, a creature about half an inch in length, but in proportion to its size of a very formidable

appearance, owing to the great curved jaws with which its mouth is armed. As its name implies, this grub feeds mainly upon ants, and the method in which it secures these active creatures is quite unique. An inhabitant of sandy places, it digs out in the loose sand a deep, conical pit, performing this operation in a most methodical and scientific manner.

The mode of operation is as follows: First tracing out a circle in the sand, the little creature takes up a position just within the line, and pushing the hinder part of its body under the surface, loads its broad, flat head with sand, using one of its fore-legs as a shovel. Then, by a jerk of the head, the little shovelful of sand is thrown to the outside of the circle. Moving backwards along the line, this process is repeated until, by working round and round, and gradually getting nearer the centre, a circular pit is excavated more than two inches deep and about three inches across the top.

Now the larva buries itself at the bottom of the pit, and lies quietly and patiently with only its jaws visible until some poor unsuspecting but curious ant, coming along in its usual hurry to the edge of the pit, steps just a little too far and slips over the fatal brink. Owing to the very loose nature of the sand, the struggles of the ant only result in its slipping farther downwards, until the ever-ready jaws of our hungry grub seize the expected but unsuspecting victim and make short work of it, sucking it dry and throwing the carcass well over the sides of the pit, so as not to betray to future passers-by the secrets of this curious trap.

And now let us turn our attention to some curious habits assumed by insects as a means of defence. The dangers to which these small creatures are exposed are very numerous and varied in their character, and so we find the methods of securing safety correspondingly manifold.

A common device by which protection is obtained is by feigning death; some beetles, for example, possessing the habit of curling themselves up or tucking in their legs under their bodies, and falling off the leaf or twig where they happen to be situated on to the ground, where they lie quite motionless until the danger is past. The assimilation of the color of such beetles to their surroundings is also a material aid in the deception of their enemies.

## Grains of Gold.

Improve your time, and you can depend upon it that time will improve you.

Courtesy and etiquette are flowers; the one, has its roots in the heart, the other, in the intellect.

Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on tablets of eternity.

The worthiest people are the most injured by scandal, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

It is not sufficient not to intend to do wrong; we intend to do right, and carry out our intentions also. Not to think is in such case a crime.

Nothing is more noble, nothing is more venerable than fidelity; faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind.

No one can ask honestly or hopelessly to be delivered from temptation unless she has herself honestly and firmly determined to do the best she can to keep out of it.

In company set a guard upon your tongue in solitude upon your heart. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind.

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests; just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.

There is a power in real godliness which commands the reverence of those who hate us, and this the proudest sinners often so far feel as to be unable to carry on their violent opposition against it.

## Femininities.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor and the fourth wit.

"I don't see how Jolly lives with that rich wife of his. She's a Tartar." "It would be a good deal harder to explain how he could live without her."

Bachelor: Do you think a man will have bad luck if he gets married on Friday? Benedick: Oh, I don't think it makes any difference whether it's Friday or not.

Father: Johnny, open the door for your poor tired father! Your mother's locked me out, and I want to get in. Johnny: Well, she's locked me in, and I want to get out.

Barlow: Before you were married, you were full of theories about managing a wife. How did they turn out, M'Brade? M'Brade: It is a condition and not a theory which confronts me now.

He: How many voices are there in that choir at your church? She: About seven. He: Why, I had an impression that it had forty or fifty members. She: So it has, but you asked me how many voices!

Mrs. St. C., visiting her son: Who is that horrible-looking female over your mantelpiece? Mr. St. C., Jun.: Oh, that's a little thing grandma sent me! I believe she said it was you when you were a little girl.

"They say that people of the most opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages. What think you?" "Why, madam, I hold that opinion so strongly that I am quite ready to marry a young girl with plenty of money. That will constitute the necessary contrast."

Fair-but-forty customer: Yes—I don't dislike this hat; but don't you think it would look much better without that long feather? Diplomatic attendant: Oh, excuse me, madam—it looks charming! Why, it makes you look ten years younger! Fair-but-forty customer: Really? Then put in two more.

Magistrate: Constable Jenkins says you were blind drunk. Prisoner: It is a mistake, your honor. Instead of being blind, I could see twice as much as on ordinary occasions—in short, I could see double. If I had not mistaken Constable Jenkins for two men, your honor, I should not be here now.

Sir Charles Russel, years before he took silk, was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered, "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," replied Russel, without hesitation.

A law has just been passed in Austria which makes it a punishable offense for parents to take young children into bed with them. This interference was made necessary by the large number of deaths of infants through being suffocated by their sleeping parents. The annual average in Austria for some time past has been 4000 deaths from this cause.

On Sunday last a Detroit preacher told his congregation that people should not be deterred by poverty from marrying. If a man had \$1 left after buying his marriage license," he said, "and is fortunate enough to secure a good, economical wife—one who knows how to warm over cold meats and is satisfied with ordinary hats and dresses—he is destined to live a pleasant married life; indeed, eternity is too short for such a couple."

Berlin has now its Ladies' Club, founded under the patronage of the Empress Frederick, and named, after her, the "Victoria." It possesses a capital library, a grand piano, and comfortably furnished rooms, but no cuisine, meals being, however, supplied from a restaurant next door. Early closing is the rule, and lights are turned out at 10 P. M. Seventy members have already joined, and the list of candidates is full.

When the late President Grevy, of France, visited a picture gallery he indulged in frank criticism. "I call that an execrable daub!" he explained once to his personal conductor, while a sudden chill fell on the group around him. "Whose is it?" whispered the President to the Minister in attendance, observing that there was something wrong. The latter indicated by a gesture the eminent conductor himself, whereupon M. Grevy, putting on his air of rustic joviality and cunning, stretched out his hand to the painter and cried: "In our country when we are going to buy an article we always run it down." The apology was accepted, and the Presidential collection was enriched by another masterpiece.

Some women are never happy unless they are scrubbing, brushing, sweeping, or otherwise toiling in household affairs. The Honorable Henry Erskine's wife was one of this sort, and her extreme nervous irritability and eccentric ways, it may be supposed, did not contribute greatly to Henry's domestic happiness. One of her peculiarities consisted in not retiring to rest at the usual hours. She would frequently employ half the night in examining the wardrobe of the family, to see that nothing was missing, and that everything was in its proper place. One morning, about three o'clock, having been unsuccessful in a search, she awoke Mr. Erskine from a sound sleep in order to put to him this important question: "Harry, my love, where's your white waistcoat?"

## Masculinities.

Not till the reign of Henry VIII. did any English sovereign do other than eat with his fingers.

If you wish to be thought agreeable you must consent to be taught a good many things you already know.

The fool is more apt to give advice than the wise man, and somehow we're a good deal more apt to take it.

An innovation at a recent wedding consisted in having the "Wedding March" whistled by twelve-friends of the bride.

The most rational modes of keeping physical decay or deterioration at bay, and thus retarding the approach of old age, are avoiding all rich foods and using much fruit, especially apples.

Hoax: Why is Kiose looking so gloomy these days? I thought he was making money. Joax: So he is; but he's afraid to look happy for fear somebody will want to borrow from him.

G. T. Parvin, of Burton, Kans., has been taken to the insane asylum. Mr. Parvin declares that he has been dead for two weeks, and says it is a shame that the authorities should allow a festering corpse to lie around unburied.

J. R. Brown, of Williamsport, Pa., mistook a sheet of fly paper for a porous plaster in the dark, and put it on his chest. The acid on the paper ate through the flesh to the ribs in several places, and the man's life is in danger.

Huggins: Hello, Kissam; had your hair cut? Kissam: Yes, dear boy. I found a place where they cut your hair while you wait. Huggins: That's good. A barber's shop is usually a place where they cut some other man's hair while you wait.

The late Bishop of Derry used to be very hard upon sceptics. "You young men," he once said to a congregation of undergraduates at Oxford, "are very proud to call yourself 'Agnostics.' It's a Greek word. I don't think you're equally fond of its Latin equivalent, 'Ignoramus.'"

In Jewell County, Kans., when a Judge, before whom a father had brought his eighteen-year-old daughter on a charge of insanity, found that the father's real object in the proceeding was to prevent her from marrying the young man of her choice, he called the lover, who was among the spectators, and performed the marriage ceremony forthwith.

Mrs. Lewis, who discovered manuscripts of the Gospels in a Syrian convent on Mount Sinai, has been exploring the convent again, in company with her sister, Mrs. Gibson, and has examined the Palestinian Syriac service books of the twelfth century, written in the dialect supposed to have been spoken by Christ. Their text will soon be published.

It is calculated that 425 out of every million are really distinguished men. Comparatively few of these live to a great age, though there are notable exceptions to this general rule, while real geniuses almost always die young. Fierce and rapid combustion of nervous or muscular force is not compatible with long duration of life. For long endurance in men, as in stoves, we must have slow, steady combustion.

A gentleman who is credited with having made his escape from the Paris charity bazaar fire with remarkable vigor and promptitude was, a few evenings back, pushing aside a lady in his attempts to get before her into a Parisian theatre. She found it hard to keep her place. At last, losing patience, she turned around and said: "Bear in mind, sir, that we are not at a charity bazaar." He at once collapsed.

There is a crusty old bachelor, of considerable wealth, in Kentucky. "What will you do with your money when you die?" some one asked him, recently. "Well," he replied, "I am going to sell everything for cash, and get all my money in paper. When I find that death is near, I'll pile this paper money on the floor, stick a match to it, and lie down on it. Then the money and the house and I will all go together."

Vienna detectives have caught the thief who has been robbing picture collections in Vienna, Budapest, Madrid, and other places, while trying to sell an old master recently taken from a private collection. He is a Budapest doctor of medicine named Bela Lenke, son of a wealthy landowner. His system was to cut pictures out of their frames, and to replace them at once with chronos of about the same size. His implements were found on him.

At a ball held at Livermore Falls, by the Foresters, a prize of a gold ring was offered to the lady who waited the longest without stopping. Twelve couples competed. They began waiting at 12.30 A. M., and it was 5.45 A. M. before Miss Bessie McGraw, the winner, and her partner stopped waiting. By 2.30 five couples had dropped out, at 3.30 another couple left the floor, and at 4.15 Carl Richmond's partner fainted and was taken away. Two more couples dropped out at 4.35, and at 4.50 only two couples remained on the floor. At 5.45 Miss Bessie Bain and her partner, George E. Hall, gave up the contest, and so the prize fell to Miss Bessie McGraw, she and her partner leaving the floor two minutes later.



### Latest Fashion Phases.

The amplitude of skirts is somewhat modified and their stiffness very much so. The fullness is all carried around to the back, the front and sides being smooth, straight and carefully fitted.

In cutting out a skirt, the edges of the breadths should always be first ruled with a ruler long enough to go from top to bottom, for any irregularity in the seams of a skirt spoils its appearance and prevents it from hanging well.

In basting the seams lay the two edges together on a long table, the bias edge uppermost, if a straight and a bias edge are to be joined, and baste them while they are lying flat.

If the goods are very thin, like gauze or muslin or any sort of light silk, baste at the same time a narrow strip of paper along the seam. Stitch through this paper, which will prevent the machine needle from gathering the material. The paper may be easily removed afterward.

The stiffening has almost entirely disappeared from skirts. They are no longer as rigid as if they were made of wood, but have a degree of suppleness that is much more desirable.

A haircloth facing five or six inches wide is put around the foot of the skirt to prevent it from clinging too closely to the ankles, but this is the limit of stiffness. The wires and various other contrivances for expanding have entirely disappeared. Indeed, the wires never met with any favor among well-dressed women, as the effect was disagreeable, and with sufficiently good linings no such arrangement was needed for sustaining the skirt.

The indications of fashion in regard to new capes, mantelets, fitted wraps ornamented with half capes, and the cut of jackets, trimmed, plain or embroidered, continue the same. It is hardly necessary to go over the same ground again, as ample descriptions have already been given—so ample that all new developments have been fully treated.

Of course there is less to be said on the subject of wraps in warm weather, because they are less often worn. Carriage wraps are very dainty and elaborate, of silk or other soft fabric, following the lines of the figure gracefully. They are full, but light and easily compressible, when compression is necessary. For example, here is a description of a carriage mantle of gray moire.

Around the lower edge are nine rows of narrow platings, pale green gauze alternating with gray silk. The top of the mantle has a yoke embroidered with steel and gold beads.

It may be remarked, in passing, that steel and gold in combination are much employed at present in trimming, producing a rich and elegant effect.

The yoke is formed in platted ruffles of pale green gauze; the collar is encircled by a ruche of gray silk and another of green gauze and is lined with white guipure; while the front edges are adorned with pullings of gray silk from top to bottom. The garment is lined with pale green silk.

Jackets are worn very short, with no godets even at the back. The sack is by no means popular. What little vogue it had during the spring, as a novelty, has died out.

Blue, green and purple jackets are much seen, but the tones are all bright. Navy blue and bottle green are in the minority, clear shades being preferred.

Both jackets and capes are worn. Jackets are very short, with close sleeves only slightly bouffant at the top. The fronts may be tight, loose, open or closed. When open, they disclose an ornamented vest of some bright or light color, platted, gathered, covered with ruffles, ruches and all sorts of trimming.

The side and back of the jacket remain very close fitting and are sometimes held to the figure by a belt ornamented with embroidery or stitching, which passes beneath the fronts, leaving them loose. This is the latest novelty with respect to jackets. The basques are short and flat, without godets, the high collar and revers engrossing all the fancifulness of cut.

Capes are yet shorter than they were last year, but still more trimmed, the suppression of large sleeves having given room for greater expansion of ornamentation. Some are mere boleros with wings, trimmed with platings and ruches.

The collars are high and flaring, decorated inside with puffs of mousseline de soie, tulle or black or white lace. Sometimes a large thick ruche takes the place of the collar and is trimmed with bows of ribbon, bunches of flowers, etc.

The newest sun umbrellas are green, mauve or blue and have lacquered handles of the same color.

There is a mania for buckles. Generally when the buckle mania breaks out one size or design is more popular than any other, but not so now. Big buckles and little buckles, buckles that are bright and buckles that are dull are in equal demand. Many a young woman has converted her grandmother's old gold garter buckles into a most fetching clasp for her belt.

The Ascot tie is a fad among women. It looks very natty when worn with a tailor-made coat. The most stylish tie of this kind is made of striped or plaid Madras in a combination of brilliant colors. This gives dash to a dark wool gown.

It is now as bad taste for a woman to wear a ready-made tie as for her brother, father or husband to do so. So if she dons an Ascot she has to go through the torture of learning to tie it properly, but the effect is worth while.

Seal rings are much worn by women. They come in varieties of bloodstones, jade, jasper and onyx.

Bracelets are seen again after a long absence. The most popular design is flexible, being in gold chain pattern, with gems set in at intervals.

### Odds and Ends.

#### ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Potato Fritters.—Take some potatoes, boil and peel them, pass them through a sieve or colander with a spoon. Then take some good cream and mix it with the potatoes till they are a little thicker than batter.

Take three eggs, well beaten, and a little salt, and mix the ingredients all well up together. Then fry them in a pan of hot lard and send them up as you would apple fritters. Sprinkle a little salt over them before sending up.

Orange Fritters.—Take the rind of two oranges, removing all the white skin. Then cut the oranges in slices across, and take out all the pits. Dip the slices in batter and fry them. Sprinkle powdered sugar over them when served.

Potatoes boiled in their skins should not be left in them to get cold or they become sodden. If they are to be kept they should have the skins removed after they are boiled.

Milk that is to be kept sweet in hot weather should be boiled and left to get cold and then boiled again.

The walls of sitting rooms and staircases should be wiped down at least once a month with a clean duster tied on to the head of a broom with a long handle. Dust settles on walls whether we see it or not—and it should not be allowed to remain there.

A tablespoonful of vinegar put in the water in which meat is boiled, will often prevent it from being tough.

Water cans should not have water left to stand in them, as it helps to rust them.

In case of scarlatina or other infectious disease—annointing the skin with eucalyptus oil (oleum eucalypti) allays irritation and helps to prevent the spread of infection. It also greatly helps the recovery of the patient. Great care should be taken to get the eucalyptus oil pure, as the inferior kinds are mixed with other oils.

The dustbin of a house should be the object of great solicitude on the part of the housekeeper, and no animal or vegetable refuse should ever be allowed inside it. Vegetable refuse should all be consumed on the fire at convenient times, and animal refuse (such as fat and bones) should be given away to some deserving person who can sell it.

Meat that is not quite fresh, and of which there is doubt as to its keeping, should be roasted or fried but not boiled.

To clarify dripping or fat, break it up into a good sized china basin and pour over it a pint or more of boiling water.

When cold the fat will have formed a cake on the top. Turn this out on to a plate and scrape off the impurities on the under sides. It will then be fit for all cooking purposes, but if wanted for pastry repeat the process two or three times, when it will be extra good and fit for pastry or cakes.

Frozen meat should be thawed in tepid water before cooking, or hung in a warm kitchen for a few hours. It cannot be properly cooked unless this is done.

Bedrooms should never be scrubbed after midday or on a wet day, unless there is a fire to dry the room thoroughly before bed-time. But, after sweeping with damp tea leaves, the floor and woodwork

can be wiped with a damp but not wet flannel. In fine weather the bedding should be removed from the bedstead and all the brass or ironwork washed and wiped.

When clothes are taken off the body at night they should be turned inside out and hung up in the air—not thrown in a heap on the chair or floor. This should especially be done with what is worn next to the skin, and children should be taught this habit quite early.

Lace braid, either crinkled or plain, is one important feature in the prettiest specimens of this year's work; another being ribbon work, imitated with the washing embroidery silk.

Lace is much used for trimmings and as insertions, and simulated ribbon bows are still much in favor, and simple old-fashioned country posies are greatly admired as decorations for tea cloths, Duchesse covers, and such like things.

Another revival is seen in the decorations consisting of combined painting and embroidery, the result in these artistic examples being perfectly charming. Naturally the interest in such pieces is ephemeral; they will not be handed down as heirlooms, nor considered as works of art in the far future, but as fancies of the moment there is no question as to their attractions.

They are very quickly done, and there is softness, depth, and richness in these decorations not always found in needlework. Ottoman silk is the fabric usually chosen for the purpose, but watered silk is also liked.

Of flowers thus carried out, lilac is a favorite, as it allows of much depth of color, relieved by high lights given in sheeny silks or filocelle. Pansies, daisies, violets, and may be all suitable, but only one kind of flower is introduced in each group.

This style of ornamentation is also suitable on felt grounds, although the result cannot be said to be quite so attractive. Felt is now to be had in so many pretty, delicate shades, that those who have only known it in seasons that are long past would be surprised at the dainty effects which can be secured by its means in the present time.

Table covers are made of it, the edges being pinked out and the corners painted and embroidered. Dinner squares of pale blue or golden-tinted felt are richly decorated after this mode, as well as runners and mats.

Some of the linen embroideries must, however, now be described, as they fairly take front rank in importance. A design known as Aquitaine is novel and pretty. Here, for example, is a dinner slip. The border is done with lace braid, filled in with various lace stitches, the linen being cut away afterwards.

At each end a square of the linen is embroidered with flowers; this has just the appearance of a small mat thrown down crosswise on the lace slip.

Sometimes the design is worked so as to give the effect of a square centre mat laid diamond fashion on a lacework slip. A charming Duchesse cover, or dinner centre, has the border of lace braidwork enriched by a filling of alternate pale blue and pink stars.

For a large square night dress coverlet the Alsace design is quite bewitching. The diamond shaped centre is of checker drawn work, with a star embroidered in each square, and is bordered with a simple arabesque, done in shaded blue and gold. A spray of flowers, also worked in blue silk, is only partially seen, as it is apparently thrown down under the checkered centre.

Very pretty is a dainty afternoon tea cloth, bordered with two rows of fancy drawn work at a distance of about six inches apart. Sweet violets are worked within this border, and bunches of the same flowers decorate the corners of the square centre of the cloth.

Wide Honiton lace braid is occasionally used as an insertion with happy result. Say a tea cloth so treated has the extreme edge scalloped and buttonholed with blue silk.

Above the scallops comes the insertion broad Honiton lace braid, the junction of the ovals being worked over with gold silk; the insertion is outlined on both sides with blue silk.

There is a further decoration of flowers worked in the soft colorings. The Paysanne design is a delightful one for an afternoon tea cloth, or for duchesse covers, and sachets to match.

Poppies, primroses, daisies, are worked within checkers formed of embroidered blue ribbons, which are tied into a bow, where each square meets its neighbor.

This same design is most effective on a blotter of flame colored satin, and on work bags. As ribbon work does not bear washing, and yet is so generally admired, embroiderers have set to work and imitated it most successfully, using washing silks for the purpose.

Corner sprays of flowers are worked on linen within a border of lace braid work. Lace braids are employed on net grounds most satisfactorily. To execute this style of work the design must be first traced on linen. The linen is then covered with butter colored net.

On this net the braid is sewn, and connecting lace stitches are added in butter-colored silks. Sprays of flowers and leaves are done with the same silks. As a variation the sprays of flowers may be wrought in many tinted silks, thus quite different effects may be secured, the one linen tracing answering for several pieces of work.

PROMISES.—There are other questions which should enter into the making of a promise beside the possibility of keeping it. Is it necessary? Is it reasonable? Is it desirable? For, while some obligations are evidently laid upon us, this is one which we voluntarily take upon ourselves, and we are therefore bound to consider not only its practicability, but its wisdom. Not until we have decided, to the best of our ability, that the promise we think of making is right and good, and likely to conduce in some way to the benefit of ourselves and others, are we justified in making it; but, having done so, we must regard it as a sacred trust, never to be repudiated.

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In using medicines to stop pain, we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, when the patient loses the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it masks the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

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A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

No bad after effects (which are invariably the sequel of dosing with opium, etc.) will follow the use of Radway's Ready Relief, but the bowels will be left in a healthy normal condition.

A half to a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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CHILLS AND FEVER, FEVER AND AGUE CONQUERED.

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Not only cures the patient seized with this terrible foe to settlers in newly settled districts, where the Malaria or Ague exists, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, take twenty or thirty drops of the Ready Relief in a glass of water, and eat, say, a cracker, they will escape attacks. This must be done before going out.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarial, bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Be Sure to Get "Radway's."



## A Lion Hunt.

BY T. O. L.

I WAS cruising on board a man-of-war, years ago, from the Island of Madeira towards the western coast of Africa, hoping on our way to pick up a slave ship or two.

Midway between Maderia and Teneriffe we were becalmed for three tedious weeks under a hot, broiling sun. It was no joke, and severely tried the tempers not only of the captain and officers, but all on board. Worst of all, our water began to run short—a very serious matter, with over one thousand thirsty men on board.

We were put on an allowance of a pint a day. A pint of water for drinking, washing and cooking, etc., under a torrid sun, does not go a very great way. Our necessity at length became so great that the captain was forced to get up steam and make direct for the coast of Africa.

Thirty-six hours steaming brought us opposite the town of Mogadore. This place is situated on the outskirts of the great Sahara or Sandy Desert of Africa.

Behind the town rises a background of mountains, most conspicuous among which stands out the snow-capped summit of Mount Atlas. Stretching away to their base is one vast field of sand, with a small thicket of shrubs growing here and there sparsely.

The night before we reached the town a fresh breeze came on, which carried away our foremast, and we ran down a small vessel, supposed to be laden with fruit. How well I remember it.

The Captain and I were walking up and down the deck—the vessel a large six-hundred horse-power, one hundred and one gun-ship, going at the rate of fourteen knots an hour! What chance had any small schooner before such a leviathan of the deep.

As we were walking, a shock, as if a vessel had run aground—just touched, and off again—ran through her frame. We stood still:

"What is that?" I asked.

"I do not know," he said; "she ran against something."

Morning's day-break showed us one or two floating spars, and a man's hat—all the record of what had passed. Silently, swiftly, the unknown vessel had gone down, and its small crew, doubtless fast asleep, never woke on earth again, but there and then found their last resting place—all unknown until that day shall come when all the secrets of the mighty deep, its hidden treasures, its buried hopes, be once more revealed.

As we neared Mogadore, and anchored some two miles off the town, a strange commotion seemed to possess the place. The morning breeze off land came to us laden with the sound of ringing bells—not the usual muezzin calling the faithful to their prayers, but the sharp, quick, repeated sound of consternation and alarm. Through our glasses we saw the Moors hastening in crowds from the city gates and bearing with them their valuables out into the sandy plain beyond.

They thought our arrival an hostile one, for no vessel of war had visited (we afterward learned) the place since a French fleet, a few years before, which nearly leveled it with the ground.

As soon as he could, our first lieutenant went on shore and made known the motive of our errand thither—want of water—not very easy to be obtained.

As we were likely to remain there three or four days, a party of us landed the following day and visited the town. Looks half threatening, half fearful, marked our course through the streets from its Moorish population.

Finding, however, that our visit was really a peaceable one, they became reassured, and in one bazaar we stopped at, its owner, who spoke Spanish very fairly, told us that the foot-tracks of a lion had been seen a few days before in the neighborhood, and two Moors were missing, supposed to have been carried off by the formidable brute.

Taking this piece of news back with us, we returned on board the ship, and there making it known, a party was quickly organized for a regular hunt the following day.

The next morning, accordingly, some twelve, myself included, went once more on shore, fully equipped and armed for the affair, and taking along with us two large Newfoundland dogs, belonging to the captain of the ship.

I was the only one of the party unarmed; for, somehow or other, all desire on my part to share either glory or danger had entirely left me.

I should like to see it, I owned, provided I was at a safe distance; and as I

could not be sure of that, I preferred taking a quiet botanical excursion by myself, in the immediate vicinity of the city. I went, however, with them, until they came on traces of the animal.

The broad, large, cat-paw shaped marks in the sand were unmistakable. Little heed was there of the three or four Moors we had perstaded, with no small difficulty, to accompany us, for the foot-prints were all round the place.

We gathered from our guides that it had been seen that very morning, making its way with early dawn eastward, toward the desert.

Putting the dogs on the scent, the party started off. I resolved to go in an entirely opposite direction, firmly resolving in my mind not to lose sight of the walls of the town. Just as we separated, one of them, named Turnour, said:

"There, Dot, old boy, take this revolver; I have another, and it may be useful to you."

Nothing loth, I took the weapon, for, beyond a pocket-knife, I was totally unarmed, and I slowly sauntered back toward the town. I came to a clump of some five or six date trees and a small piece of greensward, flower-bestrewn.

Here I halted, and taking out my pipe, began to smoke beneath their shade. Ever and anon I gathered a few dates lying on the ground, and ate them.

So passed lazily away a couple of hours. I had listened intently, but heard no shot fired, and concluded the lion had gone further away than they expected. At length I arose, and seeing a small thicket of stunted shrubs some quarter of a mile further off, I made my way toward them.

I found they were a species of acacia, and a species I had not hitherto met with. I plucked two or three of the twigs, and was just about to leave, when a deep bass growl riveted me to the spot. Unconsciously I let my fingers drop, and stood still for a few moments, paralyzed. Another and a deeper growl followed the first, and looking in the direction whence the sound issued, I saw the fiery glare of two large eyeballs, and could dimly outline the form of a large beast crouching, half hidden among the shrubs.

Still I stood, too horrified to move even a single limb—too frightened to attempt to cry out for assistance, even had assistance been near. A hot glow rushed like fire through my whole body, followed immediately by a cold thrill which sent the perspiration in icy drops down my face. I felt my hair bristle and move with a strange creeping sensation.

Distinctly I could hear and count each pulsation of my heart. To this day I can realize most vividly what I can imagine a poor little mouse feels when for the first time it sees fixed on it the relentless glare of some half-famished cat.

Like a poor timorous mouse I stood, all forgetful of my pistol, and so taken unaware that I should have been an easy victim.

My tongue found its powers first—I uttered a roar as loud, if not as hoarse, as the one I had heard—I bellowed until they might have heard me in Mogadore.

Then the pistol flashed through my mind just as a slight rustling warned me the animal was beginning to move, doubtless preparatory to its first and, as I felt assured, final spring.

A large yellow beast came bounding out toward me. I pointed the pistol at it, and shutting my eyes with a half uttered "God help me," I fired. A strange noise followed the report, half growl, half bark, half howl, a heavy thud on the earth, and opening my eyes, I found a large yellow-colored dog lying in its death agonies a few feet from me.

It was one of those half wild brutes, which so commonly haunt the streets of towns where Mussulmans are wont to frequent, and I had accidentally found out and disturbed it in its lair.

Half ashamed of my dastardly fears and half triumphant at my success with my pistol, so fortuitous in its aim, all by chance and naught through skill, with shaken nerves tingling unpleasantly at the dreadful excitement I had undergone, and with limbs rather shaky and unsteady, I turned to hasten away, when I met the half laughing, part serious glance of Turnour.

"Upon my word, Dot, well shot; but why did you bellow so?"

"I—I thought it was a lion," I could not help saying.

He roared out with laughter.

"It was sufficient, however, to scare a fellow," he said, at length, seeing my perturbed look. "Come along, now; we must get on board; they have signaled our return; we have not met our lion, and must leave him to the Moors. Never mind—we may have another chance when we get to old Gib, and go over from there to Tangiers."

We went on board, where Turnour narrated my adventure amid the roars of my messmates.

My lion exploits in Africa were not, however, ended at Mogadore, and I did afterward see a real one, to my bitter sorrow.

In this wise:

After leaving Mogadore we started on to Gibraltar, where the captain expected to receive dispatches from the admiral, then at Lisbon, giving orders as to his future movements.

In three days we reached the world-famed citadel, and finding we were likely to be there a week or ten days, the officers forthwith planned several expeditions, both into Spain and Africa.

All excursions, however, into Spain were nipped in the bud, owing to a strict quarantine being kept, and no further advance allowed into that country than the limits of the neutral ground which separates the Spanish from the English territory.

We were all sorely disappointed, but an expedition into Africa was soon planned, and several officers from the garrison at Gibraltar agreed to accompany us.

Among these officers was a cousin of mine, my playmate in childhood, my schoolmate in boyhood and the one warm friend of my youth and manhood.

We intended being away two or three days, and made our preparations accordingly.

A small steamer conveyed us across the straits to Tangiers, and we found there our horses, which we had sent across the day before.

Mounting these, we rode along the coast toward a small place called Massighan, intending to make it our headquarters for the short time we should be away.

On our road thitherwise we fell in with the tracks of a lion.

I shuddered when I saw them, as they brought afresh to mind my fright at Mogadore. The officers followed them up; I dared not be left behind, and was consequently forced to follow.

After three or four hours' ride, we came to a small thicket surrounded by a small strip of coarse, long grass. Here the dogs stopped, and one of them whined uneasily.

The company rode round it, but beyond the footmarks ceasing here we saw no other trace of the animal. The dogs refused for some time to go in. At last we induced one, named Neptune, a great favorite, to enter.

A short time passed, when we heard a loud howl, a heavy stroke, as if a hammer had hit some soft substance, and all again was still.

We knew well what had happened. One stroke of the lion's paw had for ever silenced poor Neptune, and Boatswain, his companion, seemed to know it, too, for it whined most piteously.

After some deliberation the officers determined to fire a volley into the midst of the thicket, and did so. A loud, deep, sullen roar was the response. How it made my heart beat! and my horse became well-nigh unmanageable, being infected with a like fear with myself.

Still the beast would not break cover, but seemed determined to remain hidden in its lair. My cousin suggested setting fire to the grass, as he had seen done in a similar case in India.

This was done, and all eyes were directed to the spot as the flames spread and the smoke rolled on and clung to the trees and shrubs.

Under cover of the dark dense cloud, a huge object stealthily, noiselessly as a cat, crept on unseen, until within a few yards of where my cousin was sitting on horse-back.

I saw his horse suddenly shy, rear, heard it give a loud snort of fear, and then a huge, dark-looking object seemed suddenly to spring out of the very ground and launch itself at the horse's head.

The flash and quick report of a rifle followed, as the brute clung, with its fore-paws deep buried in the fore-shoulders of the horse, and its teeth deep set in the poor animal's throat.

The horse tottered and fell, and my cousin lay on the ground with one leg crushed by the horse's fall. One moment more and the lion left the horse and stood over the man.

Heart sick, I could hardly bear to look on, and yet could not turn away my horrified face. One of the officers, named Chichester, the crack-shot of his regiment, raised just then his rifle, took one instant's sight, and fired.

It was too late; before the ball reached its object the uplifted paw had fallen; again a dull crash was heard, almost simultaneously with the thud of the bullet, and as the huge brute rolled over off the body of the man, both were lying quivering in their death-agonies, the head

of the one crushed into a shapeless mass as the heart of the other received its death-blow from the bullet.

Ah me! very, very sorrowfully they took the body up and set their faces homeward again to Gibraltar. In after-days I was told a band of Moorish robbers, or soldiers, or whatever they were, hung on our rear, and threatened more than once an attack.

I never saw or heeded them; I knew not at all who they were; my thoughts were there on that object hanging over the saddle of a brother officer of my cousin's, who rode by my side.

I thought, too, of a home in America, far away, where a mother would soon be weeping over the death of her first-born and only one, killed not in the furious onslaught on the field of battle, with no sound of country's victory to cheer the dying struggle and rob it of its pain.

Alas, no; but bruised and maimed to death by a wild beast, the after-death of which could never soften the bitter pang of a brave and gallant man's loss.

I took his body home and buried it in the old churchyard there, and from that day to this, I have never seen, or for one moment wished to see, another lion. Its very name, as I write it, even makes me shudder. God keep me and mine from ever again joining in a lion-hunt.

EGG DANCE IN INDIA.—The Indian egg dance is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise:

The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon her head.

Around this wheel threads are fastened, equally distant from each other, and at the end of these threads is a slip-noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection, to prove that they are real, not imitations.

The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she puts it in one of the slip-nooses, and with a quick motion throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight.

The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrifugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle.

One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip-nooses until they make a horizontal aureole or halo above the dancer's head.

Then the dance becomes more rapid—so rapid, in fact, that it is difficult to distinguish the feature of the girl. The moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other.

But how can this dance be stopped? There is but one way—remove the eggs in the same way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the most delicate of the two.

It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, should take hold of the egg and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended.

At last all the eggs are successfully removed, and the dancer stops, and without seeming in the least dizzy, by the dance of twenty-five or thirty-five minutes, advances with a firm step to the spectators and presents them with the eggs, which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick in the performance.

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS ARE BRILLIANT.—All who have made pedestrian tours through the Alps remember the vivid beauty of the mountain flowers. Comparisons lately made by a botanist show that the superior purity and splendor of floral colors in the Alps are not imaginary, or a mere effect of contrast.

The reds, blues, and yellows of the mountain blossoms are much more intense than those of the same species of flowers grown at ordinary levels.

The leaves, also, have a deeper and richer green, and microscopic examination shows that chlorophyll, or green coloring matter, is more abundant in Alpine plants than in those of the plains.

One fact which seems quite natural, yet is very interesting, is that on the mountain plants have relatively smaller aerial organs and larger subterranean ones.

Thus, a graceful flower which, in the plains, is seen nodding at the summit of an aspiring stem, will be found when high up on the mountain slopes to be hugging the soil, anchored by comparatively heavy roots and beaming up with accentuated beauty from the ground.



just inside the first gate. He was a shortish man, young, with a clean-shaven face; he was in evening dress, with the dinner jacket which bachelors nowadays affect, and looked particularly spruce and alert.

"Mr. Theodore Mershon," said Bobby, under his breath.

As they came up to the gate, Mr. Mershon turned his head and looked at them, recognized Bobby, and raised his hat in a rather cool and supercilious way; but as Decima moved from the shadow of a tree and came into the moonlight, Mr. Mershon saw her distinctly, and his sharp eyes scanned her with a critical stare. As he looked his manner changed, and he took a step or two forward, and held out his hand to Bobby.

"How do you do, Deane?" he said. But, though he addressed Bobby, his sharp eyes were fixed on the girl's lovely face.

Bobby replied coolly enough, and would have passed on; but Mr. Mershon detained him with a question.

"Been for a stroll?" he said.

Decima noticed that his voice was thin, but quick and sharp, in harmony with his face.

"Yes," said Bobby. "My sister and I; this is my sister, Mr. Mershon."

Nothing would have induced him to omit the "Mr."

Mr. Mershon raised his hat again, and bowed.

"I didn't know Miss Deane was down here," he said. "In fact, I didn't know you had a sister."

"She has only just come down," said Bobby, rather coldly. "It's a fine night isn't it?"

"Very. And you have only just come to Stretton, Miss Deane?" said Mr. Mershon, his eyes scanning her face for a moment, and then turned aside, so that they were hidden from her as she replied—

"Only to night."

"Well, it's too early to ask you if you like it," he said. "But I hope you will. Have you been abroad?"

"I have been living with an aunt," said Decima.

And she, too, spoke rather coldly; for something in the man's face, or his voice, or his manner, was repellent to her.

He cast a glance at her, and averted his eyes again.

"Ah! you've come at a nice time of the year. The place looks at its best now. By the way, Deane"—he glanced at Bobby—"I was going to ask you if you and your father would dine with me some night—"

"My father never dines out," said Bobby, somewhat stiffly.

Mr. Mershon looked from him to Decima.

"Oh! perhaps you and Miss Deane would honor me? I will have the pleasure of calling on you—if you will allow me—and we can arrange a night. I should like to show Miss Deane—your father—the new palm house. Will you come?"

He looked for an instant at Decima, an instant in which his sharp eyes seemed to take in the whole of her face and form.

Decima's frank eyes rested on him placidly.

"Perhaps," she said, in her direct way.

"If my father or brother—"

"Better say 'yes,' and name a day, Deane," he said. "Say next Tuesday. I'll come over and try and persuade your father."

Bobby was old enough to know that this was not the proper mode of invitation, and he colored with boyish embarrassment.

Mershon glanced at him, bit his lips, and colored as if he saw his mistake.

"I'll write," he said. "Good night."

He did not turn into the drive, but stood and watched them as they passed on.

"My gracious! what a lovely creature!" he said to himself. "Fancy that old maniac having a daughter like that! Looks like—like—I don't know what she looks like."

"What a strange man!" said Decima, when they had got out of hearing.

"Yes, he's a rum fish," said Bobby.

"Awfully bad form, pressing us to dine with him, wasn't it?"

"I—I suppose it was," said Decima.

"Shall you go?"

"No," said Bobby. Then he added: "Would you like to?"

"Oh, no! Why should I?"

"It might be fun," said Bobby. "We'll see. Did you see the Diamond stud in his shirt-front? That sort of man always wears a big diamond stud, it is the mark of the best."

"And did you notice that his eyes never met yours? Sort of man I distrust. But

I'm rather curious to see what kind of dinner he would put on. We'll see. Here you are, 'the lights of home!' I'll go into the laboratory and see if the governor's still there."

He opened the door, and looked in.

"Gone to roost—the saints be praised! And you'd better go to your little bed, sister mine. Oh! you don't want to kiss me, do you? Well, it's the first night—"

He submitted to the embrace, and Decima ran up to her room.

She slept like a top—if ever the gods are envious, it is of the blessed sleep of youth!—and in the morning came down "fresh as the rose that's gemmed with dew."

Her father had already breakfasted and gone to his laboratory, and Bobby was dashing wildly through a course of eggs and bacon and marmalade, preparatory to his morning grind with the "coach," who lived in the town three miles distant.

"You'll be left to your own devices all day, Decie. What shall you do?"

Decima smiled, rather nervously.

"I am going to interview the cook and Sarah Jones," she said.

Bobby grinned.

"Well, if you live through it, you shall, as a reward, go fishing with me at Leafmore this evening. I generally take a rod down before dinner, and to day's a good day."

"Meet me at the gate—you know?—at five o'clock. Going to interview the slaveys, are you, my poor child! If a brother's blessing and deepest sympathy—I've been there myself—are of any service to you, pray accept them! I'm off. Five by the gate remember."

After breakfast, Decima went all over the house, and then "interviewed" the cook and Sarah Jane. The former at first met her timid remarks about the dinner of the preceding evening with a bland contempt, which, however, gradually developed into a reluctant respect and civility; for there was a certain something at the back of Decima's innocent blue grey eyes which had its effect.

As for Sarah Jane, she was instantly moved to tears, and, remarking that she was an orphan, and had been "brought up by a charity," assured Decima that she would be more careful of the crockery in the future.

A portion of the morning Decima spent in the laboratory, where her father submitted to her presence in an absent-minded way. She "lured" him in to lunch at one o'clock, and in the afternoon she wrote to Lady Pauline a full account of this first chapter in her new life.

Then, at a quarter to five, she went down to the gate through which she and Bobby had passed to the Leafmore Avenue.

Bobby was sitting on the bank awaiting her, a pipe in his mouth, and the fishing rod by his side.

"Good girl!" he said. "Always be in time, though, for that matter, half an hour later wouldn't have mattered, for it's too bright for trout. But there's a cloud coming up, and I can start presently. Meanwhile, as you see, I am hard at work."

"Hard at work!"

"Yes—smoking. Come and sit down."

She went and sat beside him, and examined his fly-book with some interest for a few minutes, then she got up and wandered down the avenue, picking the wild flowers which grew along the border.

Bobby lay back with his eyes closed and half-asleep, until, suddenly, he was aroused by a clinking sound. He looked up, and saw a gentleman shaking the big entrance gates.

Boy-like, he watched him for a moment or two with bland enjoyment; then he shouted, "Hi!"

The gentleman looked round, saw the recumbent figure, and said, "Well?"

"Gate's locked," remarked Bobby, in his concise fashion. "There's a door here"—he indicated the lower gate, "if you want to come in."

"Thanks," said the gentleman, and he came along to the wall, passed through the other gate, and stood beside the lad, looking down at him.

"That big gate's always kept locked," said Bobby.

"Indeed?" said the gentleman. "I am a stranger here; I didn't know."

Bobby looked at him casually.

"Are you going to see the house?" he said. "It's worth seeing—the carving and pictures especially."

"Are they?" responded the gentleman.

"Do you live here?"

"Oh, no—that is, not at the house. I live in the village; but I know it very well."

"You are going to try your luck with the trout, I see. Is the sport good?"

"Oh, yes; it's a capital river," said Bobby. "Been neglected, and a good deal poached; but there are plenty of fish in it still."

"Will you let me look at your flies?" said the gentleman, "I'm a fisherman, also."

Bobby handed him the book with an angler's promptitude.

"I'm going to put on a 'blue upright' and a 'march-brown.'"

"Yes," said the other, "and a 'coachman' an hour or two later. You have some good flies. I hope you will have good sport."

"Thanks! I think I'll get down to the river—it's just below here."

"Yes; I saw it as I came up the hill."

Bobby nodded, gave him good-day, and, rod in hand, crossed the avenue, calling to Decima.

"All right!" she called back, "I will follow you. Here are the loveliest cowslips! I must get a bunch."

"Very well; follow the track," he shouted back, and went on his way, whistling.

The gentleman looked after him, then sat down on the bank, took out his cigar case, and lit a cigar.

The match was still in his hand when Decima came, like Diana, with light, fleet steps down the avenue.

She was arranging her flowers as she came, and did not see him until she was close upon him. Then she paused a moment, and glanced at him, with a faint surprise, and was passing on again, when he rose and raised his hat.

She stopped short, with a slight cry of recognition and astonishment on her lips; for she saw that it was the gentleman who had befriended her at the Zoo.

He had recognized her at the first moment, and his eyes rested on her face inquiringly, as if he were half curious to see what she would do.

He had not long to wait. With a touch of color in her cheeks, and a shy, embarrassed expression in her eyes, Decima looked at him, then beyond him, over his head, and passed on without a sign of recognition.

Gaunt smiled grimly, and stood, like a soldier, erect and unbending, his eyes fixed on her, as if the cut direct amused rather than wounded him.

As she passed on, her lovely face set and cold, she continued the arrangement of flowers, and—perhaps her hand trembled, for it was a trying business, this cutting of a man who had been kind to her—she let a large number of them slip from her fingers.

She stopped, and, biting her lips softly, began to pick them up, and Gaunt stepped forward and assisted her.

As he handed the yellow blossoms to her, he said, very quietly—

"Have you forgotten me?"

The blood rushed to Decima's face.

"No," she said.

"Not forgotten me? And yet you would not bow to me! Why was that?"

Decima looked from side to side.

"I—I cannot tell you," she said.

"But—forgive me!—don't you think you owe me some explanation. Let me put the case the other way. If you had deigned to bow to me, and I had declined to respond, if I had cut you; would you not think an explanation due from me?"

"Yes," said Decima, her brows coming straight; her lovely eyes growing dark-blue.

"Be just, then. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you!" he said.

There was a suspicion of banter in his tone, and, at the same time, a grim kind of appeal which touched Decima.

"Must I tell you?" she said, in a troubled voice.

"Yes; I think you ought."

"Then—oh, I wish you would not ask me! My aunt does not wish me to—know you!"

"Why?" he asked, very quietly. "I admit that it is a sufficient reason for the cut; but I am curious to know her reason."

"Because—because you are—oh, I cannot tell you!" she broke off, scarlet to the very neck.

He smiled.

"Too bad for you to know?" he said, with a smile.

Decima hung her head.

"Thank you," he said. "I am answered. Good-bye."

She turned and went a few steps from him, then she swung round and came back, her innocent soul shining through her eyes.

"Why are you so wicked?" she said,

painfully, as if the question were forced from her. "You were so kind to me!"

His face grew hard and set, then he smiled grimly.

"That would take a lot of answering," he said. "Wait a moment, until I decide whether I can tell you."

## CHAPTER VI.

AND Decima waited, her innocent gray eyes on his face with a kind of troubled patience. He looked beyond her fixedly, with a grave thoughtfulness, and was silent so long that Decima almost thought that he had forgotten her; then he looked up at her with a grim smile.

"I have decided that I cannot tell you, Miss—" he hesitated.

"Deane," said Decima, "Decima Deane. 'You have forgotten my name!'"

"I had," he said. "It was unpardonable; but you see, when a man has need of so much forgiveness, a small shortcoming or two, more or less, scarcely counts. No; I can't answer your question, Miss Deane; but, all the same, I should like to make a short statement in my own defence. Every criminal is allowed to cross-question and palaver, before the judge passes sentence, you know."

"Yes," admitted Decima.

"Very well, then. Shall we sit down? This bank will serve for dock and bench—"

"My brother is waiting for me," said Decima.

"If I know the angler, he has completely forgotten you by this time," said Gaunt. "And I will promise not to detain you many minutes. Will you not sit down? Let me remind you it will not be the first time we have taken a rest together, and—well, I trust you suffered no harm on the last occasion."

Decima sank down on the mossy bank, and he sat beside her—but not too close. Then he looked at her in an absent-minded fashion, and mechanically realized that she wore a white linen dress, and that the dark blue bow at her throat was the only spot of color.

From her bow he looked to her eyes, and the depth of their hue struck him at the moment as strangely beautiful. Something in the face, above and beyond its young loveliness, smote him, as it were, softly.

Then, as he turned his eyes away, he asked himself if it were worth while to attempt to change this girl's—this child's—estimate of him. Was it worth while? What did it matter? Let her think him the monster Lady Pauline had, no doubt, painted him.

But Gaunt was in a queer mood that afternoon. Perhaps the sight of the old place in which he had been born, and which he had neglected so long, had told upon him—perhaps the girl's innocent frankness and candor had their effect; any way, he yielded to the impulse and began.

"I suppose it was your aunt, Lady Pauline, who told you that I was so wicked?" he said.

"Yes," said Decima.

"Ah!" He smoked for a moment or two. "Did she tell you of what crime or crimes I had been guilty? But no, I suppose not?"

Decima shook her head.

"Lady Pauline is a very religious woman, is she not?" he asked.

"Yes, oh, yes; she is very good—goodness itself!" said Decima.

"Yes; I have heard so," he remarked. "Now, I think you will admit that so good a woman as Lady Pauline Lascelles would be disposed to regard other persons who were not so good as—well, let us say, very great sinners."

"No," said Decima. "Aunt Pauline—" then she stopped.

"You would like to say 'No,' but are forced to admit that I am right. Lady Pauline, for instance, would consider a man who spent his life—once entirely given up to amusement—as a cumberer of the earth, a useless member of society, scarcely worthy of living in a work-a-day world?"

"Yes," said Decima, reluctantly.

"Quite so," said Gaunt, with a grim smile. "And for some of his amusements Lady Pauline would find no word of condemnation too hard. For instance, if he played cards—he had to choose his words carefully, for he felt that the girl beside him was as innocent of the world as a child—'she would call him a gamester—an habitual gambler.'"

"Yes," said Decima.

"Thanks! I am coming to my point—"



though I seem to skate round it. And if he went to the opera, and the theatre, and to balls, she would call him a worldling—I think that's the word—and a slave to dissipation?"

"Yes," said Decima again.

"Very well," he said. "Then, I am afraid, I am, according to Lady Pauline's code, a very wicked man. But, Miss Deane—"

He paused. Was it, after all, worth while to defend himself before this sweet girl judge?

"Yes?" said Decima. "Why do you not go on?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a slight start, as if he had lost the thread of the subject.

"Yes—I am rather absent-minded; please forgive me. I was going to say that it is very difficult for a man to work who has never learnt to do any. And that's my case. Unfortunately, my parents and guardians neglected to teach me to use either my hands or my brains. I can neither sow nor spin. I can do nothing that would earn me the cheapest glass of ale. It is sad—but there it is. I can only amuse myself; and"—he sighed—"I can't always do that—very seldom indeed!"

Decima looked at him. There was a smile in his eyes and on his lips, but it was rather a sad and self-mocking one.

"But that's all the point I wanted to make," he went on, knocking the ash off his cigar, and looking at her as if—or Decima felt as if—she were a long way off. "I wanted to show you how unreasonable, how inconsistent, you were in cutting me just now."

"Yes," said Decima, flushing slightly, "inconsistent!"

"I am, I will admit, very wicked; and you, of course, are very good."

"No one is really good," said Decima, rebukingly.

He regarded her with a half smile.

"Ah, well, fairly good. Now, Miss Deane, do you think there is no hope for the wicked? Do you think that it is impossible for a bad man to become good?"

Decima looked shocked.

"Oh, no, no! There is always hope! It is never too late—"

"To mend!" he said. "And don't you think it is the duty of the good folk to help the wicked on to the right road? Poor wicked! Perhaps they have strayed through no fault of their own; have only lost their way. And think! A helping, directing, hand may put them on the right path again. Do you think it is the duty of all the good people to stand a long way off and watch the bad ones drifting down the broad, the Primrose Path, that steep descent down the hill of Avernus, without making an effort to stop them?"

Decima glanced, with a troubled little frown, at the handsome face, with its half grave, half bantering, smile.

"I never thought of that!" she said, in a low voice.

"Just so; so I suspected. But you are not singular. It's a way most people have. They look upon the poor, black sheep as lost for ever—"

"Oh, no, no!" said Decima, breaking in with a piteous little eagerness.

"You do not?" he said, still smiling at her. "Thank you! And, after all," he said in a moment or two, "perhaps the sheep is not so black as he is painted. The world—especially when it is as good as Lady Pauline—has a knack of exaggerating. Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him right away. Now, I, apparently, have a bad name—but don't hang me, please. I mean, don't cut me as if I were quite too black and criminal. Who knows? If you knew the story of my life—"

He paused, and bit his lip as if he were trying to catch back his words; but Decima looked at him waiting.

"I was going to say that, even for such an one as myself, it might be possible to find some excuse; and it is, again, just possible that you would let me off with the option of a fine! But the poor prisoner at the bar has spoken, and his prayer is that the sentence will be less severe than the cut direct. Is the judge inclined to mercy?"

Decima looked straight before her. Notwithstanding the smile, there was a certain sadness and gravity in his eyes which revealed the seriousness under the tone of banter.

"I will not avoid you again," she said, in a low voice.

He inclined his head.

"Thank you," he said gravely. "I shall not abuse your indulgence, for it is not very likely that we shall meet often, or for a very long time."

"Are you going away? Do you not live near here?" asked Decima.

He ignored the latter question.

"I am going abroad very shortly, and shall be away for some time," he said.

"That will be nice," said Decima; but even as she spoke she was conscious of a vague sensation of regret. He had been so kind to her at the Zoo; and—well, a young girl could scarcely help feeling flattered by such a plea as he had addressed to her.

"Nice? Ah, yes, yes. I daresay you would enjoy it," he said.

"And will not you?" asked Decima, regarding him inquiringly.

"Not very much, I afraid. Do you know the story of the boy who startled everybody by refusing a raspberry tart—until he informed them that he was employed at the pastry-cook's; he had got tired of jam tarts. I have got tired of traveling and most other things. But—I don't know how it is—I have dropped into a fine display of egotism. Will you tell me how it is I find you down here so unexpectedly?"

Decima rose, and took the path through the fir towards the river, as she answered, "My father sent for me quite suddenly. Our house, the Woodbines, is near here—down the road to the village; perhaps you passed it. It is a very pretty cottage, overgrown with ivy and with an old-fashioned garden in front."

"Yes, I noticed it," he said.

"But all the place is pretty," said Decima, "and, isn't this lovely?"

She paused and looked round her, and at the great house, a glimpse of which they could still see between the straight fir trunks.

"Yes," he said. "May I go down as far as the river with you? I should like to know what sport your brother is having."

"If you like," she said, walking on again. "Isn't it a pity that the place is so neglected?"

"Is it neglected?" he said after a moment.

"Oh, yes—so my brother says. He was telling me all about it last night. We strolled down here after dinner; and you cannot imagine how lovely it looked in moonlight. And yet so wild and melancholy; for there were no lights in the windows, and no signs nor sounds of life."

"Yes, it would look rather eerie," he said, very quietly.

"It is a pity that the law does not take it away from its owner and give it to some one who would appreciate and love it," said Decima.

Gaunt put up his hands to his moustache to hide the grim smile. It was evident that Lady Pauline had not told the girl his name.

"That sounds like a kind of Socialism, Miss Deane," he said. "But how do you know that he doesn't appreciate?"

Decima stopped short, and looked over her shoulder at him with faint surprise.

"How can he, seeing that he never comes near it?" she said. "I think he must be very heartless."

"Heartless?"

"Yes. My brother was telling me how the steward had written to him, asking for instructions to manage the estate, and he will send no answer. Is it not—well yes, it is wicked. For think, surely it is wicked to neglect one's duty. And it is his duty to take care of his people, the tenants and laborers who live on the estate, naturally look up to him as their friend and protector, as well as landlord."

"Is he a hard landlord, did you hear?" said Gaunt, quietly.

"No, I think not. It is that he neglects them. Why does he not come and live in that beautiful house and in this lovely place, instead of deserting it?"

"Perhaps he cannot help himself," said Gaunt. "I ventured to plead for mercy for myself just now, Miss Deane; let me now plead for him. We don't know his story. It's likely enough that, if we heard him in his own defence, he might not seem so—heartless was what you called him, was it not?"

Decima nodded.

"Do you not think it is heartless to lead a life of selfishness, and neglect all one's duties? Bobby says—but I must not repeat it."

"Please do!" he said. "What was it your brother said?"

Decima shut her lips close for a moment, then said—

"Oh, I do not suppose Lord Gaunt would care who repeated the story—that, while he cannot find any time or money to devote to this beautiful place, he can afford the time and money to spend it in pleasure and gambling. Is it true that he won

—what was it, two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand dollars of a Russian Prince?—I forget his name; and that he thinks of nothing but amusing himself? I hope it is not true."

"Not quite," he said. "It was not so large a sum as you mention. Twenty was the amount—and he lost it, not won it. And, as to devoting his life to the pursuit of pleasure—" he paused and laughed, a laugh of grim irony—if he does, his devotion does not meet with its reward."

"You know Lord Gaunt."

Gaunt was silent for a moment. Now was the time to say, "I am Lord Gaunt"—or rather, it was not the time. How could he distress her by revealing himself after her denunciation of him? No, he would not discover himself.

In a few minutes he would have parted from her, and she would remain in ignorance of his identity—at any rate, until he had gone; and so he would spare her the embarrassment which would overwhelm her if he made himself known.

He would leave her when they reached the river, and cut across the meadows to Bright's house. Half an hour with him would suffice—and then for Africa once more.

Meanwhile Decima waited for her answer.

"Yes, I know him, know very well," he said, as if suddenly awakening from a reverie. "There is something to be said for him, like the rest of us, Miss Deane. He is rather an—unhappy man."

"How can he be happy?" said Decima, with her frank eyes fixed on her face. "No one can who neglects his duty. Why does he not come and live here, and try to make others happy? Perhaps he would find his own happiness then."

Gaunt looked at her with his weary smile.

"I'm half inclined to think he might be persuaded to do so if he heard you, Miss Deane."

Decima flushed slightly, and frowned a little.

"Oh, I! It does not matter what I think. I am only a girl, and quite ignorant; and—and I ought not to have said what I did. But—but—How did I come to say it?"

"You have said nothing wrong or indiscreet," he said, more gently than he had as yet spoken. "Every word you uttered was true and just, and I know that he would be the first to admit. Think no more of it—or him. Here is your brother—and, as I prophesied, quite absorbed in his fishing."

They had reached the end of the road, and were standing on the crest of a steep little hill, at the bottom of which Bobby was busy flogging the stream.

"Mind how you go down," said Gaunt.

"It is steeper than it looks, and the grass is short and slippery. Will you give me your hand?"

"Oh, no thanks!" said Decima. "I can manage quite well; I shall not fall."

She began to descend with her light, firm step; but suddenly she trod on a small stone, which rolled away from under her feet, and she slipped. Gaunt was by her side, and his hand went out and caught her arm, almost as it had done at the lion's cage at the Zoo. Decima looked up at him with a laugh—the laugh of a girl whose heart is still in her keeping, and who has not learned to thrill at any man's touch.

"That serves me right for boasting! I was nearly down, was I not?"

He looked at the sweet, laughing face and smiled—without irony or sarcasm this time. "Better take my arm," he said.

"Oh no, thanks; I am going to run down!" she said, and she started as his clasp relaxed.

"Well, Bobby!" she exclaimed. "Are you catching all Lord Gaunt's fish?"

"Shah!" said Bobby, rebukingly, and without looking round. "Don't kick up such a shine, or you'll frighten every trout out of the river! What fearfully ignorant things girls are! Keep out of sight, and mind the hook when I throw, or you'll have it in your hair or your clothes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS has in many outgrown that stage in which the sense of a compelling power is joined with rectitude of action. The truly honest man, here and there to be found, is not only without thought of compulsion when he discharges an equitable claim upon him, but he is without thought of self-compulsion. He does the right thing with a simple feeling of satisfaction in doing it, and is indeed impatient if anything prevents him from having the satisfaction of doing it.

## Bric-a-Brac.

**Fossil Butterflies.**—Less than a score of specimens of fossil butterflies—of nearly as many genera—have been found. They occur only in tertiary deposits, which have yielded vast numbers of other objects. It is recorded that in over 50,000 insects from the small ancient lake of Florissant, in Colorado, were found but eight butterflies. Of the genera represented, two exist to-day in both Europe and America, but the other species are all extinct.

**DEADLY.**—The question has been asked, which is the most powerful poison? So far as known, snake venom consists of a substance which produces local ulceration, an unknown virulent matter which causes infiltration of blood when injected into the tissues, and an albumen not apparently poisonous. When snake venom is concentrated by removing the third substance and retaining the other two, what is left constitutes the most powerful poison known. It is forty times more powerful than the original snake venom.

**WHY WE HAVE TWO EYES.**—The advantages of two eyes consist in the fact that we look at objects from a slightly different point of view with each. It is thus that we obtain our ideas of perspective and solidity. For instance, we see both sides of a flat object held edgewise to us, if we keep both eyes open, but we only see one side if we shut one eye. Spectroscopic pictures are formed on this principle by the joining of two photographs of the same object taken from slightly different positions. This gives the appearance of solidity to the flat picture when looked at through the lenses.

**THEY SPARE CHILDREN.**—There is a story that the most famous of all Japanese robbers, Ishikawa Goemon, once by night entering a house to kill and steal, was charmed by the smile of a baby, which reached out its hands to him, and that he remained playing with the little creature until all chance of carrying out his purpose was lost. It is not hard to believe this story. Every year the Japanese police records tell of compassion shown to children by profession criminals. Some months ago a terrible murder case was reported. Seven persons had been literally hewn to pieces while asleep, but the police discovered a little boy quite unharmed crying alone in a pool of blood, and they found evidence unmistakable that the robbers must have taken great care not to hurt the child.

**IN EGYPT.**—As soon as a king ascended the ancient throne of Egypt he always began the building of his pyramid, in order to ensure for himself a worthy sepulchre. A small chamber for a sarcophagus was made in the ground, and an erection was built over it to form a "cor" of the pyramid. According to the length of the king's reign additional layers of stone were put over this. After his death it was finished off by smoothing it down obliquely from the top and polishing the surface. The material used was partly limestone, partly ordinary bricks; in the Pyramid of Cheops there were originally 250 courses. The very name of the pyramids reveals their purpose. *Pir-ama* is said to mean literally king's grave. On the other hand, *Pyramis*, the Greek name for a pyramid, is of Egyptian origin, being obviously derived from the word *Pir-ama*—"rising from a broad foundation," the term used by the early Egyptians to denote pyramidal form.

**GIFTS.**—Probably the most valuable gift which the Queen of England has received from her colonies is the casket in which the inhabitants of Ceylon shut their address of gold and ivory. It is over a foot in length, and of proportionate breadth, and ornamenting its surface are 680 gems of purest water and great value. In the inside cavity of the roofed lid is a long, narrow gold plate bearing a suitable inscription. The gold is relieved by exquisitely carved ivory, artistically arranged between belts of carved gold, representative of the choicest skill and delicacy of the workmanship of Ratanapara, the "City of Gems." The body of the casket rests on knobs of ivory, and forming an exquisite edging are two rows of jewels, one composed wholly of rubies, the other of pearls. The lid is literally ablaze with jewels. The border of rubies and pearls, running around the four sides of the casket, is composed of 480 stones. The roof of the lid is thickly incrustated with precious stones.

A wolf in sheep's clothing, is none the less a wolf.



## SWEET MEMORIES.

BY F. S.

When winter hurls her bitter sheet  
Across the unprotected moor,  
The traveller with hasty feet  
Speeds on toward his cabin door;  
But though the sharp-fanged nipping air  
May crust his beard with icy rime,  
It cannot from his memory tear  
The sweet delights of summer time.

So every memory born of joy  
Will live as long as life shall last;  
No changes can the charm destroy—  
'Tis proof against every arrow cast,  
A backward view recalls the hours  
That once our youthful pulses thrilled,  
As aromatic summer flowers  
Live in the scent from them distilled.

The memory of a childhood passed  
Beneath a gentle mother's sway,  
With love's sweet mantle o'er it cast,  
Can never wholly pass away.  
Whatever adult fate we earn,  
Whatever the censure or the praise—  
Still will the fond heart sometimes turn  
Back to those careless, happy days.

Then let us, as we journey on,  
Endeavor some sad heart to cheer—  
'Twill be an act to think upon  
When ending our probation here—  
A joy to know that, after death,  
Has set the restless spirit free,  
There still lives in our mortal breath  
Some fondly cherished memory.

## HIS SWEETHEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?"  
"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE,"  
"UNDER SUSPICION," "HER  
DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

PINK shades softened the glare of the lights in the apartment which they had come to inspect; it was one which not even Daisy's mother could consider unworthy of the bride who was to occupy it.

"I thought that it would really be a kind of downstairs boudoir for Daisy," Lady Clifford explained. "That is why I have had so many of the wedding presents arranged here. Of course she can alter all that afterwards, if she chooses."

"I don't see how any one with a grain of sense could change a single thing," Mrs. Childers replied. "The bright green of the carpet against the salmon of the walls is a most happy idea. And, with these silver rose bowls and perfume bottles about, the coup d'œil is complete. What taste you have, to be sure, Rosa!"

"Mr. Rowlands and Captain Tennyson in the drawing-room, my lady!" announced the butler.

Mrs. Childers felt surprised, for young men do not usually call upon elderly widow ladies. The companion, then, and not Lady Clifford, must be the attraction.

If either of the couple of eligibles named were to be caught by an adventuress, what a blow it would be to society! Rosa was either stupidly short-sighted or ridiculously lenient—it was difficult to say which. So the shrewder lady at once arrived at a decision—she would see for herself how matters stood.

"Oh, I want to speak to George about one of my horses!" said Mrs. Childers. "How lucky that he has called before I left! Shall I be de trop if I come back with you and see him, dear?"

That she had not been mistaken was apparent to Mrs. Childers as soon as she came in sight of the newcomers.

Both pairs of eyes first sought Miss Mitchell's face, and, when the greetings which politeness demanded had been offered to the elder women, the young men promptly turned to the nurse. As to George Rowlands, he favored his friend with a savage scowl when that smart officer secured the earliest hand-shake.

"Setting all the men by the ears!" meditated the suspicious woman. "No—I do not like that girl to be living in the same house with Daisy and Geoff."

And from that moment Mrs. Childers had a strange antipathy to the nurse.

If however it were her sweet self who had attracted the young men, Miss Mitchell showed not the faintest recognition of the fact.

Having refused the offer of one after the other of the men to assist her in the manipulation of the great chair, and having herself wheeled Lady Clifford into her accustomed position in the chimney corner, she was on the point of retiring when the hostess called her.

"I am tired, my dear. I should be very glad if you would stay and pour out tea for our visitors," said the old lady, with a

smile; and the men were instantly the slaves of Lady Clifford, who, all her life, had been mistress of the art of captivation. Fred Tennyson even darted a grateful glance at her, to which her ladyship responded with a smile.

"Can't I ring the bell?" George said to Miss Mitchell. "There's no teapot, and I want no end of tea to-night—as administered by you."

"Oh, George, I can't stay another second! But you will, of your charity, see me to the carriage?" interposed Mrs. Childers just at that moment.

"I'm sure that the black horse"—and so on, and so on, right across the hall and out to the door of the brougham, whilst in his heart her escort was furious.

To have to leave Miss Mitchell to that puppy Tennyson while he listened to the conversation of this old tramp was a confounded nuisance.

It was a fancy of Lady Clifford's that her pretty companion should every evening discard her sombre nurse's garb and dress for dinner like any other girl.

The mother of Sir Geoffrey was not at all the woman to oppress those whom she employed, and now that she had begun to scent the first approach of a love affair, she was altogether in her element.

"She's a lady born and bred—I'm certain!" she decided, watching Miss Mitchell as she chatted and laughed with her two admirers that evening.

"But, as Elinor reminded me, Mrs. Richardson told me in her letter nothing of the past of her protégée. I'll question the girl a little—very cautiously—to-morrow."

An invitation to remain to dinner was accepted with alacrity by the two infatuated young men, with many apologies for their irreproachable morning coats.

Miss Mitchell, who was yearning for solitude and a chance of considering the position in which she found herself, was thus obliged to hurry through her toilet at full speed, although, even as she stood before her looking glass, it was a picture of a man in a digger's dress, and not the reflection of her own perfect features, which seemed to meet her gaze.

"I must go to town to-morrow and see him for myself," was however the decision at which she had arrived by the time that she had donned her simple gown of soft white silk, a dress which displayed a neck and shoulders as perfect as the face above them. Her rippling hair, coiled loosely into a great Psyche knot, seemed a net for the capture of stray gleams of light.

There was a weight of anxiety upon her mind. The sight of that photograph had indeed been a shock to the woman who had once called herself "Maisie Bolton;" indeed she could scarcely believe in the testimony of her eyes.

It seemed altogether too extraordinary that, of all the houses in England, she should have been received into that to which the man who had deceived her was about to bring his wife.

It appeared too strange for belief that Sir Geoffrey Clifford, in whose praise she had already heard so much, should be the scoundrel who had ruined and deserted her.

Photographs are very deluding, she reflected, and she did not want to be fanciful or silly.

Bride and bridegroom were staying for a few days at the Belgravia Hotel, and surely it would be quite easy to catch a glimpse of him. She did not wish, unless she were obliged, to leave this peaceful place and Lady Clifford, whom she rarely liked.

Having finished her toilet, Miss Mitchell went down to the drawing-room, where she was confronted by Fred Tennyson, who, with quite a ridiculous expression of delight, came forward to meet her.

The girl laughed, for he seemed so very young and boyish to her, with her bitter experience. It never occurred to her that he was a man, with a man's passions, and possibly a man's love.

"Yes—I think so; in fact I believe we've only met three—or is it four?—times altogether."

"Six!" he asserted solemnly. "We were introduced at Lady Malinger's one afternoon, if you remember; then the next day you called for Lady Clifford upon my mother; afterwards—"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, going up to the hearth rug and bending down to warm her hands and arms at the fire, where he promptly followed her. "How can you remember things like that?"

"I've a horrid memory, generally," he responded. "It's only things concerning you that I can remember. Oh, don't you know that?"—with a sudden burst of eloquence—"don't you know that I love you?"

He placed one arm lightly round her waist as he spoke, and tried to seize her

hand. Taken by surprise as she was, she could only shake herself free from his hold without saying anything, for words somehow would not come to her lips.

"Of course I know I'm not up to much!" he persisted very humbly and dejectedly, as he found himself again opposite to her, instead of at her side; "but, if you would be my wife—oh, I can't tell you what you could make of me!"

The young man's obvious earnestness touched her. What had she done to thus render him unhappy? Of course she must be to blame, though indeed she did not know how. At any rate, one thing was plain—she must let him hear the truth; and so she would tell him—a part of it at any rate.

"I'm very sorry," she replied—"indeed I never thought of this! As I said just now, we've seen each other so very seldom. Please forgive me; but—"

"Ah, but if waiting will do, I'll wait as long as ever you like!" he pleaded. "Only say you'll try to like me in the end. Do, dear!"

Miss Mitchell however shook her head. "I assure you that it is impossible," she said. "I—Oh—here is Lady Clifford! I must go and wheel her in."

After that there was of course no further chance of love-making; and Captain Tennyson—renowned in a regiment of well-bred men for his delightful manners—performed as many gaucheries during the meal which succeeded as any schoolboy of twelve could have accomplished.

With the burden upon his mind of a refusal, which he hoped even yet to turn into an acceptance, what else could be expected?

But Lady Clifford, having observed and understood, became alarmed. Knowing so little of Miss Mitchell as she did, what would his people say to her for having encouraged such an attachment? After the visitors were gone, and the two women were alone together, she called her companion to her side.

"My dear, did Captain Tennyson propose to you to-night?" she inquired abruptly, but kindly.

Maisie, with downcast eyes, nodded; then she looked up, with a pretty flush on her cheeks, and Lady Clifford mentally forgave the rash Fred at once.

"And he doesn't even know whether or not I have a Christian name," said the girl with a laugh. "Foolish boy!"

"Then you did not accept him?" her ladyship asked, with an air of only partially-concealed relief.

"Oh, no, Lady Clifford—I told him that it was impossible! So it is"—and Miss Mitchell breathed a sigh which aroused the elder woman's curiosity. But, before she could frame a question, the girl spoke again.

"I am very sorry to ask it, but there is some important business which I must see to in London. If it would not inconvenience you, I should like you to spare me for three or four hours to-morrow afternoon."

"What business can you have in London, child?" her ladyship inquired caressingly; for she had grown very fond of this gentle, kind young nurse. "You are far too lovely, if I may say so, to go wandering about town by yourself."

The girl colored, and, bending her head, kissed the frail fingers that rested upon the arm of the chair.

"I am used to taking care of myself," she said, with another sigh. "But my business to-morrow, Lady Clifford, is to see an old friend, whom I haven't seen for a long while."

"And she will look after you, will she? Very well, then—catch the 3.20—it reaches town before five. And perhaps you can come down by the six o'clock train—can you?"

"Oh, easily!" The Belgravia Hotel was not far from Victoria station, so she would have plenty of time.

As she retired to rest that night, Lady Clifford's companion wondered whether this was the last that she should spend under the roof of Ridersford Hall. Never would she come back if its master should prove to be Bill Bolton.

## CHAPTER III.

"OH, we were delighted to have a chance of calling to-day! Now we shall be able to boast to every one that we saw the bride first."

"I assure you, when mother said she wanted some things at the stores for our dance next week—don't forget that we are counting on both of you, by-the-way—and that we must come up and shop, we all jumped for joy—didn't we, Daphne?"

So much from Lenore Rowlands, who, with her prettier sister Muriel and her still handsomer widowed cousin Daphne Lisle, had just entered the private sitting-

room at the Belgravia Hotel, which was devoted to the use of Sir Geoffrey Clifford's bride.

As to Daisy, standing in the middle of the room with one hand clasped by Lenore and the other in the possession of Muriel, two of her bridesmaids, she limited her replies to a blush and a laugh.

"You look well, at any rate," said Daphne, surveying the young wife's face and figure with a critical glance. "Geoffrey has not begun to beat you yet?"

The bride pouted charmingly—indeed she was decidedly fascinating with her copper brown hair rolled back from her forehead and arranged in heavy coils at the back of her small head; there was a becoming shyness in her violet eyes and a warm flush on her cheeks.

"When he does, I'll not tell you," she replied. "Beat me, indeed! Ah, here he is! He has been out, and I did not know that he had returned. Geoffrey, Daphne thinks you are capable of becoming a wife-beater! Are you that sort really, and I haven't found it out? Or is she mistaken in you?"

She tripped across the room, and, standing in front of him, raised her hands and laid them upon his broad chest.

"Are you?" she repeated, looking at him and laughing. But her merriment died away as she met his eyes.

He looked angry, almost fierce. Why should this wife of his arouse remembrances of which he was ashamed? He brushed her aside without answering, and went up to Daphne; and Daisy, half alarmed, said no more.

"How do you do, Mrs. Lisle? It seems long since I had the pleasure of meeting you. How sorry everybody was that you were unable to be at our wedding!"

And no one but Daphne herself understood the mockery underlying the words, or saw the laughing gleam in his eyes. "Miss Rowlands, your most obedient servant. As to you, Miss Muriel, you grow more irresistible every day."

Muriel blushed, and Lenore laughed again. They were such old friends that open compliments were permissible.

"Dear me—what a change is here visible!" exclaimed Daphne. "Have you been having lessons in deportment and pretty speeches, Sir Geoffrey, whilst you have been abroad?"

He bowed towards his wife.

"Behold my instructress," he said, with an air of ceremonious acknowledgment that tickled Lenore's risibility, and at which even Daphne smiled one of those scornful smiles that Geoffrey knew of old. He turned upon her sharply. "Do you doubt her ability?" he asked.

Mrs. Lisle shrugged her shoulders.

"No—only yours," she retorted. "By-the-way, Daisy, do you know the new Lord Monteval—the man who so strangely inherited that great Yorkshire estate about three months ago? He's staying at this hotel."

"Yes," interposed Muriel, in her level tones—"we've known him for years. He and George were chums at school, though George was years the younger. It was droll to meet his lordship at the door just now. We are expecting him on a week's visit to our place, to stay over the dance, so there will be one eligible present to be scrambled for."

"I've never seen him," Daisy responded. "But of course we have heard all about him. By-the-way, though, I fancy mother wrote and told me she had met him out somewhere lately. An African traveler, like yourself—isn't he, Geoff?"

"Oh, everybody has been to Africa nowadays!" he replied. "For me, I hate the place so much that I don't care to mention it. Dust, heat, and mosquitoes—that's Africa. Shall I ring for tea, Daisy?"

The pride nodded a careless assent, and the subject of Africa was dropped.

"Oh," Daisy exclaimed, in response to a query of Lenore's. "I must really show you my set of Italian ornaments—exactly what the Italian women wear—all of massive gold!"

Forthwith the young lady rushed off to find the treasures, with Lenore in her train.

Muriel wandered across to one of the windows overlooking the busy street, and for a moment Daphne and Sir Geoffrey found themselves seated opposite to each other, practically alone.

Two or three seconds had scarcely passed before the widow rose from the arm chair in which she had been leaning back against a pile of cushions and went over to the Baronet's side.

Sir Geoffrey raised his dark and mocking eyes to her face as she stood beside him. With his head resting upon the chair back, his face upturned and smiling, and his long legs extended in a position more comfortable than ornamental, he looked the ideal of insolent ease. Daphne's eyes gleamed fiercely, yet her words were



quiet enough, spoken too low to reach Mariel's ears.

"How do you like it, Geoffrey?" she asked. He raised his hands and let them fall again.

"How do I like anything after a week?" he returned. "Oh, it's all right, and I'm very happy, of course! A trifle dull—but that I expected."

"If you had kept your word and married me, you'd have had a livelier time," she remarked.

The Baronet laughed, still without altering his attitude.

"I like a little peace sometimes," he replied. "And I don't like reminiscences, as you know, Daphne."

Mrs. Lisle glanced across the room at Mariel, who was clearly out of earshot, and the pretty widow bent her head.

"Now that you are married, Geoffrey, I wish you would give me my letters," she said softly and almost winningly.

He was still staring insolently at her, but at that request a malicious expression crept into his eyes.

"I dare say you do," he remarked. "You are thinking, so a little bird whispered to me, of letting that dream of the Rowlands' come true, and marrying George."

"How do you know?" she demanded, startled out of all prudence.

"Ah—how?" the Baronet exclaimed, and laughed triumphantly. "Any way, I am planning to send those letters to him. Don't you think they'd be rather amusing reading, Daphne? No—I don't give them to you!"

It was only said to provoke her, for he had not the slightest intention or power to make use of the letters, which had all been burnt as soon as read.

Had Daphne's experience of men been wider, she would have recognized the fact that Sir Geoffrey Clifford was not the man to preserve any memento.

Mrs. Lisle fixed her eyes upon her sometime lover with a look of hatred.

"I wonder why such men as you are allowed to be born!" she hissed from between her set teeth, and then returned to her seat, just as Daisy and Lenore reappeared.

"Yes—I think of wearing them at the theatre to-night," the bride was saying. "with my black lace gown, and perhaps some lace thrown over my head—shouldn't I look original? What do you say to the idea, Daphne?"

But the appearance of a servant with tea saved the widow the trouble of a reply. Although during the next half hour she sat sipping the cheering beverage in almost absolute silence, no one was likely to notice that while Daisy, Lenore, and Mariel, assisted by the Baronet, kept the ball of conversation constantly rolling.

It was Daphne however who finally made the move for departure.

"You want to catch the six o'clock train, Lenore, don't you?" she inquired, glancing at the watch upon her chate-laine.

A general stir was the immediate result, although their host laughed at the notion of such an early start.

"It's not half past five. You will have to wait half an hour at Victoria," he asserted.

But Mrs. Lisle was determined, and shortly afterwards Sir Geoffrey was escorting the girls down the wide staircase of the hotel to the main entrance. Regardless of the cold, he stood for a few minutes watching them walk away, a strange smile curling his lips.

Not until they had disappeared did he turn away, then only to find himself confronted by another woman, clad in a long blue cloak and close bonnet, who was neither Daphne nor Daisy.

It was she whom he had last beheld lying asleep in a comfortable hut, with the burning sun of Africa shooting its earliest needles of light through the window athwart her feet.

"Maisie!" he exclaimed. "You here—and in that dress?"

The hall porter, standing near, was surprised that the lady made no acknowledgment of the Baronet's presence, especially as for more than half an hour this same young woman, who had refused to have Sir Geoffrey summoned, or even to be conducted upstairs after the manner of callers, had been awaiting a chance of that gentleman's appearance in the hall.

By the time he had arrived at that conclusion however, Maisie had run down the steps and out into the street, while the Baronet was ascending the stairs, laughing to himself.

"I think I'll be off and adorn," said Daisy as her husband re-entered the sitting-room. "Annette and I will have to think out my costume a little, if I really do wear these things. I wish you'd give me your opinion"—raising her eyes to his face, with an inquiring glance.

Sir Geoffrey, instead of replying, put his arms round her, and, holding her tightly, looked down into her face.

Daisy stood the scrutiny for a moment, then began to blush, and, not being able to disengage herself from his clasp, hid her face upon his coat sleeve.

"I won't be stared at so!" she declared. "Won't you indeed?" he said. "Some women would give a lot, let me tell you, to have the chance."

Daisy drew up her head with a scornful gesture.

"Some women! They must be very funny women who care more for a man than he cares for them," she retorted, with the ingenuousness of inexperience. "You can kiss me if you like, Geoff, and then I'm going."

He paused however before profiting by that permission. In truth, he was comparing the mignon features before him with the face which he had just seen.

Yes—Maisie had always been far lovelier than this girl, whose heart he could feel palpitating and fluttering.

Yet of the two he preferred Daisy—at any rate for the moment—and he smiled curiously as he stooped to press his lips to hers.

"Do you love me, Daisy?" he inquired carelessly.

His girl-wife put up her pretty hands, and clasped them round his neck.

"What do you suppose, Geoff? If I hadn't loved you, do you think that I'd have remembered you all the time you were in that horrid old Africa, or have refused half a dozen other men for your sake? If I hadn't loved you, would I have been so nice to you all the year that we waited to be married, after your father's death? If I hadn't loved you—and here the charming head drooped and the rosy color flushed even the white nape of her neck—"would I have been your wife?"

In return for that little outburst of eloquence he kissed her again.

"I believe you do care for me, you silly little goose! I'm not worthy of it, Daisy," he told her, with most unusual humility. "But there—run away and dress! It's a quarter to six!"

She went off promptly, but, after occupying an hour and a half in adorning herself, she suddenly remembered that if they were to get to the theatre that night it was quite time that her husband was dressing.

"I wonder what he is doing?" Daisy said to her maid. "I think I'll run down to see. I dare say he has gone to sleep on the sofa—like he did the other day—and then I can win a pair of gloves"—laughing and blushing.

"Shall I wait here, my lady?" the woman inquired.

"Oh, yes! I'm now nearly ready."

Daisy tripped lightly across the corridor and down to the sitting room; where she did not doubt that she would find Geoffrey.

Nor was she disappointed in her expectation. The electric light had not been turned on, and the room was dark, except for the gleam of the dying fire, when she entered.

But she could discern the outline of his form, leaning back in the great arm chair, with his back towards the door, and his legs stretched out in front of him upon the hearthrug. Stealing up behind him very gently, she touched his forehead with her lips.

It was cold as ice, and a shudder ran through her frame. With a rush, she crossed the floor and switched on the light, at the same time calling out her husband's name.

"Geoffrey!" she cried. "Geoffrey! Wake up, and tell me how I look!"

She appeared lovely, with the whiteness of her shoulders and arms set off by the dead blackness of her gown, and the folds of black lace just veiling the brightness of her auburn hair. But never again would her husband assure her of her beauty or feast his eyes upon her loveliness.

"Geoffrey!" she repeated, returning half nervously to his side. "Geoffrey! Why don't you wake up?"

Just at that moment she caught sight of a deep dark stain of red showing upon the light tweed waistcoat that he wore, and noticed that the Baronet's face and lips were of an ashen gray.

For an instant she stood gazing at him without the power to move. Then, with a shriek that rang through the building, Lady Clifford fell unconscious upon the floor.

#### CHAPTER IV.

AND you, Lord Monteval, were the first person to enter the room where the body was found after Lady Clifford had screamed?"

"Yes," replied his lordship—"my sit-

ting-room adjoined that occupied by Sir Geoffrey and Lady Clifford," and then he waited for the next question with a dogged, impatient air which contrasted oddly with the eager nervousness of those witnesses who had preceded him.

There was an unconventionality and an appearance of masterful freedom about him which not even an immaculately-cut coat could disguise.

Standing in the large room which constituted the coroner's court, gaped at by a crowd of inquisitive folk who had been attracted thither partly by morbid curiosity, and partly by the fact that not only was the dead man a baronet, but that evidence would be given by a peer, Lord Monteval looked strangely out of keeping with his surroundings.

The coroner's next question followed quickly.

"Of course you immediately rushed to the lady's aid when you heard her shriek? I believe that the manager, Mr. Price, was but a few steps behind you?"

"That is so; I passed him close at the door as I entered the room."

"Will you, my lord, repeat the exclamation you uttered directly you saw the deceased?"

A close observer might have seen that the witness changed color and bit his under-lip angrily.

"I said, 'By Jove, if it isn't Bill Bolton! Where's his wife, I wonder?'—or words to that effect."

"You had met Sir Geoffrey under other circumstances?" continued the coroner.

"In South Africa," the Viscount answered readily enough—"at a place called Bullock's Creek, where gold digging was going on—or, rather, had been. There was fever in the camp when I visited it."

"And he was then known as 'Bill Bolton'?"

"Just as I was called 'Jack Jones,'" his lordship replied, with a frank smile. "One doesn't care to go about bearing a decent name in those wilds—any way I didn't."

"Quite so, my lord. But as to the wife? When you met Sir Geoffrey, he was understood to be a married man?"

He recalled the figure of a girl, tall and slender, with a pair of gray-black eyes and golden hair, leading a pony down to an African stream, and he bitterly repented the imprudence which had impelled him to bring Maisie's name into this horrible affair. But, having spoken the rash words, he dare not, for her sweet sake, hesitate to explain them.

"Yes," he replied—"his wife was extremely kind to me at a time when I was helpless and injured."

"I believe that Sir Geoffrey was recalled somewhat suddenly to England. Did he, to your knowledge, bring the lady who passed as his wife with him?"

Jack drew himself up to his full height. All his love for Maisie—an affection as warm as it had been upon the day when it prompted him to tear himself away from her rather than utter one word which might sully her pure mind—was aroused by that disparaging manner of referring to her. He could not, even here, allow the implied slander to pass uncontradicted.

"She was his wife!" he exclaimed indignantly. "She followed him to England, in the Dunrobin Castle, last September, twelve-month."

A solicitor who represented the interest of Lady Clifford suddenly rose to his feet.

"I should be glad to ask," he said, addressing the coroner, "whether Lord Monteval ever saw any legal proof of the marriage."

Jack never had, and he was excessively annoyed at having to confess as much, and to see the smiles which curled many a lip at his discomfiture. To think that Maisie should be lightly spoken of—and through him.

"Is the lady still living," was the next inquiry—"and in England?"

Jack shook his head.

"I cannot say. I have not heard from her for months—never, indeed, since she wrote me a letter from Southampton, announcing her safe arrival there."

He did not add, as he might have done, that for many a weary day he had been using every means of tracing her, prompted to do so by some instinct which told him that her long silence was a sure sign of unhappiness.

"Can you tell us what her Christian name was?" pursued the coroner.

The witness flushed deeply. It was hard to utter publicly the pretty word which evoked so many memories, and his voice was not as firm as usual when he spoke.

"Maisie," he replied; and from that moment more than one of those present knew the secret of his life.

"Describe her, will you, please?"

"She was very pretty, with fair hair and dark eyes," he answered—"about twenty-

four years old, I believe, although she scarcely looked as much."

With that explanation Lord Monteval's torture came to a conclusion.

The constable who had been called into the hotel immediately upon the discovery of the crime followed, in order, apparently, to declare that he had failed to find any weapon; consequently the doctor's evidence as to the kind of instrument which had probably been employed was listened to with the greater interest.

"The wound," he explained, "was evidently inflicted with some long, narrow, thin blade. It is a most peculiar cut, and such as I should have supposed could only have been produced by a surgical knife of a particular shape."

"It is however, of course, possible that some implement with which I am unacquainted—perhaps of foreign manufacture—may have been employed—a very slight strong dagger, for instance."

"The deceased was clearly, from the direction of the wound, struck from behind his back, over the right shoulder, with great force. Death must have been instantaneous, and almost painless."

The affair seemed to be enveloped in mystery, nor did the testimony of Jean Duval, who was next called, tend to solve it.

"Yes—I am a Frenchman," he said, with a foreign accent. "I am 'all-portair at the Belgravia, and I knew Sir Geoffrey quite well, by the sight."

"Had any one inquired for him on the day that he was stabbed?" asked the coroner.

Interest in the court was waning, for both Lady Clifford and Lord Monteval had gone.

The room was growing hot and close, and only curiosity to hear the verdict held the throng together. At Duval's next words however every one was on the qui vive.

"A lady, monsieur—a lady very young and—ah, how beautiful she was. She asked if Sir Geoffrey were at home, and, when I say 'Yes, mees,' she say she would wait—I might not go fetch 'im—perhaps he would come down-stairs."

"This is very important," remarked the coroner. "Can you tell at what time that was?"

"It was jost struck five o'clock," replied the man, "and she did attend a long while—until about 'alf past five. Then the gentleman himself came down the stairs with some ladies. They went out, and afterwards he and the oder lady met vis-a-vis."

"Was anything said?" was the next question.

"Yes. He called out, 'Maisie, you here—and in this dress?' or something similar. And then she gave him one leedle look and run away out of the 'otel altogether. And Sir Geoffrey, 'e laugh and go upstairs. She did not come back—not nevair!"

This evidence produced a great sensation, and the coroner repeated the word "Maisie!" in a tone of surprise, before he inquired—

"Can you describe the woman?"

"She was tall and slim—ah, as a flower!" he said, his dark face lighting up. "Er 'air it was like gold, and 'er eyes like coals when the fire is alight. She wore a blue dress like a nurse, with a leedle bonnet. Ah, she was tout a fait lolely—lolely!"

There was some laughter aroused by the Frenchman's enthusiasm; and then a few more questions were asked, one of which elicited the fact that he had not mentioned the golden-haired nurse to the police.

"I saw her go, and she not return," the porter persisted when the coroner asked the reason of his reticence.

As no more could then be gleaned, the inquest was adjourned, to enable the police to make further inquiries, and especially to find the woman spoken of.

Meanwhile, in absolute ignorance of the startling nature of the evidence which had succeeded his own, Lord Monteval was doing what he could to assuage the suffering that his own most unwilling testimony had inflicted.

Delighted to be set free and able to seek fresh air away from the place and all its horrible associations, he had made for the door as soon as his examination was concluded. At the same moment Daisy, with a pathetic heartbroken air, turned to Mrs. Childers.

"Come," she said—"I wanted to know the truth! But take me away now, mother."

The exclamation explained to Mrs. Childers the strange firmness which the girl had displayed in refusing to leave the court earlier; and, with a sigh, she rose. It is not good to discover evil of the dead, and this revelation of Geoffrey's past had come as a shock to both mother and daughter, although neither of them supposed for a moment that the marriage was a valid one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## IN THE ORCHARD.

BY F. T. W.

Out in the orchard long ago  
 Apple blossoms fell lightly down;  
 Soft summer zephyrs were whispering low.  
 Dainty petals, like tinted snow,  
 Drifted down on your tresses brown  
 Out in the orchard long ago.  
 Fair was your face as a flower, I trow,  
 Brow unmarked by a shade or frown;  
 Soft summer zephyrs were whispering low.  
 Sunbeams, flickering to and fro,  
 Hid in the folds of your dainty gown  
 Out in the orchard long ago.  
 Oh, it was sweet in the sunshine's glow,  
 Far from the noise of the busy town!  
 Soft summer zephyrs were whispering low.  
 Recked we little of wealth and show,  
 Fame, or fortune, or high renown,  
 Out in the orchard long ago.  
 Cares that come as the long years flow,  
 Sorrows that youth's bright vision crown;  
 Soft summer zephyrs were whispering low.  
 Fate could no costlier gift bestow;  
 You were my young life's star and crown,  
 Out in the orchard long ago.  
 Soft summer zephyrs were whispering low.

## Her Girlhood's Idol.

BY M. D.

**A**N Indian railway station in mid-April is always a more or less disagreeable place.

It is less so for those who happen to be on the inner side of the carriage door, with "bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage," eagerly awaiting the moment of departure.

It is very much more so for those against whom the door has been shut, who stand upon the platform with six melting months between them and the reunion with their dear ones in October.

On a hot April evening, in a certain Punjab railway station, a man and woman—whom it was easy to recognize as man and wife—were enduring these comparative forms of discomfort.

The woman—a fair young creature with a soft smiling mouth and effective violet eyes—was safely ensconced in a first-class carriage, with her dainty traveling paraphernalia strewn around her.

The man—dark and thin, with the stamp of intellect and refinement upon his every feature—stood upon the platform, with resolutely smiling lips, and eyes grave almost to mournfulness. He appeared at least ten years older than the woman.

"Well, now you are all right till you get to Umballa," said he in quiet business-like tones. "Guise will meet you there and see you safely through your 'longa' journey. And you'll let me have a wire from Simla on arrival, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, of course. You've arranged everything beautifully, Clifford. You're a jewel, and it's a horrid shame that you can't come with me."

Not that the fair creature felt inclined to quarrel with her lot for so slight a drawback, but her words were genuine, and her husband heard them with evident pleasure.

"Never mind, dear. I shall get on all right here."

"It won't be very, very bad, will it, Clifford?"

"Oh, no. It's quite bearable. And I'm accustomed to the heat, you know."

"Will it get much worse than this?"

"A trifle worse," he answered with a peculiar smile. "But you mustn't trouble your pretty head about me, dear. I want you to have a real good time, you know."

"And I mean to have it, too," she made answer with a low laugh of pleasure. "When are we going off? Ah, there's the bell!"

A spasm of pain crossed his face, but the next instant he was smiling quietly as they joined hands through the window. "You're sure you've got everything you want?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks, everything. No—by the way—I've got nothing to read to-morrow. Just get me something from the bookstall, there's dear. It doesn't much matter what so long as it's fairly decent."

Several precious moments were lost in fulfilling this request, and he only returned in time to fling the book in at the window and about a hasty good-bye. Then, as the train moved off, a mask seemed to fall from his face, revealing the pain which had lain beneath.

"Well, after all, so long as she's well and happy, nothing else matters very much," he said to himself as he left the station.

## June in the Himalayas!

A glorious, tender-tinted world of crumpled undulations, kissed by the broadly smiling sun, and crowned with the vivid ultramarine of a rainless sky.

June was already far advanced, and Nature had waxed a trifle languid owing to the unaccountable delay of the yearly rainfall. She was very beautiful even in her languor, and her breath was sweet and balmy as the breath of a sleeping infant.

But humanity upon the Himalayan hill tops—more especially upon the hill tops of Simla—does not concern itself greatly with the face of Nature, being absorbed in other matters of infinitely greater importance.

And the matter which eclipsed all else on this identical June afternoon was, to minds capable of appreciating its true significance, very sufficiently absorbing.

The Viceroy was "At Home" to the whole of Simla; and towards Viceregal Lodge "everybody who was anybody" had been borne as swiftly as sturdy hill-runners and country bread ponies could bear them.

On arrival they were treated to the mild diversion of strolling to and fro in the vain hope of securing a seat, of swallowing tempting confections from which wisdom and experience alike urged them to refrain, while an indefatigable band gave forth vigorous brazen melodies to which no one attempted to listen.

In a shaded nook a man and woman, more fortunate than the majority of their companions, sat at their ease and talked. They were neither of them young, though the woman probably looked older than she actually was.

Her face was large featured and sallow, with the peculiar sallowness born of summers spent in the plains. But it was a pleasing and an intellectual face none the less, with eager sympathetic eyes—which attracted men and women alike.

During a pause in the quiet flow of commonplace which passes for conversation at most social gatherings, a very noticeable couple passed in front of Mrs. Innes and her companion.

The man was tall and fair, irreproachably "turned out," and there was a suspicion of affected gallantry about his bearing. The woman was the tender-lipped, violet-eyed matron of the first-class railway carriage.

"How ripping little Mrs. Mayhew looks to-day!" remarked Mrs. Innes' companion. "She's such good style too, for all her little airs and graces. Such an out-and-out lady; and those great innocent eyes of hers are enough to turn the soberest fellow's head."

"She is charmingly pretty and innocent-looking. And one finds oneself hoping somehow that the innocence is as real as it seems."

The words were spoken sadly without a touch of malice, and her companion turned and looked at her curiously.

"Now I should have called that a spiteful speech, do you know, if any one but you had made it," he said. "Surely you don't think there's anything bad about the little woman?"

"Oh, no, no; nothing bad. But she's young and thoughtless, and pretty—three attributes which often make a woman's life a little difficult up here—especially the last. And for an eighteen-month wife she seems to enjoy her position as grass widow a trifle too thoroughly."

"Oh, I think you're hard on her, I do really. You surely wouldn't have her go about with a long face and red eyelids, would you? And I know for certain that Mayhew wouldn't hear of her stopping down."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Mrs. Innes with a quiet smile. "But I don't fancy she ever asked to remain with him."

"I daresay she didn't; but still—" "But still, I can't help feeling he made a mistake in marrying a woman of her type. I'm afraid she will only take advantage of his unselfishness, without really appreciating it."

"Isn't that generally the case with most of us who happen to drop in for unselfish wives or husbands? Unselfishness doesn't pay in this world, Mrs. Innes. A man only gets called a fool for his pains."

"Do men call Clifford Mayhew a fool then, Major Carr?" A suspicion or something very like anger lurked beneath the surface indifference of her tone; and again the man looked curiously at her.

"Well, I fancy they do, and I don't know that they're very far out either. Look at the way he dresses her—and they're very little between them besides his pay—and you know how far a captain's

pay goes in a British regiment when it comes to a divided establishment."

"I do; and I must say I have wondered at times how they manage to do it."

"Why, debts and money-lenders, of course. That's what it always comes to when a man's fool enough to marry a pretty face." The major himself had certainly not erred in that direction.

A dull flush had struggled into his companion's face as he spoke.

"I am quite certain," said she, in a tone of restrained vehemence, "that not the prettiest woman on earth would induce Clifford Mayhew to run up debts which he saw no chance of paying. He has very strong ideas on that subject."

"You evidently know him better than most of us do, Mrs. Innes?"

"Yes; I knew him many years ago."

"And you really think he's not settling like a fool towards his wife. Do you know that he might have taken two months himself if she had been content to go to a smaller cheaper station."

"But no—she had set her heart on a Simla season; so he's checked his two months—though he isn't a strong chap—and goes down like a ninepin in the heat. If the man isn't a fool, he's an angel—and precious few of us are that."

"He must be one of the few, then," replied Mrs. Innes quietly, with lowered eyes.

There was a silky rustling as of approaching femininity, and the next moment Mrs. Mayhew's clear young voice sounded in her ears.

"How do you do, Major Carr; how do do, Mrs. Innes? You evidently know how to do things comfortably; I haven't been able to sit down once since I came."

At which gentle suggestion Carr rose hastily, and she took his seat with a satisfied sigh.

"Oh, this is lovely!" she cried, with youthful fervor. "How I shall hate the straight dusty plains after this! I wish this sunshine would go on always, and that those abominable 'rains' would keep away altogether."

"I don't fancy they are wishing that down there," remarked Major Carr, indicating the misty blueness of the plains with his walking-stick. "It has been a record year for heat. Doesn't your husband say that they're all praying for rain?"

"He hasn't written just lately; but he never mentions the weather much in his letters. He said in his last that it was rather muggy but quite bearable."

Carr pursed his lips, raised his eyebrows, and involuntarily glanced at Mrs. Innes; but she appeared quite unconscious of his gaze, and Viola Mayhew's cheery little voice ran on.

"I think Clifford must flourish in the heat like a salamander. The other men who had to stay down grumbled like anything, and he seemed to think them very foolish for making such a fuss about it. But I suppose it is pretty bad, isn't it?"

"It stings one up a bit, certainly," responded Carr, with a peculiar smile. "You should try it yourself one year, Mrs. Mayhew."

But the pretty Viola held up her small gloved hands in horror at so barbarous a suggestion.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, with a laughing shake of her daintily-bonneted head—"I couldn't, really. The monotony alone would be enough to kill me. Have you ever done it, Mrs. Innes?"

"Yes, often, as my complexion bears testimony."

"And isn't it too truly awful?"

"It's not a pleasant experience, certainly. But of course one can't run away from it every year."

"Can't one?" demanded Viola, with round eyes and uplifted brows. "But how if one is ordered to—always?"

"Ah, well, that would alter the case, I suppose!"

A few moments later Mrs. Innes rose and left the two together.

So soon as she found herself rolling rapidly Simla-wards under the still shadows of the pines, she gave vent to a long, slow sigh.

Then, removing her gloves and veil, she pressed her two hands for a moment over her eyes, in each of which there lurked a salt teardrop that had no business to be there.

Like many truly good and even happy wives, Clara Innes had not married precisely the man of her choice. Not least among the tragedies of womanhood stands the fact that a hundred and one purely minor considerations, buzzing about the portals of matrimony, make it too often a hard matter for the voice of her heart to rise clear above them.

The idol of Clara Innes' girlhood had never been anything nearer to her than a bright particular star, to be worshipped afar off and in silence. There is a great danger in this distant silent form of worship.

The being subjected to it is gradually uplifted into almost superhuman altitudes, and the etherealized passion thus engendered (shielded as it is from the jarring contact of rude reality) is, perhaps, of all human affections, save mother's love, the hardest to kill.

The actual communications between Clifford Mayhew and Clara Innes had been commonplace in character, and of apparently slight import. But she, having perceived him to be a man who lived on the higher levels of life, had impulsively enthroned him in her heart, and, despite the truly human love with which she loved her husband, the hero of her girlhood had remained more or less sacred to her unto this day.

Upon that same evening, at a "White Ball" given by an enterprising body of bachelors, Viola Mayhew did fairly surpass herself in beauty of face and charm of manner, and her dress was the envy of all feminine beholders.

Its shimmering unrelieved whiteness enhanced the delicate flesh tints of her neck and arms, and her dainty powdered hair was a veritable marvel of skilful hairdressing.

Established beauties of former seasons eyed her furtively from out the tails of their eyes, and plastered the wounds she inflicted on their vanity with the soothing balm of spiteful comment. The eyes of the less prejudiced sex, on the other hand, followed her movements with open admiration.

She was young, beautiful, courted. What wonder that she should be happy—deliriously, even thoughtlessly happy? That she was so her partners of the evening could have borne unanimous testimony.

Night wore on to morning, and still the indefatigable feet spun round about and in and out with unwearied persistence. Clara Innes had long since retired to well-earned rest, but Viola Mayhew, and a score or so of insatiable pleasure-lovers, still valsed on.

During one of the brief pauses between whirl and whirl, she lay back in a deep-seated chair, around which had been clustered groups of living plants, and regarded her partner with large smiling eyes.

The man—who was none other than her dandified companion of the afternoon—leaned towards her, and toyed as he talked with the dangling ribbon of her fan. Their voices were murmurous, and their talk parloof of the atmosphere of the place.

With a sudden quick movement the man raised his hand and lightly touched her bare shoulder close to her throat. She started aside, and the whole fair expanse of her delicate skin flushed a deep rose tint.

"What did you do that for?" she queried, looking full at him with innocent startled eyes.

"I—I—beg your pardon," he stammered, feeling uncomfortably ashamed of himself. "But you look very beautiful when you blush. There was a spider there. Didn't you feel it?"

"A spider?" And she sprang up in genuine alarm.

"Ah, look, it is on my dress now! Kill it, please, kill it, Captain Guise, quickly! I hate spiders, they're so unlucky."

"Unlucky! Why, you're not superstitious, are you?"

"Oh, but I am—very," and there was a suggestion about the little shudder that accompanied the words. "Araignée au matin, grand chagrin—don't you know the lines? And it is morning now."

"I'm sure to hear bad news to-morrow—to day I mean. And I've been so happy to-night, and sad things frighten me so. Come, I don't want to dance any more. Take me home at once, please."

And so, having made their adieux, the two went forth together into the sickly gray pallor of early dawn.

At midnight, on that self same evening, several hundred miles away, a very different scene was being enacted.

Midnight upon the scorched yellow plains of the Punjab is burning and breathless as midday; the only perceptible difference between the two being the difference between darkness and light.

It is bad to lie awake through the slow crumbling hours of such a night; and Clifford Mayhew was at least spared that pain. He lay upon his bed white and still with closed eyes, eyes whose light had been quenched that evening once and for all.



Two men sat at the bedside with grim white faces, which they mopped mechanically at intervals.

"Poor fellow, poor dear old fellow. I can't believe he's gone."

The speaker was the doctor—a round red faced man with singularly expressive eyes.

"The best chap in the regiment by a long shot," continued in his companion, a small spare major, whose countenance though shrewd was kindly. "And such sharp work too. I thought enteric was rare after thirty, doctor."

"So it is, so it is. But when a man chucks stimulants in this weather, and takes to lime squashes and milk and soda—in spite of the doctor's grief he could not repress a certain scorn at the mere mention of such beverages—"there's no knowing what disease mayn't lay hold of him. I wish to God he'd never married that woman."

"It was a pity certainly. But it is hardly fair to blame her because Mayhew acted like a fool about her."

The doctor looked up sharply with remonstrance on his lips.

"Yes, yes, I know what you would say, 'De mortuis,' etc., and I respect your feeling. Mayhew was a capital fellow, and a first-rate soldier; but you must allow, Oo-slow, that he was a fool where his wife was concerned."

"But that is just what I won't allow, major," returned the other, dabbing his face with renewed vigor. "I can't see that a great nature is bound to lop and chop itself down to fit the size of the small ones all round it."

"No, perhaps not. But if it doesn't do so, results such as these are more or less inevitable." And the major sighed as he looked upon the still white face.

"Of course they are inevitable, my dear fellow; but I don't blame a fine fellow because of that: I blame the woman, the world that made her what she is. I blame the self-satisfied littleness of mankind, ourselves included, which tries to drag everything and every one down to its own mean level, and, failing, spoils the lives of the few really great souls that ever come among us."

The doctor paused, set his teeth hard, and mopped his moist forehead. He was deeply moved.

"I'm not ultra-religious myself," he continued after a pause, as if with a dogged determination to get through his defence of the dead man by hook or by crook.

"I'm as selfish as most men, and my belief in what I can't see and handle is decidedly shaky. But if there is anything divine in this very unclean and sordid world, it is the soul of a man like this."

And he laid his hand upon the dead man's with tender reverence.

"I tell you, Barlow, selfish worldly-wise animals like you and I, 'cute as we may fancy ourselves, can't gauge one quarter of the depth of this man's selfishness."

"So we must needs turn round and call him a fool, because he was ready to chuck up everything sooner than give that feather-brained woman a minute's discomfort."

"Why, do you know that I had persuaded him, the week before last, to take ten days' leave. He had scraped the money together somehow—and was counting every minute till he could get off—when some cursed letter from Sima came, and he threw up the whole idea."

"A bill—a dressmaker's bill—I know it, though he only showed me the total, and tried to make me believe it was some old-standing debt of his own. It took all his savings to pay it off, and there was an end of his trip."

"More fool he, I suppose you'd say, not to let the dressmaker wait. Well, perhaps he might have if he'd known what was coming. But he couldn't know that, and he did know that he mightn't have such a sum handy again in a hurry. So he paid her."

"You and I would have let her wait, of course. But I say again that moral pigmies like ourselves can't possibly presume to sit in judgment on such a man as Mayhew."

His voice was unsteady as he spoke the dead man's name, and his lips twitched suspiciously.

"Well, well, you're right there, I suppose," the other made answer gravely. "Did his wife know he was ill?"

"No. He said she wouldn't be anxious if she didn't hear for four or five days or so; and wouldn't let me write till I could write a bit helpfully. Hopefully? I never saw such a sharp case in my life. It's only a week now since he went to bed."

"Shall I send her a wire for you?"

"Do, there's a good chap."

And Major Barlow, awed, puzzled, yet only half convinced, left the room.

Viola Mayhew looked more bewitching than ever in her widow's weeds, and the mournful self-pity in her great eyes filled all who beheld her with compassion for the young life so early blighted.

But the woman whose heart had, in truth, gone down into the grave with Clifford Mayhew went on her way with quiet cheerfulness as of old, though the stifled aching within her was at times hard to bear.

When, twelve months later, she heard that the pretty Viola had again changed her name, she was conscious of an unaccountable sense of relief at her heart.

It seemed to her as though in some mysterious way her girlhood's idol had now been wholly restored to her, since no woman living now bore his name.

#### ADDRESSED TO THE DEAD.

Nearly sixteen years ago a young girl, dying of consumption, entreated her lover to continue writing to her after her death. This the heart broken fiancé promised to do, and every week he most religiously pens a loving missive to his dead sweetheart, whose memory he still deeply treasures.

As was his former custom, he occasionally composes a little poem in her favor, using notepaper of delicate shades, and scented with the perfume that she loved the best.

The dainty billet doux is then carefully sealed with the writer's initials, the girl's name being written on the envelope, after which the packet is sacredly cremated.

More than this, he buys a present for his departed sweetheart at frequent intervals, and literally covers her grave with flowers on her birthday morning.

A prosaic man of business keeps a dearly loved friend in memory by writing a note of endearment, accompanying which is a substantial order for woollen and worsted goods, this being sent regularly once every month.

The two merchants were almost inseparable, but when apart wrote frequently, assisting one another in their different businesses whenever opportunity availed.

Almost the last request of the dying man was that his companion should regularly correspond with him, keeping up little mercantile transactions as formerly.

Newspaper cuttings, items of commerce, and natural history notes—the deceased being an enthusiastic student of nature—are occasionally enclosed; as much care being taken in the selection as if intended for the eyes of the living friend.

The envelope is securely sealed and stamped, the stamp being defaced with gurgling looking postmarks, after which the missive is consigned to the flames, in accordance with the directions of the deceased.

From the harbor of a small fishing town a bottle bearing a tender message is occasionally thrown upon the merciless waters by a bereaved mother.

Years ago her son was lost at sea, and though his body is buried in the graveyard on the cliff, she continues to write in a trembling hand to her sailor boy. Her effusions, crudely written, are pathetically tender, but she never refers to him as dead.

On the contrary, she frequently asks when the ship will come in; sometimes telling him that she is coming out to meet him. But the years pass, and she has not sailed. Otherwise perfectly sane, it is only during stormy weather that the fit of depression seizes her.

Another pathetic incident reads like a romance. A refined and wealthy young lady, robbed of her fiancé during an epidemic of influenza, still indites letters of love to the dead man.

It was a pretty custom of hers to send dainty messages by means of a pet carrier pigeon, trained to fly from and to the houses of the lovers.

The bird's education did not cease here; it would perch on the window-sill of the young man's room and tap until afforded admittance.

Long years have passed, but at regular intervals the pigeon is sent out with the love message, resting as in the old time on the window ledge, some member of the family receiving the bird for the purpose of humoring its mistress.

Its burden is tenderly consigned to the flames unopened, the bereaved family deeply sympathizing with the sender and appreciating her gentle sentiments.

Week by week, for nearly a year, a suburban wall-box contained a carefully

sealed letter with the legend, written in a neat hand: "To my dear Reginald."

No further directions were given, but the letters, when opened at headquarters, were found to be addressed to a dead sweetheart, the most beautiful language being employed in their composition.

As no address headed the sheets, the letters could not be returned; but "Margie," as the writer signed herself sent them with wonderful regularity.

The epistles were worded by no inane writer; there were sense and pathos in every line, giving evidence of literary ability of no common order. Occasionally, too, a few violets or daisies would be wrapped within.

**RATHER TOO LITERALLY.**—Instances where clerks and others—mostly new hands—put rather too literal an interpretation on instructions given to them come within the knowledge of perhaps the majority of employers. Some of these cases are by no means lacking a flavor of the ludicrous.

A rather raw youth, recently fresh from school, was one evening directed to call next day on his way to business and collect a small debt from a retail tradesman.

"It's been overdue six months. Don't come away till you get it," said his principal decisively.

Midday arrived and the youth put in no appearance at the office. The afternoon wore on, and still he was absent. Just before closing time a messenger arrived with a note from the debtor.

"Your clerk, armed with a thick stick, has been sitting in the shop since 8.30 this morning. He says he cannot leave till he gets the money. I am unable to give it him, but I promise faithfully to pay on Saturday. Am I to lock him up with the shop or not?"

Needless to say the faithful gradian was withdrawn.

Engaging a new porter, the manager of a manufacturing firm particularly impressed upon him the need of always carrying out his orders to the letter.

Soon afterwards a customer, for whom a special article had been made, objected to the price and said he would not pay it. Threatened with a law action, however, he withdrew his protest. The article was then sent home by the new porter.

"But don't part with it unless you get the money. He's a tricky fellow," were his instructions.

At the customer's house the porter held out his hand for the money.

"Here it is," said the gentleman. "But first give me the goods."

"No," said the porter, "not till you give me the cash."

So they faced each other, wrangling for half an hour, when the porter returned to his employer with the goods, to know if, in the circumstances, he might slightly vary the procedure.

**WOULDN'T TAKE HIM LONG.**—It is a great satisfaction for a man who possesses learning and a large amount of general information to have also a small son whose bump of curiosity is largely developed, because then the learned father has a never-ceasing opportunity to show off his knowledge.

A friend of one such gentleman—a man of science connected with many learned societies—relates an incident which occurred in his household.

This scientific gentleman was going out of his house in a hurry one day, and had his overcoat on and his hand on the door knob, when one of his boys called him—

"Father! before you go will you please tell me something?"

"I haven't time now?"

"Oh, it's only a little thing—"

"Won't it wait till I get home?"

"I might forget it."

"Try to remember it—that would be good practice. Good-bye."

"But it won't take a minute!"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course!"

"Well, go ahead. What is it?"

"All I want to know is, how do they work miracles? and how do they make condensed milk?"

And the small boy thought it was very unkind because his father insisted upon postponing the answers until his return home.

THE successful man is by no means helpful to himself alone; he helps a number of other people as well. There is not a healthy, vigorous, energetic, self-reliant, successful man whose example does not breed the same qualities in others, and personal contact with a man is an active stimulant and direct aid to success. He awakens new strength and arouses ambition.

## Scientific and Useful.

**PAINT.**—Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry and hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, and then wash out in soap-suds.

**PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER WATER.**—A certain photographer has arranged an alcohol lamp so that while it is immersed he can throw powdered magnesium into the flame and thus secure a very brilliant light under water. In this manner he has been able to obtain some clear and beautiful photographs of the bed of the Mediterranean. Oxygen is carried down in the apparatus to promote combustion.

**NEW USES FOR HAIR.**—During the last year or two tons of hair have been packed between the plates of a certain part of war vessels. Hair is very elastic, and thus affords a very effective backing to metal. Again, it is being used very satisfactorily to form a kind of fender which is thrown over the side of a vessel to prevent her scraping against the dock—to take the place, in fact, of the more commonly used rope collis.

**FLOORS.**—Floors that are damp, or uneven from wear, or worm-eaten, such as are often found in old houses are unsafe and unwholesome. They cannot be effectually cleaned, and the crevices form harbors for dirt and diseased germs. If they cannot be replaced by new ones, the boards should be planed as even and smooth as possible, the cracks filled with putty or cement, and be given a coat or two of paint.

**WEIGHT.**—The person who weighs only at intervals may infer from this that he is growing lighter or heavier; but the conclusion is unwarranted. There are some people, on the other hand, who will tell you that their weight never changes. This, too, is an error—it is constantly fluctuating. The fault is generally that the scales used do not record variations of a pound or so. For ordinary purposes this is of no consequence; but for recording changes of weight in sickness it is of very serious moment. The scales are not without their importance in medical practice, especially with infants. The weight of an infant increases in definite proportion during the first weeks of life, and there can be no departure from this regularity of increase without impairment of health. For adult persons, too, it is good to consult the scales, for they are the barometer of health.

## Farm and Garden.

**TURNIPS.**—If a cow is fed on turnips, within twenty-four hours her milk will taste of turnips; and, if butter be churned from the cream, the butter will taste also.

**WATER.**—See that there is an abundant supply of water pure and clean in the pasture, as well as in the yard or stable during the summer. It is surprising how much water a dairy herd will consume.

**SHEEP.**—Sheep are most useful in an orchard. They are always on the alert for the wormy, fallen fruit, and every worm is devoured before it gets out of the apple. A wash of sheep dung, lime, wood ashes and a little carbolic acid on the trunks, will prevent their gnawing the bark.

**APPLES.**—You can prune apple trees now, but for old trees it is often advisable to trim when the apples are as large as hickory nuts. The sap is then flowing freely and the wound will heal over readily. If trimmed now, the wound left from cutting large limbs should be painted over to avoid decay before the wound heals over.

**CATERPILLAR.**—The currant or gooseberry caterpillar or worm is easily destroyed by means of white hellebore dusted on the leaves of the plants, or it can be mixed with water and sprinkled on them. Commence to use it early in the season, as soon as the leaves come out, or as soon as there is the first appearance of the caterpillars, and keep up its use while they continue to come. By the careful and continued use of this substance the plants can be kept nearly or quite free from the pest and there will be no harm in any way from its use.

My wife has had another attack of lung trouble. She coughed incessantly and raised enormously. We nearly despaired of her recovery. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant by the blessing of God, restored her. She is now well.—(Rev.) J. H. KINS, West Berlin, N. J., Feb. 18, 1881. For a sour stomach—take Jayne's Sensitive Pills.





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#### A Matter of Manners.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces!" And, if to be a gentleman were as easy as to know how to be a gentleman, social life would have arrived at a degree of refinement beautiful to contemplate. Though, to speak truly, it is not only always easy even to know how to be a gentleman, when to know means to define.

In olden times there was no difficulty in the matter, since the law laid down and sealed its definition. But democratic ideas have broken through the arbitrary barrier which separated one class from another, and a gentleman is no longer exclusively one who bears a coat-of-arms by royal leave. So that now it is left to the individual members of the community to decide who is and who is not a gentleman; and, while A. may be held a gentleman by B., his right to the title may be strongly disputed by C.

With such freedom of interpretation, it must inevitably follow that the world engages in the pursuit of trying to arrive at definitions which shall meet with general acceptance. But the occupation is a vain one, for precise definitions are not to be attained when every one is a law unto himself in the matter. Indeed so widely do the readings of the term differ, that one school will make gentleman synonymous with a good kind-hearted man altogether lacking in culture, while another will contend that the most vicious and selfish of men is a gentleman provided he be possessed of polished manners.

To set about the task of trying to reconcile these opposite views would be a pastime as little remunerative as tilting at a windmill. Roughly speaking, one may claim a general agreement in the broad definition that a gentleman is the highest type of man; after that the road becomes difficult once more when we begin to ask what qualities are the highest.

For our own part, we would make the term "gentleman" so narrow that none should be entitled to it except for undoubted merit, and at the same time sufficiently broad that none should be excluded who showed the merit. To make it so general as to practically include all men is to destroy utterly the value of the title; to narrow it down is to create the necessity for another name which shall cover a large class of mankind.

Primarily gentlemanliness is a mental attitude. Above everything else it implies a high code of honor and consideration for others. At the time we are belittling the title if we do not make it include the refinement which expresses itself in manners. The quality is, in fact, partly natural and partly acquired. There are those of whom we say that they are "Nature's gentlemen."

But by that very epithet we intend to convey the very fact that there is something wanting to fit them for the less qualified definition.

They have sterling qualities, are brave and noble men perhaps, but lack the finishing-touches which cannot be ignored in the perfecting of a man. They are diamonds in the rough, far more valuable, no doubt, than many that have already been cut and polished, but nevertheless wanting their own utmost value until they themselves have been cut and polished. We are not doing such men an injustice in excluding them from the term "perfect gentlemen." They themselves would be the first to acknowledge with regret the something that was wanting to give them the entry to the list. But we are doing them an injustice if we exclude them, while including those who are nothing but polish, who glitter and shine and appear of the first water to the ignorant, but betray to the seeing eye the fact that they are only paste and shams. To draw a distinction between "Nature's gentlemen" and "perfect gentlemen" is merely to pay an acknowledgement to social laws which demand that for the attainment of the highest type of manhood one should graduate in the school of manners as well as possess nobility of character.

The old adage had it that "manners make the man," and it must be conceded, as we have already contented, that manners play a large part in the making of a gentleman. Or perhaps we shall hit truth more nearly by inverting the proposition, and saying that the gentleman indicates himself in his manners. But there is assuredly a pitfall here, and one which entraps many. For manners of themselves are merely presumptive evidence of the gentleman—they are in no sense a proof. The lowest bow and the most graceful handshake are not of necessity the attributes of gentlemanliness, though a gentleman is instinctively careful of his manners. He has in truth a graceful mind, and the mental grace transmits itself to his bodily actions.

We should betray the weakest judgment and observation if we denied the title of "gentleman" to many who were the victims of extreme awkwardness in their movements and manners; but in saying this we do not exclude the view that it is—shall we say a duty?—of a gentleman to strive as far as possible after gracefulness and beauty as becoming attributes. It should be the aim of a gentleman to cultivate all the little graces of life, to study carefully the conventions other than those against which his better nature revolts, to dress well and appropriately, to speak pleasantly in well-chosen language, to obey the forms and ceremonies which custom has indicated as the outward expression of pleasing mental attitude. Yet we must remember that these outward displays are but symptoms of the true qualities desired and are not the qualities themselves. They are, moreover, easily-acquired symptoms.

We may be ravaging wolves in sheep's clothing if, as so many do, we begin at the wrong end, and cultivate the letter before the spirit. One may be a mimic, an actor, and learn the tricks of the gentleman with ease. It is this fact perhaps which leads so many who do not think far enough into the subject to set so little store by manners, to rail at them indeed as veneer and falsity. But there is no logic in despising the sparkle of a diamond because paste may also be made to sparkle. Surely we may ask for beauty as an adjunct to truth, notwithstanding the fact that beauty may often be deceitful! Do not let us seek to rob the best in life of what is beautiful because what is worst oftentimes tries to adorn itself.

But gentlemanliness must begin at the right end. Do not try to superimpose the mechanical graces of a gentleman upon a dwarfed and degraded instinct. Improve your nature, and will insensibly acquire more pleasing habits. Be your own judge, and be inexorable in your judgments. The all-important difference between the real and the false gentleman is that the one has a code of honor which satisfies his own conscience, while the other adopts a code which he believes to be acceptable by others.

The true gentleman will not do a mean action because it is distasteful to him, or, having in a moment of weakness committed it, he will despise himself afterwards. The spurious gentleman will not do a mean action because he is afraid it will be found out and talked about, or because he fears he will be ostracized. But, if he can do it unobserved, he will pride himself on his smartness.

This perhaps is the best test, if not the best definition of a gentleman—that he has a high code of honor, of which he is his own severe arbiter. And no one can have this high code of honor without possessing some nobility of character. The rest follows. The grace, the bearing, the polish of manners and speech are merely the adornments of the gentleman. They are desirable, almost indispensable in the highest types, but they are, as it were accidental, and are not a safe criterion as to the true character of the man. The instinct is the all-important quality; but we need not therefore despise the setting which has beauty for its recommendation.

Social intercourse is usually beneficial; solitary life, and even exclusive family life, is narrowing and monotonous. To go out of the daily routine from time to time, to meet other people, to exchange pleasant and friendly greetings, to discover different views and to realize different standpoints, to give and to take new ideas, and to create bonds of congeniality, returning home refreshed and invigorated in mind and body, is an undoubted advantage to all concerned, and one which is often realized.

Just as the tiny rivulet on the mountain-side, which a pebble could divert from its course, may be the source of a mighty river, flowing down and mingling with the great sea, which, in its turn, can wear away mountains, so some things in life and in character which we deem scarcely worth notice, may be the very springs which shall develop into mighty and irresistible forces.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. They who aim at perfection and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

Be sincere with yourself, whatever the temptation. Say nothing to others what you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world insincerity is the most dangerous.

Every one's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

If you wish to know how many friends you have, get into office; if you wish to know how few you have, get into debt.

Three things are difficult—to keep a secret, to bear an injury patiently, and to spend leisure well.

## Correspondence.

**CURIOS.**—There are four "Red Rivers" in North America—namely, the Red River or Rio Roxo of the United States; the Red River of Lake Winnipeg; the Red River of Texas; and the Rio Colorado or Red River of California.

**M. G.**—In England the sovereign is the supreme magistrate, the head of the established church, of the army and navy, and the fountain of office, honor, and privilege, but is, nevertheless, subject to the laws unless exempted by name. The sovereign could therefore be punished for crime.

**C. L. W.**—Capaneus was one of the seven heroes who marched against Thebes, and was struck dumb by a thunderbolt for declaring that not Jupiter himself should prevent his scaling the city walls. He is represented as of gigantic stature, vast strength, and great valor. He was impious to the gods, but faithful to his friends.

**W. G. B.**—The finest rosewood comes from Brazil, but some is brought from Jamaica, and some also from the East Indies. It is costly, and is principally used as a veneering for other woods. When cut it has an odor much like that of roses. Its color is usually dark red, beautifully veined with brownish-black shades and stripes.

**C. M. G.**—At a dinner-party the lady of the house sits at the head of the table, and the gentleman opposite, at the foot. The place of honor for gentlemen is on each side of the mistress of the house; for ladies, on each side of the master. The company should be so arranged that each lady will have a gentleman at her side to assist her.

**T. F.**—The best course for you to pursue is to wait until the young man shows a greater interest in you. Girls who give their love unsought make a great mistake. We think that it would be discreet for you to endeavor to divert your thoughts and feelings from this young man, as they are evidently thrown away upon him. There is no way in which you can attract him now.

**A. J. B.**—Love is one of the primary passions of mankind, and is as much of a reality as human nature itself, of which it is a part. When two people are in love they have no reason to ask the question; they are completely absorbed in each other. Whether two people, who are not in love, should marry, is a question that experience usually answers in the negative.

**H. H.**—The tutelary saint of England is St. George, who was a tribune in the reign of Diocletian. He was a man of great courage and capacity, but was thrown into prison and beheaded 23rd April, 290, for complaining to the emperor of his severities towards the Christians, and arguing in their defence. He was chosen as the patron of the Order of the Garter by Edward III.

**F. N. F.**—Albion is the appellation by which Great Britain was first known to the Greeks and Romans. It is a Celtic word, meaning high island or mountain land, and was probably applied originally to the northern part, embracing the Scottish highlands. The root of the word is thus the same as that of the word Alps. The derivation from the Latin albus, white, is now rejected by the best critics.

**MINNIE M.**—To overcome bashfulness, mingle freely in society, and endeavor to lose self-consciousness. If you are of a nervous temperament and easily confused, you should abstain from the use of everything that excites. Such articles, for instance, as tea, coffee, wines, spices, and tobacco, excite the nerves and render the action of the heart irregular, and a disturbed physical condition cannot but affect the mental powers. Get rid of your nervousness, and your bashfulness will be more than half conquered.

**B. W.**—Most of the celebrated Limburg cheese is made at the town of Herve, near the town of Limburg, once the capital of the old territory of the same name. The cheese is made by allowing the curds to undergo a certain amount of putrefactive fermentation before drying and pressing, and when this is done skillfully the offensive ammoniacal gases can be so completely got rid of as to leave a Limburger cheese as sweet as any other.

**LONDON.**—There is an essential difference between the waves supposed to constitute light and those forming sound in air; both must have origin within an elastic medium; but sound arises from vibrations in the air in the direction in which the sound waves travel, and not at right angles or transverse to it, as the phenomena of light require. We can easily see that the vibrations forming sound must be longitudinal, or in the direction of the sound ray, from what takes place as a bell is struck, the side of the bell communicating its vibrations to the air in the direction in which the sound travels.

**ELFIE.**—I. Murrhine vases were a species of ware often mentioned by writers of the Roman Empire, the material of which has been much disputed by modern antiquaries. They came from the East, and, according to Pliny, were made of some precious stone found chiefly in Parthia; but some have conjectured that this was an erroneous opinion prevalent among the Romans, and that they were in reality of porcelain, of which the manufacture was unknown to the western nations, while others have contended that they were made of variegated or onyx stone. They have also been referred to as having the reputed quality of breaking when poison was mixed with the liquor they contained. Adobe is pronounced a-do-ba.



## MEMORY'S MUSIC.

BY E. O.

It is sweet to gaze around  
On the scenes we roved of yore,  
The hand that oft to mine would cling  
Now touches it no more!  
And 'tis well to hear anew  
All the sounds so dear of old,  
As the brooklets flow, and songsters sing,  
Where love's sweet tale was told!

In the quietude of dusk  
I can hear the winds at play,  
And the nightingales that vespers trill  
To mark the passing day.  
And I love those sounds so sweet,  
As the shadows darker grow,  
For they bring to me, and ever will,  
One eve of long ago.

## Eileen.

BY M. F.

"LEAVE her to your care, Rupert; look after my little girl when I am gone."

"I will, old friend, I will; her happiness shall ever be my first and last thought." "God bless and reward you, dear old fellow." The two comrades clasped hands with much affection.

A few days later and all was over. George Haviland was laid to rest, and Eileen, his "little girl," was sobbing out her first passionate grief in the kindly arms of her father's old friend.

Tenderly he soothed and comforted her, and, when a month or two had elapsed, brought her to his beautiful country home, thinking that change of scene would, in some measure, help to soothe her grief.

It was a cold, dreary day in December when they reached Longstone Hall, the stately mansion which was henceforth to be Eileen's home.

Great fires were burning in the large hall, lighting up the carved oaken furniture, and casting fitful gleams upon the polished floor, with its gay eastern rugs.

"Welcome, my dear child, to Longstone. May it prove a happy home to you," and Rupert Grahame touched his ward's forehead lightly with his lips, as he pushed aside the heavy velvet curtains, and led her through into the light.

Very sweet and winsome Eileen looked, as she stood, with the soft mellow glow from the tall shaded lamps falling upon her.

The heavy travelling cloak had slipped aside, and her slight figure looked very childish and pathetic in its deep mourning. She threw off her hat and ran her fingers lightly through the soft golden curls which lay upon her low white brow. "Oh! I am so tired," she said, with a little wistful sigh, which ended almost in a sob.

"You shall go to your room at once, Eileen. Perhaps you would rather not come to your dinner to-night; if so, one of the maids shall bring you something upstairs."

"Thank you. Yes, I should like that best, if you will not mind," and the slender figure passed wearily up the broad oak staircase, accompanied by a bright-eyed, cheery-looking maid-servant, bearing her wraps.

"Poor child, poor little girl," Rupert Grahame murmured, as he passed into the library.

"She has taken her father's death very much to heart, and no wonder; Haviland was a splendid fellow."

"These are your rooms, miss," and the rosy-cheeked maid threw open a door aside to allow Eileen to enter.

"Oh, how very pretty!" The exclamation came involuntarily as Eileen entered the dainty little sitting-room which had been prepared for her.

A bright fire was burning on the open-hearth, rich silken curtains were drawn across the deep windows, a reading stand was placed besides a luxurious lounge, close by stood an exquisitely carved writing table, with a shaded lamp beside it.

In one corner of the room was a piano, while another held a bookcase of rare workmanship, filled with the works of standard authors in choicest bindings of white and gold. Delicate hothouse flowers made the air heavy with their perfume, and graceful, shadowy palms were scattered about in careless profusion.

Beyond lay a pretty bed and dressing-room, all furnished with the same thoughtful care and charming elegance. Eileen glanced gratefully around; she had a keen love of the beautiful, and luxury was almost a necessity to her.

She sank into a low chair with a little sigh of content. Phoebe, the deft-handed maid, quickly removed her wraps, and unpacking one of the large travelling

trunks, soon replaced the heavy mourning robe with a dainty, white, fur-bordered wrapper.

"May I loose your hair, miss?" she asked presently, glancing admiringly at the silky, golden coils.

"Thank you," Eileen returned, "I shall be glad if you will; my head aches dreadfully."

When the pins were removed and the long hair fell about the slender form in heavy waves and ripples of shimmering gold, Phoebe could scarcely repress her admiration.

She was rapidly becoming greatly enamored of the lovely, fairy-like little lady who was henceforth to be her mistress, and, when Eileen chatted pleasantly to her as she brushed out the long, heavy locks, her heart was quite won, and she confidently asserted that evening in the servants' hall, that Miss Haviland was the nicest, sweetest and prettiest young lady it had ever been her good fortune to see, and that serving her would be a real pleasure.

A year slipped rapidly away, leaving Eileen but little changed.

The deep sorrow occasioned by her father's death had become softened and chastened by the lapse of time, which is surely the truest and surest of all healers.

Faithfully had her guardian striven to fulfil his trust and make his friend's "little girl" happy. Had he succeeded?

He often asked himself this question. True, she was bright and cheerful—nay, he would often say she was like sunshine in the house; but at times he would notice a wistful expression in the deep blue eyes, and the sweet lips would take a mournful droop which his heart ached to see.

One day he spoke to her of it.

"Why do you look so sad, my child?" he asked tenderly, laying his hand caressingly upon the golden head.

Eileen turned from the window, where she had been standing watching the sunset with thoughtful eyes.

"Do I look sad? I didn't know. I was thinking—that was all."

"Of what, dear? May I not know?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you. My thoughts are long, long thoughts." She shivered slightly and turned away from the kind, searching eyes.

"My little girl," the deep tones grew very tender, "what is it? Are you not happy with me?"

"Oh yes, dear. You are so good to me," and the ready tears sprang to her eyes.

"Then what is troubling you? Will you not tell me, little Lena?"

"Ah!" she cried suddenly, "you must not call me that; I cannot bear it;" then, with a sob, broke from his gentle, detaining hand and fled up to her room. Flinging herself upon the bed, great scalding tears rolled heavily down her face.

Just a chance word had unlocked the flood-gates of the long past, and bitter-sweet memories came crowding up.

When her guardian so innocently called her by the name which had once been given to her by one whom she had loved better than life, it had seemed to bring past years before her with sudden, overwhelming vividness, and, clenching her tiny hands, she sobbed unrestrainedly.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she moaned, "why do you not write to me? All these long, long months and never a word from you." Then, springing up, pacing the room with quick, impatient steps, "Oh, how shall I bear my life if I am never to see him again? I cannot, cannot bear it. I am hungry for a sight of his dear face."

She unlocked a drawer and took out a packet of letters, tied together with silken ribbon. These she read and re-read, her tears falling heavily upon them.

Then she drew forth a photograph of a dark handsome man, apparently about thirty years of age, with a heavy drooping moustache, dark hair, (cropped close in military fashion,) and eloquent, smiling eyes.

Again and again she pressed it to her lips. "He cannot be false; it is impossible," she murmured. "And yet—and yet, why does he not write? Jack! Jack! you are breaking my heart with your silence."

The months rolled by, and still no word came from her absent lover, and at length Eileen began to think he must be dead.

"If he were living I should have had news of him ere this," she would whisper to herself at night, as she tossed wearily upon her little white bed.

Her life was a quiet and uneventful one, leaving her too much time for thought. One day her guardian met her as she came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers.

"You look a veritable Flora, Eileen," he said gaily, surveying, with manifest pleas-

ure, the dainty white-robed figure with the great clusters of yellow and damask roses held against her breast.

"Are they not lovely?" she cried, holding them out to him.

"Very lovely." But it was upon her, not the flowers, his eyes rested as he spoke. He leant over the table, watching the white hands busy themselves in filling bowls and vases with the fragrant blooms. Presently she stopped, with a little cry.

"Ah! see how I have torn my finger. What a pity that roses have thorns. I sometimes think they are like human lives," she went on; "often all fair and sweet at the top, but beneath, in almost every life, thorns."

"But what should you know of them, dear child? Your path should be strewn with thornless roses."

She sighed, a little wistfully, and he continued, after a brief pause, capturing both her hands and holding them tightly within his own:

"Eileen, listen for a moment. Since your father left you to me, more than a year ago, you have each day grown more dear to me, till you have come to be the very light of my eyes. Dearest one, I love you better than my life."

"Ah, I have startled you," as he felt her hands tremble and grow cold. "I did not mean to speak yet, if ever, of my love; for how can I expect a girl like you to care for an old fellow such as I? But, oh, dear heart, no young lover will ever love you more truly."

"I did not know," she faltered; "I never thought—it is all so sudden."

"My little girl," he cried, "forgive me. Forget what I have said if you will, only do not look so startled."

"Nay," she said softly, "I have nothing to forgive, and there is not so much love in my life that I can afford to forget yours."

"Dear one," he cried tenderly, his face glowing, "do you, can you, for me just a little in return? Will you give me the hope that one day I may call you—my wife?"

What a wealth of love he threw into those last words. Then he paused, waiting for her answer.

Swiftly the thought of handsome, debonair Jack Leighton flashed through her mind.

"He is either dead or faithless," she thought; "in either case he is lost to me. I must try to forget him. I cannot grieve my father's dearest friend."

So her resolution was quickly taken.

"If you think me worthy," she said with sweet humility, "I shall be proud to be your wife."

Did he notice that there was no word of love in her low reply?

Perhaps not, for he appeared more than content as he drew her to him in a long, loving embrace.

The months sped on, but there was not much quiet for Eileen after this, for Grahame sent for a distant cousin of his own to come, with her husband and children, to stay till after the wedding, and, with their advent, all quietness fled.

Mrs. Ryde was a smart, bustling little woman, her husband a big, burly fellow who adored his wife, and their children two rosy-cheeked, good-tempered little lads of six and eight years of age, who speedily devoted themselves to Eileen, becoming her avowed slaves and admirers.

Their mother was not behindhand in her admiration of the fair-faced little bride, whom she at once took to her motherly heart.

"Why, you little bit of a thing," she exclaimed when they were alone together in Eileen's room, settled down for a cosy chat such as all women love, "you look a perfect baby in that soft, pink gown, with your hair all loose about your face. No, no, don't alter it, it suits you so."

Eileen laughed and blushed, as she nestled upon a cushion beside her new friend's knee.

"And to think you will soon be Rupert's wife," the little woman continued after a pause, during which her fingers strayed caressingly among Eileen's bright curls.

"Ah, lassie, if you were my girl you shouldn't be thinking of marriage yet awhile, for indeed you're 'lower young to marry yet,' as the song says. I was twenty-five when I was married, and that is quite soon enough for any girl to give up her liberty, though I can remember thinking my mother dreadfully hard-hearted when she refused to let me marry a youth with whom I fell desperately in love when I was only sixteen. Poor dear mother, I have lived to acknowledge that her decision was a wise one."

"I scarcely remember my mother," Eileen said softly. "I was only four years old when she died, but there was a look in your eyes when you were kissing your little boys 'good-night,' which made me

think of her, and the touch of your hand on my head seemed to bring my childhood back again; I think she must have touched me like that."

Esther Ryde's kindly eyes grew dim, and she bent her head to kiss the wistful upturned face.

"Poor Eileen, poor little motherless girl," she murmured tenderly.

'Twas a glorious day in the early spring when Eileen Haviland became Eileen Grahame; one of those radiant days which seem to bring a foretaste of summer's sweetness and beauty with them.

The sun shone from a cloudless sky, overhead the birds sang their clearest melodies, and all nature seemed thrilling with gladness and beauty.

The picturesque little village church had been lavishly decorated with flowers for the occasion. Great vases of pure white lilies stood upon the altar, huge branches of white lilac were strewn about, and sweet, dewy violets, nestling amid their cool green leaves, lent a delicious fragrance to the still morning air.

It all seemed like a dream to Eileen. She saw a slim, graceful, white-robed figure looking forth from her mirror with misty, wistful eyes. She saw a golden head with its snowy veil and a wreath of bridal blossoms, and then, with the same strange feeling of unreality, she turned away to meet faithful Phoebe's admiring gaze, as she stood proudly holding the exquisite bouquet of white roses which Rupert Grahame had procured for his bride.

Calm and still as one in a dream she stood when Esther Ryde, rosy with excitement, came bustling into the room, radiant in a marvellous costume of palest silver grey.

"Yes, I am ready now."

Were those dull, lifeless tones really her own, or was this merely some play in which she was acting a part? she wondered vaguely.

Poor little Eileen.

On up the aisle she went, leaning on Walter Ryde's kindly arm, and followed by his two little sons, in dainty "Jack Tar" costumes of white and blue.

On, on, up to the altar steps, where the lilies stood tall and stately and the violets waited her a welcome. Then she stood beside a tall, manly form, with clear-cut, aristocratic features, and hair thick and waving, though white as her bridal gown.

"Dear little Eileen," the rector began, in low, impressive tones. Then presently he paused, and she heard an earnest, deep-voiced "I will," from the man at her side.

"And forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

Was it to her those words were addressed? "Forsaking all others," she shivered, and grew white as the flowers she carried. Mrs. Ryde leant anxiously forward and gently touched her arm.

A long-drawn sigh broke from the white lips, then with an effort Eileen recovered herself, and whispered her responses in faint, mechanical tones.

It was over, and a ringing peal of joy bells burst forth, as Eileen stepped from the shady, silent church into the golden sunshine, where the village children, with their pinafores full of great yellow daffodils, stood awaiting her advent.

Down the flower-strewn path she walked, her hand upon her husband's arm; then, when they gained the carriage, one tiny maiden, more venturesome than the rest, flung in a bunch of primroses, which fell in Eileen's lap.

Quickly she tossed them aside. "Oh," she cried, "not primroses, they have such an unhappy meaning."

Grahame smiled down upon her.

"So sweet a flower should have a happy meaning, should it not?" he said brightly.

"Ah, but they have not," she returned slowly; "they mean sadness, early youth and sadness."

Her husband picked up the poor little blossom and threw them from the window. "There goes all sadness, then, my darling, for what in common have it and youth?" Then gathering her to him, closely, tenderly, "Do not even think of sadness, dearest heart of mine," he whispered; "it shall have no place in your life if I can prevent it. My little flower, my heart's idol—my wife."

Two young men were lounging upon a shady bank beside a river, idly watching the lines they were plying, as they lay stretched at their ease, upon a brooding day in midsummer.

"Got a light, Temple?" one asked the other presently, tossing away an empty matchbox.

"By Jove!" the younger man exclaimed, producing the desired "light," and bringing an unopened letter from the pocket of his tweed coat at the same



time. "By Jove! I'd clean forgotten the mater's letter."

His companion made no reply, but watched with lazy content, the faint blue smoke curl slowly from between his lips, as he puffed away at his well-colored meerschaum.

The other proceeded to read the neglected epistle.

"The mater bids me take care of myself," he remarked, with a chuckle of amusement, "and hopes I am not working too hard this hot weather," at which they both laughed. "Well, the deuce!" he ejaculated a moment later, his blue eyes opening widely.

"What's the damage?" and Jack Leighton surveyed the speaker from between his half-closed lids, as he lay back upon the soft turf, his straw hat tilted over his forehead.

"Well, if this doesn't lick creation!" Hal Temple exclaimed, with a roar of laughter. "The old Hermit has gone and been and got—married," with another burst of laughter.

"Who is the Hermit?" Leighton queried languidly.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know; he's an old fellow who has a place near my father's; he is our nearest neighbor in fact. And to think of him getting married! Why, I thought he was a confirmed old bachelor. But there! one can never tell. Shouldn't wonder if we do the same thing ourselves some day. Eh, Jack?"

"Speak for yourself, my boy. You know my sentiments," Leighton returned:

"You may cut it on his tombstone,  
You may carve it on his card,  
That a young man married,  
Is a young man married,"

he quoted lightly.

"The mater says he has married his ward," Temple went on, referring to the letter which he still held in his hand, "a girl young enough to be his daughter, and very lovely."

"Ah, those old buffers often have uncommonly good taste," and Leighton gave a short laugh as he refilled his pipe.

"They are looking forward at home to our visit, and hope you will arrange to spend all your leave with us at Lowescroft."

"Thanks, old fellow; it's awfully good of your people to ask me," Leighton returned, "and I shall enjoy the change immensely."

Thus it came about that a couple of months later the two friends left their regiment and its duties far behind them and prepared to spend a three months' leave of absence at Lowescroft Manor, the country house of Temple pere.

They were warmly welcomed by Hal's bevy of pretty sisters, who were prepared to make much of the new-comers, promising their only brother all kinds of festivity, and extending their offices in no less a degree to his handsome friend.

"What's the shooting going to be like, dad?" Hal asked, as they sat at dinner the evening after their arrival.

"Very fair, I think, my boy; very fair. You two are crack shots, I suppose, eh?" and Mr. Temple glanced up from beneath his bushy brows as he helped himself to another glass of his favorite port.

"Leighton is," Hal said boyishly, looking down the long table to where his friend was engaged in an incipient flirtation with the prettiest of the five sisters.

"Who is taking my name in vain?" he queried in his slow, languid tones.

"I was telling the pater what a swell shot you are, and how you will enjoy the shooting," Hal explained.

"Oh!" cried one of the girls, a little slight thing, with short brown hair curling about her head, and great pathetic-looking brown eyes. "Oh, don't talk about shooting. I have to hear you speak of it, it seems so horribly cruel, and you men call it sport!"

There was infinite contempt in that last word, and the soft brown eyes flashed. The others laughed, and her father reached forward to pull one of her curls.

"Oh, Hal," exclaimed Milly, the second, and his favorite sister, "what do you think? We all have invitations to a garden party at Longstone on the 3rd; we have one here a couple of days later, and dad has arranged for a picnic, which is to finish up with a dance on the 10th. There! doesn't all that take your breath away?"

"It does indeed, Milly; you should have broken it more gently. The first part is especially astounding. Imagine the Hermit coming out of his shell to the extent of a garden party! But after his marriage I shall be surprised at nothing."

"Ah, that marriage was a surprise to us all," observed Mrs. Temple. "But indeed, Hal, you must no longer call Mr. Grahame a hermit; his wife seems to have worked wonders, and he is no longer the recluse he used to be."

"He is a living and most emphatic negative to the burning question, 'Is marriage a failure?'" laughed Milly, "and looks years younger in spite of his white locks."

The day of the Longstone garden party dawned brilliantly. There was a slight tinge of autumn in the air, and the trees were just beginning to acquire the exquisite tints which so often delight the eye in early autumn.

On the low stone steps which led up to the house stood Eileen, with her husband, to receive their guests.

Very lovely she looked in a gown of soft white cloth, with no touch of color about her save a bunch of late damask roses, fastened in the gold clasp of her belt.

It was a fancy of Rupert Grahame's for his wife to dress in white; it became her fair young face so perfectly, he said; so to-day she was all white, from her dainty shoes to the snowy plumes in her "picture" hat.

At length all had arrived and were dispersed in little groups about the picturesque grounds.

Some played tennis with much enthusiasm, while croquet, archery, and many other games were provided for those who preferred a less active form of amusement.

On the terrace a string band discoursed sweet music, and in the distance could be heard the soft plashing of oars upon the lake.

Like a swift white bird Eileen fluttered about among her guests, with graceful attentions and kindly words for one and all.

Presently she heard a low, well-remembered voice beside her, and then, almost without knowing it, found herself standing on the bank of the river, which flowed just below the Longstone grounds, with her old lover at her side.

How often, months ago, she had pictured this meeting, and how differently! The bitter irony of it all struck her sharply.

There was no conventional greeting between them. For a few moments neither spoke. Eileen could not, her heart was too full, and Leighton did not, because he believed that sometimes silence is golden, and, truth to tell, he was somewhat startled and disconcerted by this totally unexpected meeting. He determined to make a bold move:

"Lena," he whispered reproachfully, "why did you do this?"

She grew white to the lips as he took her hands in his own.

"I thought you must be dead," she faltered. "I had no news of you for nearly two years, and all my letters were unanswered. 'Why, oh, why did you not come or write to me?'"

"Child, I never received your letters!" he exclaimed, lying glibly, with his bold eyes searching her upturned face. "Just before your father's death my regiment was ordered abroad, and when next I wrote to you my letters came back to me through the dead letter office."

"I cannot understand it," she cried wearily. "I only know that you have come—too late."

"You should have trusted me, Lena; trusted me and waited," he whispered, his dark head bent low.

"And did I not wait? Ah!"—with a ring of passionate pain in her voice—"I waited, waited, till I grew heartsick and weary, and then, and then—" she paused.

"Yes?" he queried. "Then?"

"A good man offered me his love, and—I took it, God forgive me, though I had none to give him in return."

Her voice grew very low, and the red blood rushed to her face in a sudden, shamed flood.

The man's lips curved into a smile, beneath the heavy mustache, which was not pleasant to look upon.

"By Jove!" he muttered to himself. "She is prettier than ever. Poor little girl, I was very fond of her once; but of course, after her loss of fortune, I should have been absurd had I given her another thought; but she cares for me still, that is very evident, and a little flirtation, just to pass time away while I am down here, will be amusing."

Taking her hand he drew it through his arm as they walked along the soft turf.

"Lena," he said gently—"forgive me;

but the dear old name comes so naturally—must I go away? I will leave this place to-morrow if you wish it."

"Why should you go?" she answered. "We may at least be friends, surely."

Her heart throbbed passionately. Was she to find him only to lose him again immediately? That would be too cruel, she thought.

He raised her hands to his lips, tenderly, lingeringly; then, turning away, left her alone.

"Dear heart, you are looking tired." It was her husband's tender voice, and he came to her side as, a little later, she stood alone, apart from her guests. "Let me take you to get a glass of wine."

She shook her head.

"No wine, thank you; but I should like a cup of tea."

"A woman's unfailing panacea for all ills," he said smiling, "Come then, my little white lily, and sip your nectar."

"How ill Mrs. Grahame looks," remarked Evelyn Temple to her brother, as the slight figure passed them leaning on her husband's arm.

"Yes, she does look a trifle seedy. Perhaps it's that gown makes her look so. I don't like such pale, colorless things myself. Now, you look really jolly, Eve."

Evelyn laughed and blushed; the rough brotherly praise pleased her.

"I'm glad I meet with your approval," she said gaily.

The soft creamy muslin she wore was certainly very becoming, and the vivid clusters of scarlet poppies which relieved it suited her pretty gipsy face to perfection.

Eileen was thankful when the day was over and she was free to go to her own room. Her pallor had all vanished now, a bright crimson spot burned upon each cheek, and her blue eyes were dark and brilliant.

She had seen him again, her lover, her beloved. Had heard his voice, clasped his hand. The future? Ah! She would not think of that. The sweet, dangerously deadly sweet present was enough for her. She would live in it alone. It was long before she slept. The past years with their manifold memories were lived again.

Once more she was a bright, light-hearted girl, singing in her father's garden, sitting under the blossom-laden trees, dreaming the exquisite bliss of youth's first love.

Once again she felt her lover's strong young arms around her, his burning kisses on her lips, her brow. And when at length the dawn was breaking, her last waking thoughts were of him, and it was with his name upon her lips that she fell asleep.

The days slipped away now all too quickly for Eileen.

She was living in a fool's paradise, and day by day, as Jack Leighton came and went, the old fascination seemed again to take possession of her.

It was for his smiles she was living, upon his looks and words she fed with ravenous heart-hunger, as pitiful as it was sinful.

But that her passion was an unholy thing, something to be uprooted with steady, remorseless hand, never once entered her mind. She loved him, that was all she thought of.

Daily she prayed, "Lead us not into temptation," and yet, madly, blindly sought and courted that from which she asked to be delivered. How often this is the case; deliberately and wilfully we tread in forbidden paths and run into temptation, and then wait with folded hands, expecting a miracle to be worked for and in us, praying to be delivered from evil, and yet never thinking of so much as lifting a finger to help ourselves.

The Lowescroft garden party was a pronounced success, and the much-talked-of picnic was looked forward to with un-mixed pleasure by all the house party.

After considerable thought, it was decided to visit some picturesque and interesting monastic ruins which were situated about a dozen miles away, and so, one sunny morning in September, a merry party set out, with the prospect of a long, happy day before them.

Eileen's pulses beat quickly as she recognized a familiar broad-shouldered, tweed clad figure, and a sudden pang shot through her heart—was it, could it be jealousy?—as she saw the proud, handsome head bending over pretty, brown-haired Evelyn Temple, whispering something which brought a pleased, flushed smile to the girl's face as she listened.

Presently he looked up and saw Eileen's eyes fixed upon him with a look of pain

in their clear depths. As soon as he decently could he joined her, and together they wandered away, apart from the rest.

They said but little. For Eileen it was happiness enough to be with him. She did not want to talk.

"What an interesting old place this is," Leighton remarked after a pause. "See, just beyond that wall is the old monks' burial ground."

"Oh," Eileen cried, "can we go nearer? I should so much like to see it. Old places of this kind have a very great charm for me."

"I daresay we can manage it," her companion returned, "if you don't mind a little climbing. I will go first and show you where to put your feet."

The lingered for some time in the quaint old grounds, where the weeds grew thickly round the time-worn, moss-grown headstones, and the waving poppies nodded their scarlet heads in the soft breeze.

"The old fellows should sleep well in this quiet spot; it is a peaceful resting place," Leighton observed presently.

"A garden of sleep," Eileen murmured dreamily. "I like that name, it sounds soothing and restful. Graveyard seems so ghostly and gruesome, and cemetery sounds garish and cold."

Leighton smiled down upon her as she rested upon a fallen tree.

"What a fanciful child you are. After all, what's in a name?"

"Everything sometimes," she returned with sudden bitterness, adding, half to herself, "it all depends upon what the name is."

She rose abruptly.

"It is time we were going back now, I think," and she turned her face away from his searching eyes, for her own had filled with a rush of swift unbidden tears.

"Not yet," he pleaded. "Do you grudge me these few moments of happiness?"

His tones were dangerously low and tender. She dare not trust herself to reply, but stood silently plucking the petals one by one off a cluster of tall red poppies.

"Lena!"—Ah! how the low, seductive voice made her thrill and tremble—"Lena, darling, give me just a word to live upon through all the long, lonely years before me. Dearest, let me once more hear you say you love me."

He waited, but no answer came. The flirtation which he had commenced so idly was proving to be more serious than he had either imagined or intended, and he was now himself decidedly "hard hit," as he termed it.

He hated to be thwarted in anything, and it piqued and annoyed him to think that this lovely, dainty girl was lost to him.

He bent lower, till his breath fanned her cheek.

"Lena, look at me." The soft voice which, in time gone by, she had ever been wont to obey, sounded in her ear. Mechanically she raised her misty blue eyes to meet the dark ones above her, and in their depths he read the answer her lips refused to give.

When they rejoined the others Eileen was flushed and trembling, with a strange wild joy in her heart.

"Leighton," Hal Temple's clear young voice rang out, "Leighton, will you give us a song? Here, Milly, hand him that guitar. Now, no excuse, there's a good old fellow."

Leighton took the instrument and struck a few chords lightly. He had a rich, sympathetic voice, and his song was immediately followed by eager requests for another and yet another.

"I will sing just one more," he said at length, "an old favorite of my own." Then, with his eyes upon Eileen, he commenced, "When other lips," the words ringing out with a passionate intensity of feeling which almost startled his hearers: "then you'll remember, you'll remember me."

The full rich tones, now soft and low, and tender as a caress, died away almost as if loth to cease, and for an instant no one spoke, a spell seemed to be upon them.

Mrs. Temple was the first to break it.

"Thank you, Captain Leighton," she said; "you have given us a very great treat."

"Indeed you have," chimed in Milly. "We did not know that you added music to your other accomplishments, or we should not have allowed you to be silent so long."

"I seldom sing now," Leighton returned with a scarcely perceptible emphasis upon the last word, flashing a swift glance to where Eileen was sitting,



with Evelyn Temple stretched upon the grass at her feet.

"If you young people want to be in good form for tripping it on the light fantastic toe to-night I think it is time we thought of home," Mr. Temple remarked in his loud, hearty tones. And so a general move was speedily made.

"Eileen, my dearest," said her husband, as he came to her side during the evening, when she was resting flushed and panting in a little curtained alcove, "I am fearful lest you tire yourself. Promise me you will not dance again."

"I am not in the least tired, thank you, and"—willfully—"I shall certainly dance again."

"Sit this dance out with me then, dear; it is not much I ask and the rest will do you good."

"I cannot," she returned coolly; "it is already promised."

"To whom?" her husband questioned, taking the big feather fan which she was slowly furling and unfurling from her hand and gently fanning her hot face.

"To Captain Leighton," she answered, striving to speak lightly though her heart beat fast, "and here he comes to claim it."

Rupert Grahame watched the two whirling round together in the mazy dance, then turned away with a sinking heart.

Later in the evening, after leaving the ball room, Eileen remembered that she had left her fan behind, and returning for it her attention was arrested by hearing her own name. She waited an instant, not liking to come forward and yet not wishing to be a listener to what was evidently not intended for her ears.

"I say, Leighton, you seem rather sweet on pretty Mrs. Grahame."

It was Hal Temple who spoke.

His companion laughed. "Between ourselves, old man," he returned, "the little lady is rather sweet upon me. I knew her years ago, and—but this is strictly sub rosa—at one time she stood a very good chance of becoming Mrs. Leighton, but her father, poor sinner, lost every penny of his money and died absolutely a beggar, so, as I could not afford to marry a dowryless maiden, I was compelled to quietly drop the fair Eileen."

"Rough, wasn't it?"

"Very. Come outside and have a smoke, will you?"

They moved away, leaving Eileen clutching the heavy silken draperies which hid her from view, and white as one who has received a deadly blow.

The delicate fan snapped in her hand as her fingers tightened upon it. She felt sick and faint. Then a sudden feeling of shame swept over her and the hot color flooded her white drawn face.

Oh, the horror and the shame of it all! She shuddered and hid her despairing face in her hands.

The drive home was a silent one. Eileen lay back in her corner of the carriage with closed eyes.

Her husband was full of tender solicitude, and his quiet attentions and oblique courtesy were a sharp contrast to the careless flippant words to which she had been an unintentional listener so short a time before.

The following afternoon, when Captain Leighton called at Longstone, he was a little surprised at not being received by Eileen, who certainly expected his visit.

"My mistress is not at home, sir, but she desired me to give you this when you called," and the trim maid handed him a dainty white and gold missive.

The sweet subtle perfume which greeted him as he tore it open seemed to bring Eileen before him; he could almost hear her rustle of her gown and feel the clasp of her small soft hand.

He was in quite a sentimental mood, and smiled complacently as he opened it, expecting to read some little tender message of regret; instead these hasty lines met his gaze:

"I accidentally overheard your remarks to Lieut. Temple last night concerning a certain 'dowryless maiden.' I never wish to see your face again. Thank God, the scales have fallen from my eyes, and though I despise myself, I have still enough self-respect left to say I hate you." It was signed, "Eileen Grahame," and then was added, as if an afterthought: "My husband knows all."

"Phew! What a fool I've been," he muttered. "Well, I've got my conscience now, and no mistake. Think I can't do better than clear out of this place as soon as possible. The elderly husband may turn nasty and make things unpleasant, and"—languidly—"I hate a row."

Rupert Grahame was very tender with

his young wife when, with white lips and dry, burning eyes, she told him her pitiful little story.

"Blame you, dearest one? No, 'tis I alone who am to blame," he said. "I should have remembered the old saying about May and December, and not have asked you to give your young life to one old enough to be your father. But I loved you so, my child; I loved you so."

A few months later, when occasion arose for him to go abroad on some important business which demanded his immediate personal attention, Grahame hailed the opportunity eagerly, thinking and believing that Eileen would be glad to be alone for a time, as he often grew fearful lest his presence might in time come to be irksome to her, and this, he felt, would be more than he could endure.

Eileen was very silent when he told her of his decision, but, when the day of his departure arrived, and Grahame held her to him in tender farewell, she broke down and sobbed passionately in his arms.

Even then had she bid him stay he would have done so, at whatever cost, and he listened eagerly for some such word, but none came, and with a last long kiss and a low, "God bless and keep my darling always," he was gone.

The house seemed very dull and empty without his kindly face and cheery voice, and after a week or two, Eileen grew desperately lonely, and began to long heartily for her husband's return.

She became very pale and languid, and took so little interest in life that kind-hearted Phoebe, "grew quite alarmed, and even went so far as to utter a gentle remonstrance."

"Don't bother me, Phoebe," her mistress replied petulantly; "I am tired—tired to death."

Then there came a day when the heavy eyelids could scarcely open and the weary head could not be lifted from the pillow.

Phoebe sent hurriedly for motherly little Mrs. Ryde, and, before another day had dawned, a little down head lay pillowed on Eileen's breast, and a pair of blue eyes, wondrously like her own, looked up at her with a world of wondering mystery in their clear limpid depths.

The young mother's strength came back very slowly.

"She seemed to have no hold upon life," the doctor remarked one day to Mrs. Ryde. "I do not like the lethargy; you must try to rouse her."

The little one was restless that evening, and, dismissing the nurse, Mrs. Ryde undertook to look after the invalid for an hour or two.

As soon as they were alone Eileen turned to her.

"When is Rupert coming home?" she asked abruptly.

"As soon as his business is satisfactorily settled, I should imagine," Mrs. Ryde returned; "he will have a double reason now to hasten his return, will he not, baby?" pressing her lips to the tiny silken head nestled in her arms.

"Esther, listen to me," Eileen's voice rang out sharply. "I don't believe he wants to come back. He thinks I don't care for him, and so he has left me; but oh, it is more than I can bear, for"—very low—"I love him now dearly, dearly. Esther, if he does not come back to me soon I think I shall die."

Her voice was weak and faint and her hands, grown so thin and fragile, were tightly clasped together.

Esther Ryde turned to her and the tears stood in her kindly eyes.

"My darling child," she said tenderly, "I did not guess you wanted him so badly. I will send for him as soon as I possibly can."

"How good you are to me, dear," Eileen murmured gratefully; then, shyly, "Shall I—would he like—may I write a message?"

"To be sure you may, my dear," Mrs. Ryde returned heartily; "a line from you will bring him home quickly enough, I'll be bound. Well, what is it now?" as Eileen still looked wistfully at her.

"Don't think me very silly," she said, "but do you think I might send him a lock of baby's hair?"

"The young man certainly hasn't a superabundance of it at present," Mrs. Ryde returned, with a little comical smile. "However, I dare say he can manage to spare just a wee lock for 'father.' Eh, little sonnie?" with a loving kiss as she laid the tiny bundle of muslin and lace beside his mother, who was lying back flushed and happy.

A very sweet message it was that went speeding over the sea, and which brought sudden joy and unspeakable gladness to the lonely, far-off husband.

"Dearest," it said, "come home; I cannot live without you, and I long to show baby his father."

#### AMAZONS OF TO-DAY.

English ladies are especially conspicuous in sport, and of late the number of those who have attained a considerable degree of eminence in some branch or other of this pursuit has increased by leaps and bounds.

The Countess of Warwick is one of our leading sportswomen. She has for years been one of the staunchest supporters of the Essex hounds.

She hunts in pink, and rides straight across country without waiting for a lead. In fact, she is more likely to give a lead to less daring members of the hunt than to want one herself. Her athletic achievements are not confined to hunting. She was one of the early pioneers of fashionable bicycling in England.

Her sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, is also a huntswoman and a bicyclist. She fishes and shoots as well. Last year, at the annual rifle competition of the Sutherland Rifle Association at Golspie, Sutherland, she shot at the Morris tube range.

Out of the shots fired, she secured eight inners and a magpie (one on the line), finishing off with the bullseye. She snaps in a cartridge with as much precision as a man, and has brought down many a rocketing pheasant.

Conspicuous among the hunting sisterhood is Lady Ileen Campbell (nee Hastings), the second sister of the Earl of Huntingdon. During two seasons before she married she acted as M. F. H. to her brother's hounds, the "Sharavogue," and had a highly successful reign.

She was then reputed to be the best and most daring rider in the South of Ireland. Since her marriage she has hunted chiefly in England in the Shires.

Both Countess Cadogan and her sister Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton, first learned to hunt when, as girls, they followed the hounds over the Ashdown Hills. They also acquired a keen taste for sports of every kind.

At the present day Lady Wilton spends the season regularly at her hunting lodge near Melton Mowbray, and she and her second husband, Mr. Pryor, are among the most regular attendants at the famous meets of that district.

Lady Cadogan now hunts in Ireland, and her prowess delights the sporting fellows, who highly appreciate pluck.

Both the Countess of Orkney and the Countess of Clancarty, who were, perhaps, better known as Miss Connie Gilchrist and Miss Belle Bilton, have taken to hunting with the utmost zest.

They both possess excellent grace, and ride with as much daring and skill as if they had followed hounds all their lives.

The Marchioness of Worcester hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds first as Miss Harford, then as Baroness Carlo de Tuyll. A short time after her marriage to Lord Worcester, the M. F. H. of his father's hounds, the pair showed themselves to the hunt at a grand meet, and were congratulated. Lady Worcester hunts regularly with her husband's pack.

Lady Wolverton is devoted to yachting. She used to yacht a great deal with her brother, Lord Dudley, and it may be said that her marriage was in a measure due to this, for Lord Wolverton is a keen sailor, and in the preceding summer he was a great deal on board Lord Dudley's yacht, where Lady Edith was one of the crew.

Viscountess Curzon, the wife of the eldest son and heir of Earl Howe, is one of the best ladywhips in England, if not in the world. She can drive tandem and four-in-hand with remarkable skill. She can drive four-in-hand in London, which requires more nerve than ordinary.

At one time she used to drive Baron Hirsch's coach regularly in London, and when she was a mere girl she drove Lord Charles Beresford's coach down to Hurlingham and back again after a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park.

She is such an authority on all matters connected with the whip that she was asked to contribute the volume on "Driving" in the Badminton Sporting Library. The list of ladies who are expert bicyclists is a long one.

Lady Norreys is among the most graceful and skilful. Lady Jeanne made the journey to Scotland and back on a bicycle last autumn. Lady Nora and Lady Lilian Spencer Churchill, sisters of the Duke of Marlborough, made a bicycling tour last year in the Midlands in which they did surprising distances.

Lady Brassey has done long rides in Australia. Lady Henry Somerset is almost as keen on bicycles as she is on temperance.

The Duchess of Montrose rides in Scotland, and says that Scottish roads are better than English, though a trifle more hilly. The Countess of Malmesbury has almost given up hunting, in which she was an adept, in favor of bicycling, and says she prefers the latter.

Both the Duchess of Somerset and her sister, Mrs. Sargent, are expert bicyclists. The list might be extended considerably.

#### At Home and Abroad.

The Connecticut Legislature recently passed a law requiring the use of only such links on public records as have been approved by the Secretary of the State. One hundred dollars is the penalty provided for violation of the act.

Game is to be preserved in Central Africa. Major von Wiseman has set aside a portion of German East Africa, within which no shooting will be allowed without a license from the governor of the colony. A license to shoot elephant or rhinoceros costs 500 rupees a year for a native; females and young elephants with tusks weighing less than six pounds must not be shot at all. White men will pay 100 rupees for the first elephant shot and 250 rupees for every other, 50 rupees for the first two rhinoceroses and 150 rupees for all after them. Monkeys, lions, hyenas, beasts of prey, boars, and birds, except ostriches and secretary birds, may be killed without a license.

A coterie of wise men have proved entirely to their satisfaction that the winter months, which produce the smaller proportion of the population of the world, are those in which by far the greater number of illustrious men are born. By winter months are designated November to April inclusive, and others being assigned to summer. Having hunted up the birthdays of some forty thousand persons, our philosophers arrived at the conclusion that the middle of the winter division—the months of January and February—have produced the greatest number of illustrious men, while the months of July and August have produced the smallest number.

A discovery is reported from abroad which, if it prove genuine, should afford a solution of a difficult problem. While making experiments with the Röntgen rays, a learned professor discovered certain black rays, that issue from the vacuum tube and pass through the human body. The photographs produced by means of these rays, which have been styled "critical rays," are not the same when taken of a living body as when taken of a dead one. Photographs of living hands show the skeleton, as in the Röntgen photographs. A dead hand, however, appears in full, showing all the fleshy integument, whilst the bones remain invisible. It is thought that by means of these rays it can be ascertained whether a person is really dead or not.

A fad that has lately come into vogue in connection with Transatlantic voyages is the sending of flowers to be laid on the plate of some fortunate fair one every morning in the course of the passage, as fresh and fair as though they had only just been plucked from the nosegay. The way that this is done is a problem to many, but in reality it is very simple. The flowers are first ordered and then they are paid for by the giver. The florist sends a number of boxes to the steamship, where they are put in the cooling room. Each box bears the date on which it is to be used, and every morning the steward places the contents of the right box beside the plate of the chosen one at breakfast. In this way flowers are provided even on the briny deep.

#### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; this disease of the ear is caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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## Our Young Folks.

## THE CIRCUS UPSTAIRS.

BY G. L. M.

TOM had always meant to be a soldier until that day. His grandpapa the Colonel, home from the West, took special interest in Tom, among all his grandchildren, because the boy was so bent upon entering the army by-and-by. But the Colonel was not prepared for a boy's whims and fancies.

It is a grand thing to be a soldier, winning battles and getting the Victoria Cross, and all the rest of it. But soldiers are not supposed to turn somersaults, and to live by the antics they play, and these things came naturally to Tom. After he had been to the circus, he saw a new opening for his genius.

The very afternoon after that delightful evening, for boys and a girl were up in the play-room with nothing to do.

"Mother said we were not to play hide-and-seek up and down the stairs," said Ethel. "We are to be very quiet because it's her afternoon at home, and we are not to go out—grandpapa is coming."

Now, it occurred to the two boy cousins, who were only there for the day, that if Ethel's brothers, Tom and Reggie, had not taken to hiding in the larder, their favorite game would not have been stopped.

"No," said little Reggie, in his sailor suit, "it was because you jumped down the stairs, Ethel. We always slide down the banisters. Oh! I wish we had not gone to the circus last night."

Reggie was the sort of boy who was always sorry after he had eaten his cake, because then he had not got it.

"Sorry we went to the circus?" all the others called out together.

"You see," said Reggie, "it is all over now, and we might have been going to-night instead."

"Well, why can't we have a circus here, to-day?" said Ethel. And she began to jump about, holding out her pinafore, imagining herself dancing on the back of a galloping horse going full speed round the ring.

The boys pushed all the furniture to one side of the room, and the cat thought it wiser to go out of the way, too. Puss in a corner at the fireside did duty for a lady in white in the best seats, and so represented the whole audience.

First came the procession of horses, round and round. Ethel was the band; the boys crawled in time to the music. But all at once the four horses began to turn head-over-heels.

"That's not right," said Ethel. "What are you doing?"

"I am going to be clown," said Tom.

"No, you are not. I am," said Reggie. The two others were just as anxious to be the clown. So there was a dispute, almost a quarrel.

"I don't care," said Tom; "I shall be a clown when I grow up."

"Father won't let you," said Ethel.

"Why not?"

"Oh! Tom, how could you live without washing your face? Clowns are all chalk and paint. And think of going out in the streets with those calico clothes on!"

"I'd like to be a horse," said Reggie.

"Well, you can't be that when you grow up," said the other boys.

"No; but I should like to ride a horse," said Ethel. "I mean to ride a horse with a white muslin frock on and shining silver, standing up."

Ethel was very good-tempered; but it almost vexed her to hear how the boys laughed. "A horse with a muslin frock on?"

The teasing stopped when Ted, the youngest cousin, began to growl and roar; and at once all the boys became lions, and made such roaring attacks upon Ethel's ankles that she had to be the lion tamer—"Miranda of the Mountains."

This had gone on for a little time, when the lions and the tamer noticed that there were only three lions in the cage. In other words, Tom had slipped away out of the room.

Before the others had got over their surprise, asking where was Tom, the door opened and Ethel's father looked in.

"What's this? What's this?"

"It is the lion tamer at the circus," said the noisiest of the animals.

"Because," the gentleman at the door said, "I am thinking of sending you boys to a cage at the circus, and having the lions up to the house. I think the real ones would not make such a noise."

They were all as mute as mice, but they were not quite sure whether he was serious or laughing at them.

"Get yourselves ready quickly to come

down," he said; "your grandfather has come, with presents for you all. Where is Tom?"

Nobody knew.

"He is an escaped lion," said one of the small cousins.

Well, now they had to get ready as quickly as possible, to see the Colonel, their grandfather, and the presents he had brought to them.

But where was Tom? Everybody knew Tom loved the Colonel, and was always coaxing him to tell stories of soldiering. Nobody made such a fuss over grandfather as Tom did; and grandfather made no end of a fuss over Tom.

They all went down to the drawing-room, and the very first question the Colonel asked, while he was welcoming them all heartily, was, "Where is Tom?"

"We don't know," said the boys.

"I am sure I heard him. He must have been foremost in the noise. What were you doing, children?" said Ethel's mother.

"They were lions at the circus, and I am the great lion-tamer, Miranda of the Mountains," said Ethel, jumping up to sit on the old soldier's knee.

"Did you hear them roar, grandpapa? I was taming them all, with my foot on their backs. But Tom got away out of the circus. He is an escaped lion."

"Miranda of the Mountains!" said grandpapa, twisting the end of his grey moustache. "Good gracious! who would ever think she was a lion-tamer, to look at her? I suppose the lions get fond of you, Miranda, and then they don't eat you up. That's how it is. Well, now, lion-tamer, go and find me that lion that you allowed to escape."

Ethel ran off to search, and after a few minutes there were footsteps heard running downstairs, and much scuffling and whispering and laughing. The lion did not want to come in.

"You must, Tom; you must! Oh, do!" And in came Tom with his cricketer's suit on, a striped red jacket, and collar that would have been an ornament to Toby in a Punch and Judy show.

His face was chalked white, his cheeks daubed scarlet, and his hair was on end under a sugar-loaf hat.

"I made the lion come just as he was," said Ethel, dancing and laughing with delight.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" said the Colonel, while the father and mother looked on in horror at Tom's last freak.

"I should like to be a clown," said Tom, widening his red mouth and smiling a chalky smile.

"My fortune!" said the Colonel, twisting his moustache with his fingers. "And you are the lad that wanted to be a soldier."

"But jumping, and all that, comes so—so natural-like to me," said Tom.

"Well, when are you off?" said the Colonel.

"Oh, I don't know till I grow up," said Tom. "I don't know how one begins, or where one goes; but I would like to be a clown, I would."

"I should think," said the Colonel gravely, "you would have to pass an examination."

"Oh, no, grandpapa! One wouldn't have anything to learn."

"Ah! that is the attraction," said the old gentleman. "Having no other use for your head, you would be able to stand on it."

But just then some other visitors were announced, and Tom fled.

"There is no accounting for taste," said the Colonel. "Poor Tom!"

"Do you think he will?" Ethel asked a little anxiously, when the new visitors had come in.

"It is as sure to happen as—that you will go and tame lions. Now, what is here, for I must be going?"

There was a box of colored sticks of paint for the two other boys, who were his grandsons, too, a silver bangle for Ethel, and a set of chessmen for Tom and Reggie. And only when all had said good-bye, and the Colonel was in the hall going away, Tom ran down again, polished and soapy, his cheeks ablaze from much rubbing.

"Grandpapa," he said, "when I am a soldier, you won't tell the other fellows I said I'd be a clown?"

## THE WAY OF THE FAIRIES.

"Not that way, Jack! Don't pull off their heads!" cried Minnie, as she came running out of the house with the basket over her arm.

Jack looked down at the little red pimples which lay crushed in his hand.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, you musn't—really you musn't!" cried Minnie. "It hurts them."

"How can it hurt?" demanded Jack.

"You don't know about it all," Minnie said, "and you'll spoil the fairies' work. Come along with me to shop, and I'll tell you all about what the fairies do."

"But when do the fairies work?" asked Jacky. "I never see them."

"They are so tiny, they hide away in the flowers, you know; that's why you never see them. And then, when they come out at night and dance and sing and chime their bells, we're asleep in bed."

"What do they hide in flowers for?" demanded Jacky who could not understand the queer ways of fairies.

"They are so busy," explained Minnie. "They don't want to be seen and stopped to talk by everybody who goes by."

"What work do they do?" asked Jacky, who began to be curious about Minnie's wonderful news.

"They're working all the summer long—painting butterflies and grasshoppers, and bees and beetles, and all sorts of things."

"But I never see them painting," urged Jacky.

"No; as soon as they hear anyone coming, if it's ever so softly, quite on tippy-toe, they hide away."

"Oh," said Jacky, "and how did I hurt them when I picked those little red flowers?"

"Why, you pinched the little fairies to death who were working away at their paints. I expect they were making lady-birds."

"Poor little fairies!" cried Jacky. "Did I really kill them dead?"

"Yes," declared Minnie; "lots of people kill fairies that way. Everybody ought to pick long stems to the flowers, and then then the fairies can go on working."

"I know that would be all right, because one day I picked a bunch of little blue harebells, and put them in the nursery, and when I looked up soon after there was a dear little blue butterfly flying about the window; the fairy had finished him off and let him go."

"I think she must have been waiting in the flower till I went away, for the fairies generally fly off on the butterfly as soon as they have finished painting it."

"How do they know the right color to paint them?" asked Jacky. "That must be awful hard to find out."

"Silly boy!" cried Minnie; "that's easy enough. If a fairy wants to paint a blue butterfly she finds all the blue paints in a blue flower; cornflowers, or bluebells, or forget-me-nots; if she wants to paint a yellow one, she goes to work in a primrose or a sunflower."

"The paints for grasshoppers are all hidden among the grasses, and I suppose the stripy butterflies and beetles are painted in tulips and gillyflowers."

Jacky was silent for quite a minute. It was all so wonderful.

"I wonder what the fairy is making for this one," cried he, as he trotted off to pick a big daisy.

"Oh, Jacky! Jacky!" cried Minnie, rushing forward and catching him by the arm, "see what you've done! You've put your foot on that lovely red toadstool—and oh, look, Jacky!"

Jacky looked up quickly from the crushed toadstool at his feet, and saw a most lovely red butterfly flying up and away.

"Oh!" he gasped, half frightened at what he had done.

"Oh!" cried Minnie, "I'm so glad. The fairy must have finished him. I'm so glad you didn't kill them."

"I don't see the fairy on its back," said Jacky.

"They're so tiny," explained Minnie. "I've looked and looked for fairies ever so often, and I've never seen one."

"I'm glad I didn't squash them," said Jacky slowly, "but fairies seem to want such lots of taking care. I'm nearly afraid to walk."

"We'll run, then," laughed Minnie, "and we'll be too thick to squash anything."

So she caught Jacky's fat hand, and together they started off at a gallop, leaving the busy fairies at work beneath their little footsteps as they went.

STRATEGIC.—It is told of a well-known actor, now dead, that he would never take any physic, and his medical adviser was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose on him.

There is a play in which the hero is sentenced in prison to drink a cup of poison. The actor was playing the part one night, and had given directions for the cup to be filled with port, but what was his horror when he came to drink it to find it contained a dose of senna.

To throw it away was out of the question, as he had to turn the goblet upside down to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it.

He drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr, but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his doctor's bill.

## The World's Events.

Tortoises and turtles have no teeth.

Portugal has an army of 30,000 men.

It looks like another good apple year in Maine.

Only one person in 1,000 reaches 100 years of age.

Russia has, outside of the Black Sea, a war fleet of 173 vessels.

A pound of the finest spider web would reach round the world.

Women load and unload vessels in some of the Japanese ports.

The tea crop in the best districts of China is from 200 to 400 pounds per acre.

The gondolas of Venice are being gradually displaced by little steamboats.

More than 1,800 varieties of roses have been cultivated during the present century.

On an average each Englishman writes 40 letters a year, each Scotsman 30, and each Irishman 16.

The great cork forests of the world are in southern Europe, especially in Spain and Portugal.

An ostrich lives about thirty years, and the average annual yield of a bird in captivity is from two to four pounds of plumes.

More than two thousand people earn a living in Paris by fortune-telling, their total yearly earnings being estimated at eight hundred thousand pounds.

The loftiest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery of Haine, in Thibet. It is about seventeen thousand feet above the sea.

A St. Louis woman had a guardian appointed for her husband on proving that he spent all of his pension money—\$50—every month for patent medicines.

James I of England introduced the fashion of turning up the brim of the hat at the side and holding it in place with a group of feathers and a diamond star.

Out of a hundred teeth of adults that about twenty-five years ago would have been ruthlessly extracted ninety-nine are now saved by the means of science.

The import of wheat into Great Britain during the last twenty-five years has increased by 152 per cent., while the quantity of home-grown wheat, on the other hand, has diminished by 45 per cent.

Moses Pierce, of Derby Line, Vt., recently celebrated his 100th birthday. He lacks only a few years of being as old as this government, and has lived during every President's administration except Washington's first.

The latest industry which has been imported into Japan is that of watchmaking. If report speaks truly, not only will the native wants be met, but watches will figure among the exports of this rapidly-developing country.

Singers, actors, and public speakers, since the introduction of the electric light, have much less trouble with their voices, and are less likely to catch cold. This is due to the air not being vitiated and the temperature being more even.

A fire at an English farmhouse was put out recently by pumping on it cider from hogheads, as there was no water to be had. So, too, not long since red wine was elsewhere used to extinguish a fire when water happened to be scarce.

The latest invention of the watch-makers of Switzerland is a watch the hands of which move from right to left, instead of from left to right, as in ordinary watches. This watch is designed for the markets of Turkey, Japan, and other Oriental countries where the natives read from right to left.

Upon the quarter-dollar there are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll which the eagle holds in its claws, thirteen feathers composing its wing, thirteen feathers in its tail, thirteen parallel lines on the shield, thirteen horizontal stripes, thirteen arrowheads, and thirteen letters in the word "quarter-dollar."

The notion that the Sahara is altogether a barren and worthless waste is very wide of the truth. A few years back there were nine million sheep in the Algerian Sahara alone, besides two million goats and two hundred and sixty thousand camels. On the oases there are one million five hundred thousand date palms.

A new order, to be known as the Green Cross, has been formed in Vienna. Its object is to help Alpine climbers and excursionists in mountain regions by establishing huts on high mountains and keeping supplies and relief stores, or boxes containing articles likely to be required in emergencies, at conveniently situated points.

A special dispatch from London says: "Miss Bertha Quirin, of Boston, and Mr. Arthur Buchanan, of Montreal, were married yesterday in the church at Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire, the scene of the Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' The couple traveled from America for the sole purpose of being wedded in this historic place."



## SUNNER'S BEAUTY.

BY W. M.

Now Nature is robed in the bright hues of summer,  
No vestment e'en royal, so lovely and fair;  
So finely they're blended in each tint and color,  
No art of the painter's so subtle and rare.

Yet they've lost in a measure the radiant beauty  
They bore in the moments of Eden, I ween;  
Then surely its splendor defies our conception,  
And sin-bedimmed eyes could not gaze on the scene.

## OF CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

Scattered over the moors of Scotland, thousands of small plants may be seen, nestling snugly amid the mosses and grass close to the soil. If you were to pull up one of these plants—they are called the Common Butterworts—and to look more closely at the leaves, you would see that they were velvety in appearance, and if held so that the sunlight fell on them obliquely, covered with hundreds of small glistening points. With the aid of an ordinary magnifying glass the appearance presented by the surface of the leaf is remarkably beautiful. Through the glass, too, each glistening point can be seen to be a minute drop of fluid resting on the top of a short projecting portion of the leaf. These little projections may be readily divided into two classes, the one with short stalks and small heads, the other, not nearly so numerous, with larger heads supported on longer pedicles. Both classes are, in reality, small glands.

If you have sufficient leisure and are interested in these wonderful little plants, an examination of a number of them, as they are growing in the soil, will repay you. If you examine, say twenty plants, you will probably find that quite a half of them, if not more, have small dead insects or particles of pollen adhering to their leaves.

The mechanism provided for the capture of prey in the sun-dew plant is still more complicated and delicate. In it the tentacles, each of them surmounted by a gland, move in towards the insect.

If a plant of the sundew be dug up with its roots and placed in an earthenware saucer in the midst of damp moss, it will live for some time, though in town it soon becomes covered with particles of dust and soot adhering to its sticky secretion. The movements of the tentacles can then be easily observed through a glass. If a small fly or a minute particle of white egg be placed on one side of a leaf, the drops of fluid at the ends of the glands touched by it grow larger, and in a little the drops on the tentacles close by. In a few seconds the longer tentacles on which the fly rests begin to move slowly into the centre, arching their stems until the terminal glands bearing the fly reach the ends of the shorter central tentacles.

In a brief space of time after the tentacles in actual contact with the fly have begun to move, those adjoining arch inwards in a similar manner, bending down their tips towards the spot where the fly ultimately rests. Gradually more and more of the tentacles bow down their heads to this spot, and, if the fly be larger than usual, every one may be so bent in. The leaf, like a pincushion before, now resembles a closed fist.

After a longer or shorter time, when the nutritious substances have been extracted from the prey, the tentacles slowly return to their former positions. If two flies be placed, one on one side, the second on the opposite side of a leaf, the tentacles of the corresponding sides bend in towards the imprisoned insects.

It is hard to believe, while watching

the unerring accuracy with which each tentacle of the sundew directs its terminal gland to the object caught, that it is not a sentient being whose movements are directed by some central nervous system, but only a humble plant endowed during the struggle for existence with powers of movement and judgment far surpassing in delicacy those possessed by many of the higher animals.

The mechanism employed by the sundew is more complicated than that in the butterwort, in that parts not in contact with the prey secrete an active juice, while the curling in of the edges of the butterwort leaf is a comparatively clumsy proceeding compared with the incurving of the sundew's tentacles.

The drops of fluid which cover the tips of the tentacles serve not only to entangle the prey, but to digest it after capture. At present, however, before the capture of an insect it has no digestive power. Soon after the capture it becomes acid, contains a digestive ferment, and can digest albumins rapidly. The acid secreted is probably formic acid, an organic acid also found in the secretions of the ant.

So far we have only alluded to the actions of these plants when bodies containing substances useful for them have been entrapped. Almost more wonderful is their behavior when bodies which do not contain the nitrogen they are in search of come in contact with their leaves. If small fragments of glass, or a drop of a solution of starch in water, be placed on the leaves, the glands at once recognize the futility of attempting to digest them, and fail to secrete more fluid. But though secretion fails, the actual movements of the leaves persist.

The edge of the butterwort leaf curves in slightly; the tentacle of the sundew conveys the body towards the centre. Darwin observed a marked incurvation of a tentacle of the sundew after a fragment of human hair weighing only one 78,740th of a grain had been placed on it. The most sensitive part of the human skin can only recognize a weight of one 66th of a grain.

Other members of these two families of plants also grow in this country. In Canada, Venus' Fly-trap is adapted for the capture of insects in perhaps a more wonderful way than even the sundew. The merest touch of an insect on one half of its divided leaf serves to cause almost instantaneous closure, with the consequent imprisonment of the unwary intruder between the two halves of the leaf.

Space forbids more than a mere mention of the numerous pitcher-plants and bladderworts, some of which digest the insects entrapped by their hollow chambers through the agency of active secretions, while others do no more than absorb the products of the decomposition of their victims, and possess no power of actual digestion.

## Grains of Gold.

Every temptation resisted, is a trouble escaped.

Every man helps Satan, who talks one way and lives another.

When you pray don't forget those who treat you despitely.

Be careful where you step, and those who follow you will stumble less.

Selfishness is often so refined, that it is deeply wounded at the least remonstrance.

Before you put in a crop of wild oats, remember that you will have to reap what you sow.

The man who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity to come along, never has a comfortable seat.

Failure after long perseverance is much nobler than never to have striven, and so have incurred failure.

If parents would be more careful about their walk before their children, their talk to them would have more weight.

## Femininities.

When a man is worried about the money-market, his wife is apt to be worried about the market-money.

In Saxony, if a lover presents his sweetheart with a handful of ferns, it is equivalent to a proposal.

Rush-matting should be washed with clean soft water and salt, in order to prevent it from turning yellow.

"Gillie" is a corruption of the Gaelic gille, which distinguishes youthful adolescence from the maturity of the duine, or man.

When a man forgives a woman, he forgives her; when a woman forgives a man, she sometimes likes to remind him of it afterwards.

Mr. Howland: I tell you, Maria, you're worrying over nothing. I can stop smoking any time I want to. Mrs. Howland: Well, then, stop now. Mr. Howland: I don't want to now.

Miss Louise Lease, daughter of Mrs. Lease, of political fame, has just been graduated from Wichita, Kans., High School. Like her mother, she has decided talent for oratory, and for poetry, also. She intends to study law.

"It's too bad," said Gobang, "that it should have rained the first time you wore your new dress and spoiled it." "I don't mind spoiling the dress so much," said Mrs. Gobang, "but the rain kept all the other women at home, and not one of them saw what I was wearing."

A young woman was at the Bazaar de la Charite in Paris with her fiance when the fire broke out. He ran at the first alarm, leaving her alone, but she managed to get out and go home. There she found the young man, who had politely called to see if she was safe. He was shown the door.

Governor Pingree calls the tax on tea "a tax on old women." As old women who drink tea usually own cats the effect of the tax on tea will be toward greater economy on the part of these women, hence fewer cats. As cats kill off the mice, the results of fewer cats will be more mice. Hence the effect of the duty on tea will be a plague of mice. This is awful.

"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Spoonamore, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young woman, with a slight curl of the lip; "but circumstances over which I have no control will compel me to decline the honor." "What are those circumstances, Miss Grimshaw?" fiercely demanded the young man. "Your circumstances, Mr. Spoonamore!"

Pleating and crimping are operations which have been in use from the very earliest times. From the Egyptian sculptures it is plain that the subjects of the Pharaohs pleated their drapery, others of the ancients also occasionally following this practice. In the days of Queen Elizabeth linen was crimped with what were then called "poking-sticks," these being first made of wood or bone and afterwards of steel. The ruffs then in vogue were pleated with extreme care.

An amusing story is told by a passenger in a railway accident. Seeing a fellow-traveler, an old gentleman, anxiously looking amongst the wreckage with a lantern, the passenger thought that he was looking for his wife, and offered to assist him in his search, asking in most sympathetic tones: "What part of the train was she in?" The old man raised his lantern, and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, cried out indignantly: "She, sir! She! I am looking for my teeth."

The friend in need that is the friend indeed usually does good by stealth. That seems to have been the way with Jenny Lind, the famous singer. She was always opening her purse to help the poor and distressed. Often she was seen to leave her house for the purpose apparently of paying a visit, but really with the object of tracing out cases of hardship and relieving them. Many times her friends warned her that she was liable to make mistakes and be imposed upon. "Ah," she would answer on such occasions, "if I help ten, and one is worthy, I am satisfied."

The Association of American Women for the Presentation of a Statue of Washington to France, which has been in existence for nine years, has just been incorporated and organized this week at the home of Mrs. George Hearst, in Washington. "It is the purpose of the ladies," says the Baltimore Sun, "to give an order to Daniel French, the well-known American sculptor, for an equestrian statue of Washington in bronze, to be completed in time for erection in Paris in 1900, the year of the French Exposition. The cost is estimated at \$65,000, of which \$25,000 has already been raised."

George: I have been invited to a "flower-party" at the Pinkies. What does it mean?

Jack: That's one of the newest ideas this season. It is a new form of birthday-party. Each guest must send Miss Pinkie a bouquet containing as many flowers as she is years old, and the flowers must have a meaning. Study the language of flowers before ordering.

Florist's boy, a few hours later: A gentleman left an order for twenty of these flowers to be sent to Miss Pinkie with his card.

Florist: He's one of my best customers. Add eight or ten more for good measure.

## Masculinities.

Women working in many German factories are forbidden to wear corsets during working hours.

It may be pleasanter to be good-tempered than ill-tempered, but it's a good deal more trouble.

"Almost any man will admit that he's liable to make mistakes." "Yes; except when he makes them."

"Say, Pa," said Willie to his father, who is prematurely bald; "your hair got ripe quick, didn't it?"

Husband: Does that new novel turn out happily? Wife: It doesn't say. It only says they were married.

When shiftless people can't think of any other way of annoying the neighbors, they get a pup to howl through the night.

Uncle Tree-top: "That heifer is two years old." City Niece: "How do you know?" "By her horns." "Oh, to be sure, she has just two."

Vinegar and salt will clean the black crust off sheet-iron frying-pans; but they should be thoroughly scoured afterwards with sand and soap.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Spately, that this hat is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?" "Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look."

Wickwire: Either Mudge is more humble than any other known man, or he is a liar. Yabsley: Will you please explain? Wickwire: He says he doesn't believe he would look well in knickerbockers.

A political speaker accused a rival of "unfathomable meanness," and then, rising to the occasion, said, "I warn him not to persist in his disgraceful course, or he'll find that two of us can play at that game!"

Paris is the paradise of the dress-maker. There are in the city 70,000 persons who make articles of women's dress, and 65,000 dressmakers. It has been estimated that the yearly amount produced by this business nearly reaches \$50,000,000.

North Carolina has a tobacco farmer in Miss Sue M. Comer, a pretty young woman who lives near Madison. She does all the work on the farm herself, and recently brought her crop of tobacco to Winston. It was sold and brought a good round price.

In the face of the numerous pictures which represent Queen Victoria on any and every domestic occasion with her crown on it, it is rather curious to learn that she has not, as a matter of fact, worn it more than twenty times during her whole reign.

Family friend: I congratulate you, my dear sir, on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls off your hands. Old Olivebranch: Off my hands—yes; but the worst of it is, I have to keep their husbands on their feet.

Miss Kate Helmke, a teacher in the Missouri Asylum for the Blind in St. Louis, is an accomplished bicyclist. Though totally blind, she rides unattended through the city streets, her keen sense of hearing warning her of the approach of vehicles.

The Rev. Mr. Hinckley, of Good Will Farm, who a few years ago threw light on the average boy's pocket by printing a list of ninety-one articles that he had watched one of the boys in his care transfer from one such receptacle to another, recently visited the same youth, now a young man working his way in this busy world, and again saw him go through all his pockets. But this time all he brought up was two buttons and 25 cents.

Nowhere in Europe are landed estates so vast as in Russia. Striking evidence thereof is furnished by the will of Gen. Maitzoff, of the Czar's army, who bequeaths to his heirs, in addition to other property, no less than twenty-nine mines, fifteen of which are of the first importance. They afford employment to more than 90,000 workmen. The only person in Russia whose mining properties exceed those of the Maitzoff estate is M. Elm Dendloff.

County Clerk Ayer, at Hinton, Va., issued a marriage license a few days ago to James W. Fortune, seventy-six years old, and Adelaide McCormick, fifty-six years old. Fortune is a bachelor and Miss McCormick a spinster. They were lovers in 1860 and quarreled. Fortune went south and joined the Confederate army, and was not heard from again for many years. Recently McCormick heard from the former lover, and upon his revisiting his old home they met and revived the affection of earlier days.

Sir William Clarke, who dropped dead in Melbourne the other day, was the son of a Somersetshire farmer who had emigrated to Tasmania. Sir William accumulated a fortune yielding an income of £200,000 a year, but he did not go to England to spend it. Instead, he endowed public institutions in Australia and dispensed a magnificent hospitality there. When he heard that one of his knighted fellow-squatters had become a tenant of Hughenden, he said: "He may have taken Beaconsfield's house, but he will never acquire his manner." One of Sir William's daughters is engaged to Lord Shaftesbury, for whose sake a New York actress committed suicide not long ago.



## Latest Fashion Phases.

The latest novelty in children's shoes is tan leather adorned with fancifully cut patent leather trimmings.

It is said that stains on white flannel may be entirely removed by washing it in milk. The flannel must be rubbed on the side where the spots are most evident and the milk must be renewed until the flannel is clean.

This year elbow sleeves are worn, even for out of door gowns, gloves being chosen of a length to meet them.

In Paris gray is the fad of the moment—soft, pale gray, a decided contrast to the vivid colors which have been, and still are, the mode. The costumes of gray silk, wool or cloth are very attractive trimmed with yellowish guipure or ivory lace, but should not be worn by women who have no color.

The trimmings of printed taffeta are as varied as the designs. They are ornamented with ruffles of the same goods or with plaitings and flounces of gauze or mousseline de soie; also with very narrow velvet ribbon, applied in triple bands or bordering the ruffles.

These narrow velvet ribbons are also applied in the form of a short, round tablier at the top of the skirt, and are used to head ruffles as well as to edge them. Velvet bands likewise outline the bolero on the corsage and encircle the shirred sleeve.

Mothers who go out into society to take their daughters should wear a demitrain. Young women and young girls who dance should adopt the round skirt. In both cases, however, the skirt should be close at the top around the front and hips.

Drawing-rooms, in order to be fashionable, must now be furnished in the Louis Quinze or Louis Seize style. The Japanese style, the crowded, so called "high art" style, and the heavy style have all gone out.

Now the walls must be wainscoted with lacquered good in pale pink, pale green or cream; the carpet must be of moquette, with a very light ground, and the furniture must be enameled with cushions of variously tinted satins, yellow, white, green, rose, etc.

A few objects of art of genuine value may be in evidence, statues, fine vases and such articles of worth, but no encumbrance of bric-a-brac, although photographs in pretty frames are permissible.

Many women of moderate means would be happy to wear costumes of white woolen goods if white were not so easily soiled that most persons employ it only for dress wear, unless in wash materials.

How to clean white wool fabrics by a dry method. Terra alba is lavishly sprinkled over the goods, which are carefully quilted and left undisturbed for 48 hours.

They are then shaken out and conscientiously beaten until all the dust is removed. If the first operation is not completely effective, it must be repeated two or three times.

Bodices are very simple or very complicated. Bouffant fronts and chemisettes, inseparable from the fashion of high belts, corselets and boleros, continue to exemplify charming fancies convenient in the composition of summer costumes. According to the purpose of the gown, the bodice is of silk, lace or wool.

Many are made of foulard, silk crepon, embroidered tulle over silk, or linen, and on these materials are applied narrow galloon, lace insertion and similar trimmings. With the short bolero and bouffant chemisette the high belt is worn, fastening at the side under a large bow.

The fashion of leaving the edge of the sleeve unadorned has entirely disappeared. The wrists are now invariably encircled by some sort of softening trimming, ruffles being preferred. These ruffles usually match the neck frill and are made of gauze or lace.

Sometimes the neck frill is seen only at the back and sides, the front of the collar being left plain. The cravat is worn almost as much as the collar, whether short, continued in the form of a draped plastron or a jabot.

It is in these details that individuality of dress is shown, as also in the cut of the sleeve caps or epaulets which now give the diminished sleeve its physiognomy.

One of the prettiest sleeve caps for a nice bodice is the group of three plaited ruffles of gauze the same color as the silk of the corsage.

For gowns of a more serious nature and more severe elegance, the sleeve caps are cut in dalmatic points, falling on the top of the arm and weighted by the brilliant embroideries or passementeries employed as a trimming.

The time is past when certain colors only are worn by certain women. Of course it will always be the case that two or three colors are more becoming to one individual than the rest of the rainbow, but now there are so many frills, fur-belowes and contrasting modifications that a tint unbecoming itself may be manipulated so that its ill effects are neutralized.

The white accessories now so much worn are a great assistance in this matter, as they may be so arranged that the color of the gown is not seen next the face.

Voluminous coiffures are best suited to a small face, while a large countenance demands that the size of the head shall not be increased by either expansive hair or in all cases waved, however.

It is now fashionable to dress for the theater in very light bodices, much decorated, and tiny bonnets of flowers or ribbon, or no hat at all is worn.

It would be a good idea if every theater would have a convenient dressing room in which hats might be checked and kept safely.

As it is now, many ladies attending matinees are obliged to hold their hats in their laps during the entire performance and then put them on without the aid of a mirror.

## Odds and Ends.

### ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The secret of the homely art of darning lies in running the thread of the darning cotton so far on each side of the hole that it does not immediately fray and pull out the goods.

Take a long thread of darning cotton to begin with and run it at least half an inch along the goods on each side of the hole. Continue this until the glove is snugly covered.

Now cross these threads in regular darning style, taking care that the same precaution is observed. A stocking darned in this way will wear, as far as the darning is concerned, as long as if no hole had existed.

A New Recipe.—A small leg of pork, or fresh ham, as it is called, with the bone taken out and the space filled with a stuffing made as for roast pig, is delicious when well cooked.

Have the skin scored in narrow stripes, fill the space with the stuffing, close the end with skewers and place the leg in a dripping pan.

Rub salt, pepper and the grated rind of a lemon over the scored top and squeeze the juice of the lemon over it. Bake with an even heat and baste frequently. The meat should be well done to be good. Serve apple sauce with this ham.

French Milk of Roses.—Two and one-half pints of rose water, one-half pint of rosemary water, two ounces of tincture of storax, two ounces of tincture of benzoin, one-half ounce esprit de rose. First mix the rose water and rosemary water, and then add the other ingredients. This is a useful wash for the complexion.

Violet Powder.—Wheat starch, six parts, by weight; orris root powder, two. Having reduced the starch to an impalpable powder, mix thoroughly with the orris root, and then perfume with otto of lemon, otto of bergamot, and otto of cloves, using twice as much of the lemon as either of the other ottos.

Perfume for Handkerchiefs.—Oil of lavender, three fluid drachms; oil of bergamot, three fluid drachms; extract of ambergris, six minims; camphor, one grain; spirits of wine, one pint. To be well shaken every day for a fortnight, and then filtered.

Bouquet de la Reine.—Take one ounce of essence of Bergamot, three drachms of English oil of lavender, half a drachm of oil of cloves, half a drachm of aromatic vinegar, six grains of musk, and one pint and a half of rectified spirits of wine. Distill.

Oil of Roses for the Hair.—Olive oil, one quart; otto of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm; mix. It may be colored by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

Shampooing Liquid.—An excellent shampoo is made of salts of tartar, white castile soap, bay rum and lukewarm water. The salts will remove all dandruff, the soap will soften the hair and clean it thoroughly, and the bay rum will prevent taking cold.

Hair Restorative.—A good hair restorative may be made of boxwood leaves of which takes a handful and put into one pint of boiling water; digest for an hour, simmer ten minutes, and then strain. In applying it to the hair rub it well into the roots.

Lip Salve.—Melt a lump of sugar in one and a half tablespoonfuls of rose water; mix it with two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, a piece of spermaceti half as large as an English walnut; simmer the whole, and turn it into boxes.

Wash for the Hair.—The best wash we know for cleansing and softening the hair is an egg beaten up, and rubbed well into the hair, and afterward washed out with several washes of warm water.

Cure for Chapped Lips.—Dissolve a lump of beeswax in a small quantity of sweet oil—over a candle—let it cool, and it will be ready for use. Rubbing it warm on the lips two or three times will effect a cure.

To Thicken the Hair.—One quart of white wine, one handful of rosemary flowers, one-half pound of honey, one-quarter pint of oil of sweet almonds. Mix the rosemary and honey with the wine, distill them together, then add the oil of sweet almonds and shake well. When using it, pour a little into a cup, warm it, and rub it into the roots of the hair.

Crimping Hair.—To make the hair stay in crimp, take five cents' worth of gum arabic and add to it just enough boiling water to dissolve it. When dissolved, add enough alcohol to make it rather thin. Let this stand all night and then bottle it to prevent the alcohol from evaporating. This put on the hair at night, after it is done up in papers or pins, will make it stay in crimp the hottest day, and is perfectly harmless.

The Nails.—Great attention should be paid to keeping the nails in good order. They should be brushed at least twice a day, and the skin round the lower part should be kept down by rubbing with a soft towel. The sides of the nails need clipping about once in a week. If they become stained, wash them well with soap, and after rinsing off the soap well, brush them with lemon juice.

Toilet Soap.—Take two pounds of pure beef tallow, two pounds of sal soda, one pound of salt, one ounce of gum camphor, one ounce of oil of bergamot, one ounce of borax; boil slowly an hour; stir often, let it stand till cold, then warm it over, so it will run easily, and turn into cups or molds, dipped in cold water. This is very nice for all toilet purposes, and is greatly improved by age.

Almond Paste.—Take of bleached almond four ounces, and the white of one egg; beat the almonds to a smooth paste in a mortar, then add the white of egg; and enough rose water, mixed with one-half its weight of spirits of wine, to give the mass proper consistence. This paste is used as a cosmetic, to beautify the complexion, and is also a remedy for chapped hands, etc.

Hair Wash.—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor powder—these ingredients fine—and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water. When cool, the solution will be ready for use. Dump the hair frequently. This wash is said not only to cleanse and beautify, but to strengthen the hair, preserve the color and prevent baldness.

To Make Eau de Cologne.—Rectified spirits of wine, four pints; oil of bergamot, one ounce; oil of lemon, half an ounce; oil of rosemary, half a drachm; oil of neroli, three-quarters of a drachm; oil of English lavender, one drachm; oil of oranges, one drachm. Mix well, and then filter. If these proportions are too large, smaller ones may be used.

Care of the Hair.—To keep the hair healthy, keep the head clean. Brush the scalp well with a stiff brush while dry. Then wash with castile soap, and rub into the roots, bay rum, brandy, or camphor water. This done twice a month will prove beneficial. Brush the scalp thoroughly twice a week. Dampen the hair with soft water at the toilet, and do not use oil.

Pearl Water for the Complexion.—Take castile soap, one pound; water, one gallon. Dissolve; then add alcohol, one quart; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, each of two drachms. Mix well.

Curry of Veal.—One pound of veal, two onions, celery, curry powder, and paste, one apple, and one ounce of butter. Put into a saucepan one ounce of butter; let it get warm, chop up finely two onions, and allow them to fry gently in the butter till

they begin to get a pale brown; add one or two leaves of celery, cut finely; one sour apple chopped up, one teaspoonful of curry powder, half a teaspoonful of curry paste, and a little salt; let all get well mixed.

Add now the veal, cut up in small pieces; stir well round for a few minutes; add one gill of stock or water; cover closely with the lid, and stew on a gentle fire for one hour.

A little more water may be necessary to keep the mixture quite moist, and may be added when required. Stir frequently; serve dished high on a plate with rice boiled. Curry powder must be used to the taste of those who are to use the dish.

WOMEN ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.—"In spite of higher education and all the various other matters which women occupy themselves with nowadays, they are quite as prone to superstitious fancies as their great-grandmothers were centuries ago," says a man who claims to speak with authority.

"And, mind you, these superstitions are just as common among cultivated 'society' folk as among the poorer class.

"Not long since I was invited to a small dinner party. On my arrival I found eleven persons assembled. But just at the last moment the brother of the hostess returned unexpectedly from a journey, and was, of course, asked to stay. That made the number thirteen. I noticed that our hostess looked nervous.

"But the cause of her nervousness did not suggest itself until the nurse appeared with the small two-year old son of the house. The child was blinking and yawning, and had evidently just been awakened.

"Then I realized that a dinner party of sane nineteenth-century society men and women had been kept waiting for a fourteenth guest. The child was placed at the table in a high chair and remained there during the meal.

"Then, too, just think of the number of women who won't cut their hair if the moon is waning, or who nearly have a fit if they chance to break a mirror, or, in fact, any other piece of glass.

"Why, I know a woman of forty-five who broke a small hand mirror three months ago.

"Ever since then she has been going about with a sort of imaginary life preserver. If she ventures out alone she wears a ribbon about her neck, to which a visiting card is attached.

"Besides this, every little family mishap is attributed to the breaking of that glass. If the children take cold, that is the reason.

"If the cook leaves her in the lurch, it comes from the same cause. Upon all other topics she is as sensible as can be. But on this subject she cuts a really ludicrous figure.

"Another woman of my acquaintance would rather walk five miles than come out of a house by any door other than the one by which she had entered.

"And I know a mother who has kept her little boy from school for a fortnight because he happened to run under a ladder. This threw her into a perfect agony of fear concerning him."

WITHIN AN ACE.—The vigilance of an old time Customs official, it may be said, came, perhaps, within an ace of changing the course of French history.

One day a mother who had been to a country house, returned with her son to Marseilles. It was twilight. The child, eight years old, had been put in a peach-basket borne by a donkey, and the mother, fearing the child might take cold—it was in November—had covered the boy with a thick brown shawl.

Tired with running about the country all day, cozy and warm under the thick shawl, the child was soon asleep and hidden by the sides of the basket.

When the city gates were neared, the mother, forgetting all about the child, walked some distance behind the donkey, and did not make him stop at the Custom House to be searched.

The Custom officer, seeing the donkey jog on without stopping, suspected that he was laden with smuggled goods, and ran after him to thrust his sharp steel probe through the basket. Luckily the mother observed him, ran forward, and screamed—

"Don't use your probe! My child is in the basket!"

The child was Adolphe Thiers, the future President of the French Republic.

Who would strive with one that entertained him kindly?



## Ingratitude.

BY T. S. L.

WE sat in that small drawing-room in an unimportant street to which Mrs. Leadbitter—the dowager—had retreated. Through the open window stole a summer breeze, and we heard the roll of carriages driving towards the Park, while Mrs. Leadbitter plied me with questions, and I, fidgeting with my hat and stick, calculated how soon civility would permit me to take my leave.

"And Lady Winborough?" she asked, in the voice that even when young and fresh would grate upon me. "Have you seen her lately?"

I replied as complacently as one instinctively does speak of any chef-d'œuvre whose merits one has been the first to discover.

I had known Gwendoline Daeres from a child, and had early admired the singular beauty and grace that remained invisible to most people till, by a sudden turn of fortune, she passed from the obscurity of a poor squire's daughter to the becoming light that beats on the wife of a marquis with \$20,000 a year.

"Do you know," cried Mrs. Leadbitter fiercely, "she has never once been to see me, after all my kindness to her at Stoneleigh five years ago! I took her to the bowmaster ball. You must remember; you were there at the time."

I did remember very distinctly indeed the day of the ball in particular, with the loss of twenty-five dollars at the end of it.

I did not often bet; but boredom and Dick Overton's "cocksure" manner beguiled me.

Snow, proposterously early even for that latitude, had put an end to all that attracted me to Stoneleigh. The younger people, who were to go to the ball, no doubt subsisted on flirtation and the prospect of the evening's delights; but we to whom such vanities no longer powerfully appealed—Mrs. Partridge, Miss Ormonde, Dick and myself—retired during the afternoon to the billiard-room for consultation. It was there that, after we had been playing for some time, Miss Ormonde observed:

"I don't think Miss Daeres will be able to go to the ball to-night. Her headache gets worse instead of better."

"Not go to the ball!" repeated Mrs. Partridge, with some concern. "What will Mrs. Leadbitter say?"

It was an interjection merely, but Dick instantly answered it as if it had been a question.

"Mrs. Leadbitter will say that she must go," with emphasis on the "must."

"What! If she doesn't want to?" I inquired incredulously.

"Certainly," said Dick.

He made a cannon, and then walking slowly round the table, added: "Mrs. Leadbitter is a lady who when she has made up her mind doesn't allow anyone to unmake it for her; does she, Miss Ormonde?"

Miss Ormonde smiled, and only said: "But Miss Daeres is really very bad, you know. Have you seen her since luncheon?"

"Why does she not go to bed?" I asked.

"She might well do that," Mrs. Partridge observed thoughtfully. "I don't think Mrs. Leadbitter would object to her not appearing at dinner, and they do not start for the ball till past nine."

"I suggested that," said Miss Ormonde; "but she said that if she were to lie down she did not think she would be able to get up again."

"And why should she get up again?" I asked. "At least till she is better, as she very likely will be after a good night's rest."

"She'll have to get up," answered Dick, "because she must. Haven't I told you already Mrs. Leadbitter wants her to go to the ball? Go she will, you may swear!"

"Why do you blacken your hostess' character in this way?" I exclaimed, glancing towards Mrs. Partridge, in expectation of some defence of her friend.

But Mrs. Partridge, coughing slightly as she replaced her cue in the rack, only observed: "Of course it is very annoying for Mrs. Leadbitter to have her plans upset, especially after taking so much trouble to give pleasure to others. She does not love to see young people enjoy themselves."

As the door closed behind the woman I observed, not in an altogether admiring tone, "In Mrs. Partridge's eyes Mrs. Leadbitter evidently can do no wrong."

"I should think not," said Dick. "Mrs. Leadbitter has paid Partridge's debts long already, and will most likely have to again. I say, let us have a game of billiards—a quarter of eight."

But I declined and strolled off towards the drawing-room, an imposing apartment, long and lofty, at the further end of which twinkled a fire that would have barely warmed a cabin.

As close to this as she could creep, Gwendoline sat, or rather crouched. My steps startled her and made her turn hastily towards me her exquisite little face, not less than at other times like an antique statue because it was marble white in color and the muscles about the beautiful mouth were strained as if in the effort to repress a groan.

My relations with her had always been paternal, and it was strictly in keeping with them that, when she confided to me that her neuralgia was agonizing, I should instantly expect her to go to bed and to remain there till she felt better.

"At least you will be warm."

"But then," she faltered, "I could not go to the ball!"

"The ball! Are you in a fit condition to go to a ball? Are you likely to enjoy it when you get there?"

"Oh, no! Of course I should be wretched. But Mrs. Leadbitter—I am so afraid she will be angry. Even Mrs. Partridge thinks so!"

I muttered an exclamation that in less sacred company might have been more distinct, and then sat down to reason seriously with the child. I pointed out that Mrs. Leadbitter was not a slave-driver, and that even if she had been, Gwendoline was not her slave but her guest.

And, moreover, that since that guest's enjoyment was the hostess' amiable object in taking Gwendoline to the dance, it would be utterly defeated by Gwendoline herself if she went there only to be miserable. Finally I ridiculed that craze for martyrdom in women that impels them constantly to sacrifice themselves to wholly imaginary claims and expectations.

Miss Daeres was impressed as she always was easily was. She belongs to the hypnotizable thirty per cent. of the population, as indeed all the really nice women do.

She rose laboriously to her feet and crept away, only too thankful, it was plain, to follow my advice. I myself drew a breath of relief when she was gone, for, though I am not more tender-hearted than most people, I confess I do not like to see women or children suffer.

About five minutes later Dick Overton strolled in.

"The fire is nearly out in the smoking-room," he exclaimed. "I have rung for coals, but they seem to be fetching them from the pit's mouth. What an infernally cold hole this is! No wonder Miss Daeres has neuralgia! Where is she?"

"I am thankful to say she has gone to bed."

"Mrs. Leadbitter will soon have her out of that."

Perhaps because the cold and other things had made me irritable, his speech or its tone provoked me, and a little wrangle followed, that ended in the bet before mentioned—five to one that Mrs. Leadbitter would not take Miss Daeres to the ball.

Then the servants brought in lights and tea, and shortly afterwards we heard the sounds of carriage wheels on the gravel outside, when the snow was not deep enough to deaden sound.

"The old lady herself!" said Dick Overton, who at that time qualified with this adjective any one in age over thirty. As the footman trooped into the hall to receive their mistress, so did Mrs. Partridge and Miss Ormonde, entering the drawing-room by another door, arrives just in time to welcome her there. I have rarely met any one who received a much attention as Mrs. Leadbitter.

"My dear Laura!" cried Mrs. Partridge in a voice of tender concern, "I am afraid you must be frozen."

"Frozen!" repeated Mrs. Leadbitter in her hard powerful voice, "why on earth should I be frozen? I am afraid you must all be scorched if you have been sitting on these chairs near the fire. Mr. Overton, put them back, please. I don't like my furniture blistered."

She ungloved her large handsome hands, and began pouring out tea as the remainder of the guests came sauntering in. As she handed a cup to one of them, she ran her eye over the circle with a keen and comprehensive glance like that of a general surveying his forces.

"Where is Miss Daeres?" she asked.

As everyone else remained mute, I replied, as I had the cakes to Miss Ormonde.

"She has gone to bed."

"To bed?"

"I believe so. I ventured to recommend her to do so, as she seemed to be in a great deal of pain."

her that it was what you would really like her to do."

Mrs. Leadbitter did not answer me, nor indeed speak again, till she rose saying: "I must write some letters. Dinner at eight sharp, to-night, remember."

Then she departed followed by all the other women.

I chose to assume aloud to Dick that my twenty-five dollars were safe.

"Don't you think it," was his answer.

"She made no objection."

"No; but did you see her look—her look at you out of the corner of her eye?"

I had, and I could not maintain that it was altogether benign, but, as I pointed out to Dick, it did not follow that because Mrs. Leadbitter disapproved of my interference, she should equally disapprove of its results.

And I was more than ever reassured at dinner, when, though Gwendoline was absent, Mrs. Leadbitter was in such excellent spirits, and unfolded such a programme of amusements to her younger guests, with such ardent interest in their enjoyment, that I was compelled to acknowledge to myself that there were some genial qualities to account for the affection with which, by many, she was certainly regarded.

At nine we went into the big hall to see what Dick called the start. All the ball-goers, Mr. Leadbitter herself excepted, had assembled and stood in chattering laughing groups, evidently entirely undismayed by the drive of an hour and a half through the dark.

As the hall door was thrown open a gust of outer air, bitingly cold, struck me upon the cheek, and, by some intricate association of ideas, suddenly suggested gratefully to me the thought of Gwendoline safe and at rest in her warm room.

At that very instant I received a blow in my ribs from Dick Overton's elbow. I turned sharply round intending, to remonstrate against this, his favorite mode of calling attention but was suddenly struck dumb as well as motionless by what I beheld upon the staircase.

Mrs. Leadbitter first, in a magnificent cloak that added to her majestic proportions, and next, tottering in her wake, with cheeks a bluish white against the pink of her hood, and dim, half-open eyes, and lips set close together as if in an agony of endurance, Gwendoline Daeres!

I think my feelings were painted upon my face. I made, at least, no attempt to conceal them, and with the same speechless eloquence Mrs. Leadbitter returned my gaze.

"What madness," I began as Gwendoline's foot touched the lowest step; but protest was swept aside by the determined advance of Mrs. Leadbitter and her draperies, and drowned in her clarion-like summons of—

"Now, girl! Now, girl! In at once, if you please! We are then minutes too late as it is."

"It is only a fiver," said Dick consolingly as the double doors were closed and bolted behind the carriage. And indeed, as is evident from the sequel, Miss Daeres did not die in consequence, nor can everybody be induced to believe that the illness which afterwards laid her low for six months was prepared by this tour de force of Mrs. Leadbitter's hospitality.

But a sudden crescendo in the tirade that I heard, without marking, recalled me from this sally into the past to a conscience-stricken recollection of my present place and company, and, above the hum of that season through which Gwendoline pursued her triumphant career, I distinguished the burden of Mrs. Leadbitter's complaint:

"I call it disgraceful ingratitude."

TIME SAVING ON THE PRESS.

One of the secrets of success among evening papers which depend to a large extent upon what is known as the "late sale" is to obtain and publish any item of important news before their contemporaries. Even a period of three minutes makes a great difference. Consequently, all sorts of methods are adopted to save time in getting to press.

For instance, in the event of a big murder trial, the stereotyped plates containing the verdict are cast, and in the machine ready for printing before the jury hearing the case have given their verdict. This is managed by inserting the words "Not guilty" beforehand. The machine man then stands by, hammer and chisel in hand.

If the word "guilty" be received from the court, the man with a blow strikes out the word "Not," and the next moment the printing machine is at work, pouring out copies containing the result of the trial, and in an incredible short

time the above time-saving applies to the boat race. Of the above-mentioned instances, the bare result can be mentioned as being given in a later edition.

The great responsibility of news with loss of time child the reporter. In the case of trial, he will have as many dozen messengers to carry the office. The critical time jury retire to find the verdict.

If the roadway outside blocked up with people, the result, it requires a smartness on the part of place his boys so that he can cate with them, also enable through the crowd without. For this reason he will send messengers together, in the least one of them will be through with the news.

This crowd difficulty come in an ingenious way known to the writer.

He gave instructions to place himself in a proud on some steps on the crowd, stating that as soon as was given he would come to the court and wave his hat. The were "Guilty" and handed guilty." By this simple gained three or four minutes rival messengers.

On another occasion, a time by the forelock. When began to sum up there was to what the verdict would be. The porter in question, without the jury to retire, passed the "ty" on to his messenger, that the paper was published minutes before the sentence given.

In the event of a big affair, an outlying district where one telegraph office near a ruses are practiced to obtain wire. Once in possession of the ment the way is smoothed other reporters having to wait where until the "copy" of the sent.

During a great fire a general made by rival reporters. One of them had all the fire, but had not got a written down. In his small edition of this "Engold" and, as a several other scribes, he book of poems, tore out the Rhems," and to the astoni operator, commanded him immediately to such and s

The man, forced to obey, bly taking the sender for lunatic. The reporter, however, what he wanted. Before it flashed over the wire, he the first part of his report, the operator to send instead of the poem, much of the other reporters, who "copy in hand."

HIS ELOQUENCE FAILED. excellent but loud-voiced man Bar was addressing a jury. It up that perfect hurricane of sound, he argument and sat down. The impressed and the other side the

The barrister opposite had a eye and a hatchet-like face. He went through the bundle of wings his friend, and after the closing crash he rose from his seat. As I listened to the thunder of my learned friend," he said in a drawing tone, "You will remember that when, how the lion and the ass stay the beasts of the field and spoil. The ass was to go in and bray and frighten the while the lion was to lie in the jungle, and as fast as they the fugitives sought the darkest and lifted up his voice. He brayed and brayed and brayed was quite intoxicated with roar, and thought he had what the lion thought of it. With heart he went back and looking doubtfully about him bling in every limb.

"What do you think of the exultant ass. "Don't you think?"

"Soured in?" repeated the agitated tone. "Why you'd it I hadn't known you were The jury laughed, the lawyer's sonorous eloquence

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